

BASEBALL'S SEXIEST SECRET IS OUT!
PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1989

**\$10,000
REWARD:**
CHECK OUT
PAGE 28

EXCLUSIVE:
**MARGO ADAMS
VS. WADE BOGGS—**
BASEBALL'S
BIGGEST BUST-UP

GERALDO RIVERA:
WHAT BURNS HIM UP

DAN QUAYLE:
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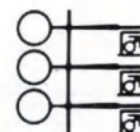
PENTHOUSE®

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CONTENTS		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FORUM	Correspondence	6
FILM	Comment	Marcia Pally 14
SOUNDS	Comment	Vin Scelsa 16
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL	News	Sharon Churcher 18
FINANCE	Service	Jerome Tuccille 20
FINAL STRAW: Taxes	Humor	Nanette Varian 22
MEN'S RIGHTS	Comment	Sidney Siller 24
\$10,000 REWARD	Announcement	26
HEALTH: Dr. Rajko Medenica	Comment	Gary Null 28
CALL ME MADAM	Service	Xaviera Hollander 30
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager 33
SCENES		Jackie D'Amico 34
WORDS		Brett Sonnenschein 34
BREWS		Teri Wingender 35
CAMPUS VIEW		David M. Gross 36
DESIGNATED SWINGER	Profile	David D. Shumacher 38
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	43
PAMELA	Pictorial	Photos by Ron Vogel 47
RIGHT STUFF: Motorcycles	Service	Gerard Van der Leun 62
DIFFICULTIES WITH GIRLS	Fiction	Kingsley Amis 66
SPORTING LIFE: Phil Esposito	Column	David O'Connell 72
SIMONE	Pet of the Month	Photos by Earl Miller 75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson 90
SOLAR POWER'S TIME HAS COME AT LAST	Essay	Bob T. Epstein 92
JANINE & KIMBERLY	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller 97
GERALDO RIVERA	Interview	Fred Robbins 108
FIRST TO KNOW: Richard Johnson	Profile	Lynn Kearcher 115
BEN STEIN'S DAY OFF	Essay	Ben Stein 118
JAN SAUDEK	Portfolio	121
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler 130
GAMES: Quaylewatch!	Diversions	Gerard Van der Leun 134
HARD TIMES	Humor	141
PARTING SHOT	Satire	Edward Sorel 144
WOMAN	Satire	Art Cumings 155

Our cover features Pet of the Month Simone Brigitte, who was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 140.

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OF MILLER LITE
IN THIS PICTURE?**



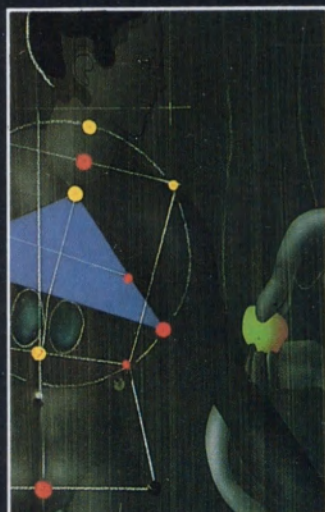
BY THE WAY, IT TASTES GREAT.

HOUSECALL



DESIGNATED SWINGER

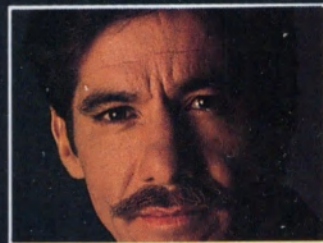
"Ball Four is mild compared to this," an insider told the *Boston Herald* when word got out that **Margo Adams** was going to tell the story of her affair with **Wade Boggs** to *Penthouse*. "I would be surprised if once this came out, the baseball commissioner's office didn't take a hard look at what's going on out there on the road and decide to clean up baseball." Well, we can't predict what Bart Giamatti is going to do when he reads **David D. Shumacher's** story, but we wouldn't be too surprised if the good commissioner doesn't begin to miss his halcyon days ruling over the ivory towers of Yale University. Because the reality of the all-American game that Margo reveals is a world where wins and losses finish second to infidelity and racial stereotypes, and where runs, hits, and errors take a backseat to partying, groupies, and kindergarten antics. Even if you don't know a ball from a balk, you won't want to miss Margo's story and—next



month—the pictorial in which she shows what it took to snare the hottest hitter in baseball.

ACCIDENTS WAITING TO HAPPEN

Sharon Churcher's "U.S.A. Confidential" this month exposes the danger of cost-cutting airlines flying ancient planes without the proper maintenance . . . a life-threatening way to stay in the black that's even scarier than terrorists' bombs. But there are some dangers that, while they might not have the immediate impact of an exploding 747, nevertheless pose a potential threat to even more people. Take, for instance, our fledgling vice-president, *please!* **President Bush** is hoping that we'll



all forget that he put the entire planet at risk by giving **J. Danforth Quayle** the second-most powerful job in the Free World. But we're not going to let that happen. Games Editor **Gerard Van der Leun** begins on page 134 a monthly Quaylewatch, wherein our readers can win a prize for the best new joke about the man who is now the midget by which we measure all other politicians.

DIFFICULTIES WITH GIRLS

Kingsley Amis is the modern master of British satire, whose work, in the words of London's prestigious *Financial Times*, "goes beyond mockery and malcontentment to reach a state of sour magnanimity, conveyed in a unique tone of fluent and hilarious exasperation." There's certainly no dearth of hilarity in this month's exclusive preview of his latest novel, *Difficulties With Girls* (to be published by Summit Books); but the only exasperation is that of our confused

hero, Tim, who believes he harbors a sexual secret so dire that his very future hangs in the balance.

DIFFICULTIES WITH GUESTS

"Like most of the people who watch television," **Geraldo Rivera** says, "things affect me on and off camera. I react compassionately to victims and underdogs. And passionately to villains and thieves." In our exclusive interview conducted by **Fred Robbins**, the man who's possibly America's most popular and certainly America's most controversial talk-show host explains why people, like the Nazi "guest" who broke Geraldo's nose on one memorable show, react passionately to *him* . . . and dismisses his critics as "just a bunch of dogs yapping at my heels."

FANTASIES COME TRUE

This month's sizzling love set by **Earl Miller**, starring **Kimberly Taylor**, **Janine Lindemulder**, and a no-doubt overheated Harley-Davidson, is certain to be a pictorial classic, guaranteed to spark the plugs of every would-be road warrior in America (as are *all* the hot new bikes featured in this month's "Right Stuff" selection of *motorcycle* classics) . . . and if you're in the market for any of these, check out the \$10,000 finder's fee you can earn for helping us locate the winner of what will be this year's most exciting beauty contest, *Penthouse's* 20th Anniversary Pet. You'll find the details on page 26—but you won't have to wait to discover our other winners . . . our April Pets, all of whom await your pleasure right here and now! 

"They Were Designed To Play Music... And Make It Sound Like Music."

This They Do Very Well, In A Most Unobtrusive Way, At A Bargain Price... It's Hard To Imagine Going Wrong With Ensemble."

Julian Hirsch
Stereo Review, Sept. '88

Cambridge SoundWorks has created Ensemble," a speaker system that can provide the sound once reserved for the best speakers under laboratory conditions. It virtually disappears in your room. And because we market it directly, Ensemble costs hundreds less than it would in stores.



Henry Kloss, creator of the dominant speaker models of the '50s (Acoustic Research), '60s (KLH), and '70s (Advent), brings you Ensemble, a genuinely new kind of speaker system for the '90s, available only factory direct from Cambridge SoundWorks.

The best sound comes in four small packages.

Ensemble consists of four speaker units. Two compact low-frequency speakers reproduce the deep bass, while two small satellite units reproduce the rest of the music, making it possible to reproduce just the right amount of energy in each part of the musical range without turning your listening room into a stereo showroom.

Your listening room works with Ensemble, not against it.

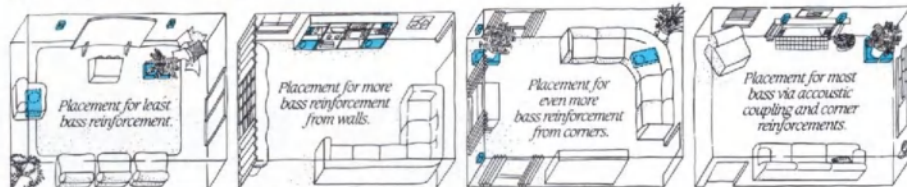
No matter how well a speaker performs, at home the listening room takes over. If you put a conventional speaker where the room can help the low bass, it may hinder the upper ranges, or vice-versa.

What Henry Kloss tells his friends

Every time I came out with a new speaker at AR, KLH, or Advent, my friends would ask me, "Henry, is it worth the extra money for me to trade up?" And every time I would answer, "No, what you've already got is still good enough."

But today, with the introduction of Ensemble, I tell them, "Perhaps now is the time to give your old speakers to the children."

Ensemble is a Trademark of Cambridge SoundWorks, Inc.



You can put Ensemble's low-frequency units exactly where they should go for superb bass. You can't do this with conventional speakers because you have to be concerned about the upper frequencies coming from the same enclosures as the low ones.

Ensemble, on the other hand, *takes advantage* of your room's acoustics. The ear can't tell where bass comes from, which is why Ensemble's bass units can be tucked out of the way—on the floor, atop bookshelves, or under furniture. The satellites can be hung directly on the wall, or placed on windowsills or shelves. No bulky speakers dominate your living space, yet Ensemble reproduces the deep bass that no mini speakers can.

Not all the differences are as obvious as our two subwoofers.

Unlike seemingly similar three-piece systems, Ensemble uses premium quality components for maximum power handling, individual crossovers that allow several wiring options and cabinets



Unlike seemingly similar satellite systems which use a single large subwoofer, Ensemble uses two separate, compact bass units. They fit more gracefully into your living environment, and help minimize the effects of the listening room's standing waves.

ruggedly constructed for proper acoustical performance. We even gold-plate all connectors to prevent corrosion. An even bigger difference is how we sell it...

Thousands agree: the best showroom is your living room.

We make it possible to audition Ensemble the *right* way—in your own home. In fact, Ensemble is sold *only* by Cambridge SoundWorks directly from the factory. Listen for hours without a salesman hovering nearby. If after 30 days you're not happy, return Ensemble for a full refund.

At only \$499—complete with all hardware and 100' of speaker cable—Ensemble is *the* value on today's speaker market.

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Our toll-free number will connect you to a Cambridge SoundWorks audio expert. He or she will answer all your questions, take your order and arrange surface shipment via UPS. Your Cambridge SoundWorks audio expert will continue as your personal contact with us. We think you'll like this new way of doing business.

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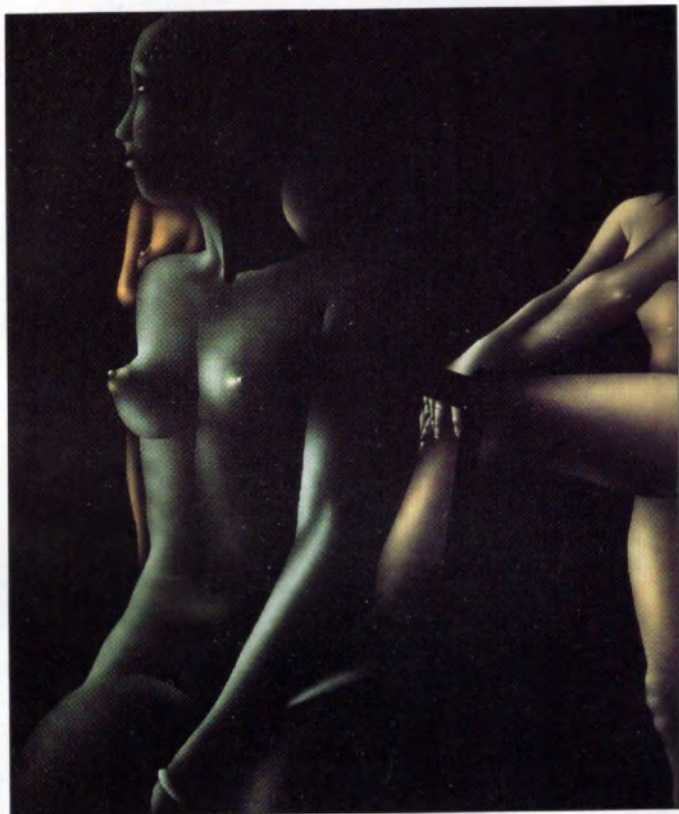
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• I was so hot for her, and when I looked down at her curly head between my legs, I orgasmed—spasm after spasm of mind-numbing pleasure. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM



MICHELE, MA BELLE

Michele and I have been roommates since our freshman year in college. Until a few months ago I thought that we would be nothing more than close friends. But since that time, I have changed my mind about many things, especially Michele. Here is our story.

It was so warm a few months ago at our university that my roommate and I started wearing short skirts and shorts to classes. Before the heat wave hit, Michele and I had just returned from spring break and were dreading another six weeks of college study. One day while heading back to our dorm room, we decided to dress up and go visit some

guys who lived in another dorm. As I sat there putting on my sneakers, Michele decided that her shirt looked all wrong and took it off. I just sat there trying to act nonchalant, as she had also removed her bra. Because we were roommates for two years, I've seen her naked many times. I've always thought that Michele was very pretty, being about five foot ten and a slender 115 pounds. She's also endowed with D-cup-size breasts, and has short curly brown hair.

It turned out that the guys we were visiting were throwing a party. It was a typical frat-house party with a lot of drunk guys trying to get laid and most of the girls flirting outrageously. Michele

and I were separated early on. I got bored with all the dumb conversation and went home alone. When I got back to the dorm, I noticed that Michele hadn't returned, so I put on my nightshirt, took off my panties, and went to bed.

Lying there, I thought about Michele and her beautiful breasts and got really hot. I've always been pretty wet underneath, and as I slipped two fingers into my snatch I became a regular gusher! My fingers worked in and out; I could barely keep from screaming. God, I wanted it to be Michele's tongue in there, but for now I was satisfied with my two fingers. Just as I was about to orgasm, Michele burst into the room crying.

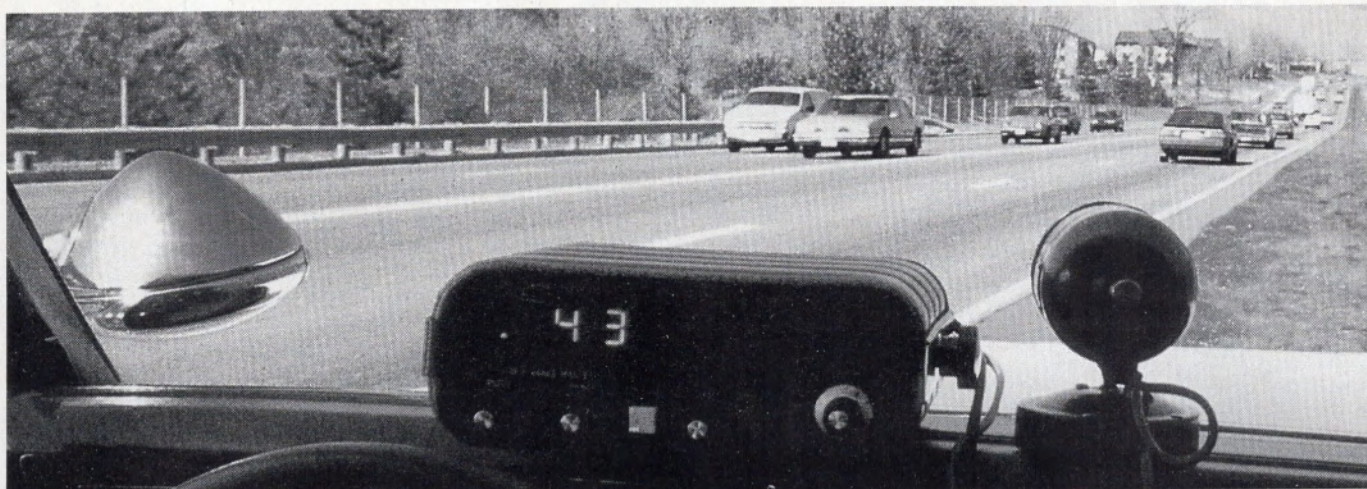
"Michele," I panted, still trying to hide my little illicit solo love fling, "what's wrong?" Her sweater was all crumpled and her eyes were red from crying. She came over, sat next to me, and sobbed about how her boyfriend Mark had picked a fight with her at the party and stormed out. She was bawling so hard, I naturally hugged her and told her that it was only a small argument and that things would be better in the morning. After several minutes Michele told me that I was a great friend and that she loved me very much. It was then that my concern for her turned into desire. I wanted her badly, but knew the emotional roller coaster she was on. I bent over and kissed her on the neck, telling her that she was my best friend, too, and that I would always love her. Michele sighed and began to

rub my back. My kiss turned hard and I began to use my tongue to taste Michele's sweet neck. It was heaven! Her rose-scented neck was driving me wild with passion. Michele began to pant heavily as she lowered her hands to my ass, cupping each cheek in one hand.

I gently lowered her to my bed and we started to go for it in earnest. I lifted my head, gazed into her eyes briefly, smiled, and lowered my lips to hers. We were clumsy at first, both being timid lovers, but soon our passion got the better of us. My tongue searched for hers as my hands moved up and down her slender frame. I'd never done anything like this before, but I instinctively lowered one hand over the crotch of her skintight jeans. I slid alongside Michele and undid her belt buckle, slipping my hand onto her sweet gentleness. Michele was working her hands under my nightshirt, gently squeezing my nipples like they have never been before. I finally had my hand on the beautiful pubes that I had pined after for so long.

Michele's cunt was wet and I rubbed it furiously, sliding my tongue into her mouth. I plunged my middle finger into her vagina, curving it upward as I do when I masturbate. Michele was gasping loudly, telling me that it felt so good. Her hands were roaming my breasts, cupping them, and my lips locked with hers once again.

FORUM letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



Traffic radar doesn't say which car is being clocked, it merely flashes a number. The radar operator must then try to determine which vehicle produced the reading.

Why radar makes mistakes. How to protect yourself.

Although nine different errors have been documented for traffic radar, the most common source of wrongful tickets is mistaken identity.

It's hard to believe, but traffic radar does not identify which vehicle is responsible for the speed being displayed. It shows only a speed number and nothing else. The radar operator must decide who is to blame.

How radar works

The radar gun is aimed at traffic and it transmits a beam of invisible radar waves. Each moving object within range reflects these invisible waves back to the radar gun. Using the Doppler principle, the radar calculates speed from the reflected waves.

Traffic radar is blind

Traffic radar works differently from military, air-traffic-control, and weather radars. The others use rotating dish antennas in order to track many objects simultaneously.

Traffic radar uses a far smaller, far cheaper, gun-shaped antenna. This simplification requires traffic radar to ignore all reflections but the strongest. The number displayed is speed calculated from the strongest reflection.

The best guess

Remember, these reflections are invisible. Truck reflections can be ten times stronger than car reflections. How can the operator know for sure which vehicle is responsible for the number?

The truth is, he can't be sure in many cases. The result is mistaken identity. You can be ticketed for somebody else's reflection.

Self defense

The only way to defend yourself against these wrongful tickets is to know when radar is operating near you. Others agree with this method. In his verdict upholding a citizen's right to use a radar detector, Judge Joseph Ryan, Superior Court, District of Columbia, wrote:

"If government seeks to use clandestine and furtive methods to monitor citizen actions, it can ill afford to complain should the citizen insist on a method to effect his right to know he is under such surveillance."

We can help

We specialize in radar warning. And Escort and Passport do far more than simply find radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning — pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range. When you know exactly how strong the radar waves are, you'll know when the radar unit is near enough to actually have you under surveillance.

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Escort and Passport are the most effective radar-warning instruments available. But don't take our word for it. *Car and Driver*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Roundel* magazines have each published independent tests of radar detectors. And each gave us the highest ratings. Just call us toll-free and we'll send reprints of the complete tests, not just excerpts or quotes.

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APRIL

Michele orgasmed by my hand. I couldn't help but rub my aching vagina, bringing myself to a surprisingly intense orgasm. Michele watched me doing this intently, licking her lips at the same time. She was definitely in a better mood, and as she stroked her hand across my belly she said, "Now, just be a good little lesbian and lie back and let me blow your mind!" Well, it wasn't exactly what the girl wanted to blow, and I lay back to receive her gift of pleasure.

With a quick, shy smile, Michele began to kiss her way down my trembling body, sending me to seventh heaven. She was inexperienced and plunged into me with her tongue, lapping up my pussy juices at a furious pace. I was so hot for her, and when I looked down at her curly head between my legs, I orgasmed. My whole body went through spasm after spasm of mind-numbing pleasure and I couldn't stop moaning.

Since then our relationship has flourished, with Michele and me sleeping in each other's arms three nights a week.—
Name and address withheld

DOUBLE MARGARITA

I am a pretty open-minded guy who has had a few sexual experiences, but nothing like what happened to me this past summer. One night while I was sitting in my office doing some paperwork, Tara, one of my co-workers, knocked on my door. I let her in and asked what was on her mind. Tara told me that she and her girlfriend Megan were going to go out for margaritas. They thought it would be nice to invite me along. I jokingly asked if my fantasy of having two women at once was going to come true, and instead of getting offended or turned off by the remark, she replied coyly, "Who knows? Let's see what the night has in store for us!"

We made arrangements to meet at a little neighborhood pub down the block from the office. I got there later and joined them in a small booth. In the soft lighting I noticed just how striking these two women really are. Tara has sexy long red hair, and Megan, short shiny brown hair. I thought how lucky I was to be in their company this night. I have always had a thing for redheads, but I had never made love to one before.

It was happy hour, so the margaritas went down at a rapid pace. There's nothing like a couple of drinks after a tense day at work to relax you. We talked shop for a while, but eventually the talk got around to sex. We were very candid about the subject, and when I mentioned how I had always fantasized about a two-on-one, their eyes lit up. I had been trying to rub my leg against Tara's, and when I did, she returned the gesture. I got rock-hard thinking about what I would do with these two. Megan made the suggestion that we go to her place to unwind some more. We all agreed and left.

At Megan's apartment, I made myself comfortable on the sofa. Tara fixed some

drinks and each girl sat beside me. To my surprise, there was a *Penthouse* lying on the coffee table. With a sly grin, I picked it up and began to read the "Forum" section. As I read, I playfully acted out the motions in the stories. I would read about some guy running his hands down some babe's thigh, and then I would do it. I'd read about some girl getting her breasts caressed, and I would gently knead Tara's and Megan's tits.

Well, Tara's breathing grew heavier as I read each story. I was so hard and excited, and the girls sensed my arousal. Megan asked if I wanted a back rub, and of course I wanted one very much. Tara stretched sexily and motioned for me to follow her into the bedroom while Megan warmed up some baby oil. Tara helped me take my shirt off and I lay down on the bed. The only light in the room was a soft red one, which combined with the margaritas, made me feel warm, content, and sexy.

The girls lay down on either side of me and poured warm oil all over me. Their hands expertly kneaded my back, giving me the best massage I'd ever had. Tara told me to turn over so that they could massage the front of my body. I complied and continued to enjoy their ministrations. Tara began to slowly rub my hard prick with her hands, using the baby oil as a lubricant. She laughed and told me to remove my pants so that she could get a better grip on things. Megan joined in and helped me get them off.

By now Tara's hands were softly playing up and down my engorged shaft. I started to kiss Megan and thrust my hips toward Tara while she continued to jack me off. While I explored Megan's mouth with my tongue, Tara's mouth explored my thick cock. She swirled her tongue up and down my shaft, bobbing and sucking like a pro. Oddly enough, I never had such a good blowjob. Tara's mouth and hands working as one gave me feelings that were too intense. Her saliva seeped down to the base of my dick as she sucked and slurped on my tool. Tara played with my balls, too, giving me a pleasurable tickling sensation. This chick was hungry for cock, and her mouth was a very welcome depot for my train. I felt like exploding, but I kept myself in check, clinging to every bit of reserve that I had.

Since I didn't want to come so fast, I maneuvered the girls' legs apart and started to work on both of them at once. They squealed in delight as I began to finger them. Tara was the louder of the two, and she was moaning and panting. They were gyrating their hips, thrusting and bucking against my frenzied fingers. It was a strange feeling to have both of them reeling to different rhythms but heading for the same results. I turned to Megan and sucked her hard nipples. This is my favorite thing to do—and I might add, I'm good at it, too. I love to suck and play with tits—big or small, it doesn't matter. All women love to be touched and

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caressed in the right way, and I was trying my best not to let these two beauties down.

I could tell that I was hitting the right spot with Megan because she really began to thrash about. I brought them both off a few times and we stopped to catch our breath. Megan told me that they had both done this before, but at this point in the frolicking, they didn't know what to do next. I told them to relax and just follow their instincts. I smiled, turned to Megan, and started to explore her beautiful body. Massaging her own dripping pussy, Tara watched me in total fascination. She stared wide-eyed as I went down on Megan, who was thrusting her gorgeous thighs against my waiting mouth. Tara got right behind me and started to caress my aching balls and shaft.

By now Megan was having the time of her life—orgasm after orgasm. She moaned and writhed like a wild thing and had a climax that sent her love juices right onto my lapping tongue. I turned to Tara, wanting to fuck her in the worst way, and she straddled me, lowering her moist cunt onto my fat, hard dick. This was a woman who truly enjoyed sex! She was bouncing on my cock like it was a pogo stick, making all kinds of noises. I encouraged her to let go and, boy, she really did! Although both Tara and I were having the time of our lives, Megan got bored and left the room. *Oh well*, I thought, *I can*

only fuck one at a time. Meanwhile Tara was making these incredible noises, rocking me to the limit. I was surprised that I had lasted this long without getting off, and I mentioned this to Tara, who had come four or five times already.

I figured it was my turn, so without pulling out of her, I rolled her on her back and positioned her legs on my shoulders. This was my favorite position, and I drove my throbbing dick into her. The moans that we made were loud enough to get someone in the next apartment horny. I pumped and pounded into her wet hole repeatedly. Like a fine-tuned racer, my pistonlike dick never gave her love chamber a moment's rest. I could feel myself going deeper and deeper into her warm, velvety cunt. The orgasm that was building inside me seemed to take forever, but it was worth the wait. I rocked and shuddered—the most massive climax of my life! My dick kept twitching and jerking inside of her now well-worn cunt. Finally my sweaty body crashed on hers, and we both lay there for a while, holding on to each other, my dick still inside her quivering hole.

I told Tara that we should get dressed—it was late and I had to be on my way. As she led me to the front door, I noticed that Megan had crashed on the sofa. I guess I would have to have her some other day, but for now Tara and I had shared a very special moment—one that I would love

to repeat again. Well, we both work in the same office—who knows?—*Name and address withheld*

HORSING AROUND

It was a warm autumn afternoon in the lake district of northern Minnesota, and I had left my parents' cabin just after lunch to beat the usual weekend traffic back to the Twin Cities. The shortcut I knew was quick, but along an infrequently traveled road. As luck would have it, my car developed engine trouble along this deserted stretch. I got out to take a look under the hood, and heard a horse trotting in the distance. I thought perhaps the rider would be able to give me a lift to the service station or a phone.

As the rider got closer I could tell that she was very attractive. Her blond hair bounced in the breeze, and underneath her halter top, her boobs moved up and down in sync with the horse's trot. Her legs were poured into a tight-fitting pair of blue jeans, and she wrapped them tightly around the horse. *If only she would wrap her legs around me that way*, I thought. I waved her down and explained my situation. I could not keep my eyes off her two firm nipples as I thought of the fun I could have with them. I felt sure that she could see my swollen member pressed against my pants, but she didn't seem to let on.

The ride to her farm and the telephone was heaven. I sat behind her with my raging hard-on pressed solidly against the cheeks of her rounded backside. Occasionally she would squirm, and that would make the pressure on my balls even more delicious. My arms were wrapped around her small waist, and I felt like I was being fucked with my clothes on. When we got to the farm, we took her horse into the barn. It was there that she said she wanted to show me something in the hayloft. I took the hint and followed her up the rickety ladder. From my vantage point, her backside looked as good as it felt on the ride over there. It was tight against her blue jeans and showed no trace of panty lines. At the top of the ladder she turned and embraced me with a passion that was uncontainable.

While we kissed, I removed her halter top with little difficulty. In a matter of seconds, we were naked and rolling around. I could feel the prickly hay under me, but couldn't have cared less. I slid my hand over her tuft of pubic hair and into her wet crotch. My index finger slid smoothly into her wet tunnel. As I rubbed her G spot, she moaned softly, then began to shudder. She was ready, so I rolled her onto her back and inserted my cock into this bucking bronco. Her moans grew louder as she reached orgasm. But she was not the only one with orgasm on her mind, because after several more pumps I was coming, too. We spent the rest of the afternoon fucking, sucking, and bucking. Although I never saw her again after that, my mind relives this memory



"That was my wife on the phone, Miss Leflore. Would you please have the fire department sent to my home address?"

whenever I think of autumn afternoons or horses.—*Name and address withheld*

SPA LADY

I work hard at keeping myself in shape, and I guess you'd say I'm part of the "spa culture" of the 1980s. But I'll tell you, if you take good care of yourself and stay in shape, women both notice and appreciate it.

I met Ursula at the spa about six months ago. She had recently moved with her husband and daughters to Los Angeles from New York. She'd come here to have her breasts surgically improved and decided that this was where her family should live. When I met her, she was really into herself and wanted a firm, supple body to match her reconstructed tits. I showed her how to work the machines,

and we quickly became friends, occasionally going for a soda or to the beach. Ursula once told me that her marriage was a loveless one and that her husband was working on getting a divorce. She was a bit apprehensive about being alone in a new city, but she said she felt happy that there were guys like me who appreciated older women. I thought to myself that for a mature woman of 35, she was better than some of the 20-year-olds that I knew—especially since she was working out. She looked terrific.

One thing led to another, and upon becoming friends we quickly turned into lovers. One recent evening we were both at the spa late and pretty much had the place to ourselves. As I walked her through the bench press, I could not keep my eyes off her skintight black spandex

bodysuit. Her nipples and pussy lips were all but visible, outlined with each lift. Seeing my lustful gaze, she gave me a coy smile that said I could have what my crotch showed I so desperately wanted. I left my position by her head, and as I moved toward her feet, I traced my fingers over her nipples, down across her flat stomach to her distended cunt lips. The crotch of her bodysuit was wet and I knew it was time to move to phase two of the evening's workout.

I grabbed her hand and led her back to the sauna. Once inside, we both stripped. Still standing, she wrapped one leg around my waist and guided my thick cock into her moist pussy. I was really excited, and after only about ten minutes of furiously pounding her ass against the wall as I moved deep inside her, I felt the sweet release as my come flooded into her already drenched pussy. We were both sweating like crazy and my deflated dick had slipped from her steaming hole, but Ursula was far from through. She took me over to the top bench, had me stretch out, then slowly lowered her just-fucked twat onto my face while engulfing my cock in her mouth. In the time I was able to bring her to orgasm, she breathed new life into my eager tool. Without missing a beat, she popped my member out of her mouth and straddled my dick, facing my feet. She pounded away like an accomplished bareback rider and in no time was rocking in the throes of another furious orgasm. She fucked and bucked and screamed as she ground her cunt onto my crotch until she couldn't stand it any longer. Finally she shuddered from her own sweet release.

I hadn't popped again yet, so I rolled her onto her back so that she could once again engulf my tool in her talented mouth. I straddled her chest and she moaned like a bitch in heat. Several minutes of this intense stimulation was all I could stand, and I soon shot another full load into her lapping mouth.

As we got dressed and quickly left, I thought it was the best sexual experience that I ever had. Fortunately, I have been with Ursula several times each week, and each time is a new and exciting experience. Last week at the beach we fucked around in chest-deep water while there were other people onshore. The best was getting a blowjob in her red sports car while she finger-fucked herself to orgasm. Ursula is definitely keeping my dick in shape.—*Name and address withheld*

SENIOR SEX

I am a recently retired 65-year-old. My girlfriend, a retired nurse, is 61. I want to tell you about the unusual gift of love she gave to me a few nights ago. We had been in bed for maybe a half hour. I love to caress and fondle her soft, slender body, following my hands with my lips and my tongue. I love to work my way toward her lovely pussy, where I spend

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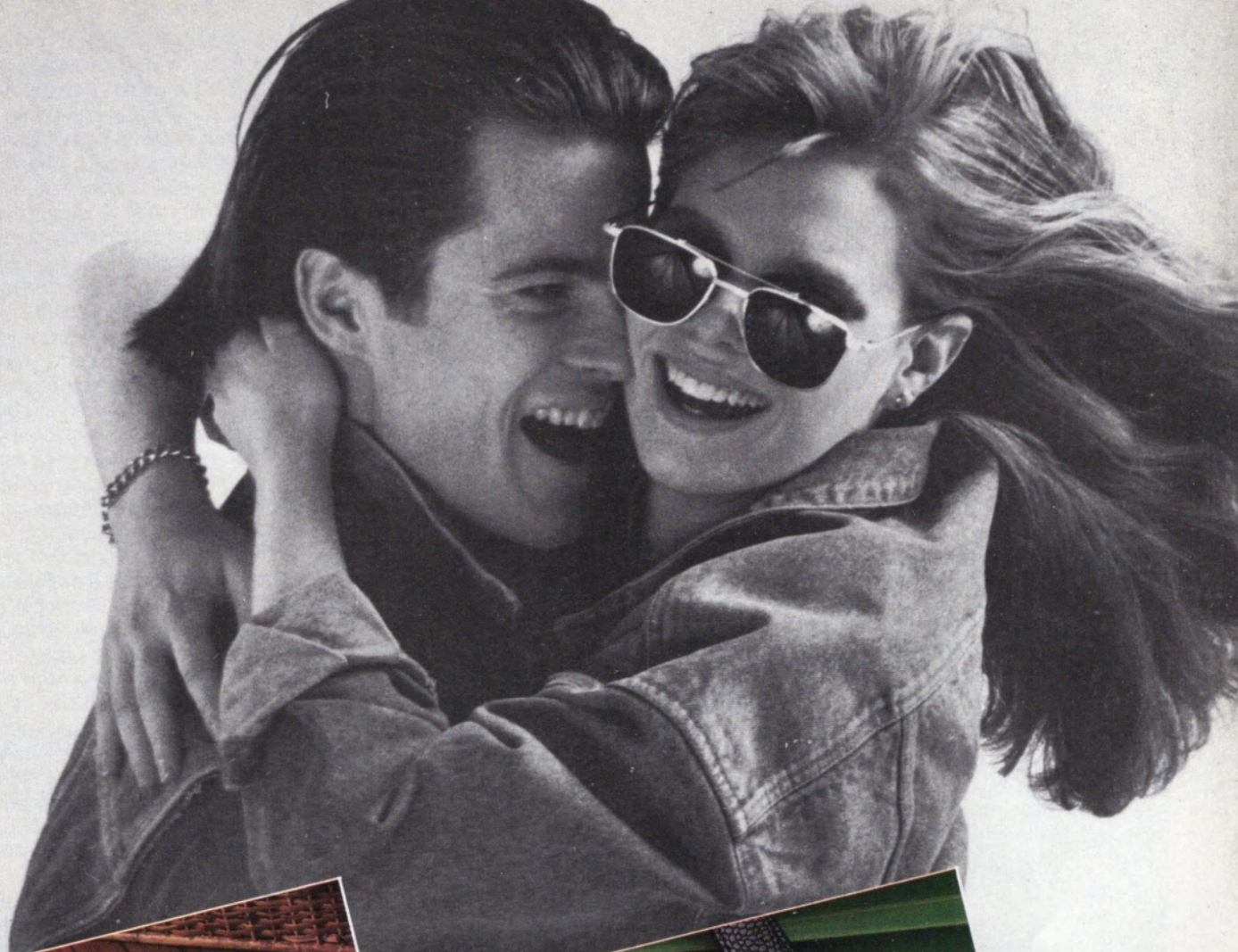
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some time enjoying that most exciting part of her sweet body. This evening she was more aroused than usual, and the taste of her pussy juice was having an effect on my urge to get my cock into her sweet cunt.

But this was not what my baby had in mind. "Lie back," she urged, "and let me be your mistress tonight. I have a special gift for you." Needless to say, I obliged without hesitation. She certainly knows how to gain my immediate interest and cooperation. As I lay back, she slid her body down so her mouth was over my stiff cock. She ran her tongue around my balls, tickled the base of my throbbing cock, and licked it entirely again and again. She rested her lips against my shaft, sucking softly on its length—but she avoided taking it into her mouth. I wanted to feel my cock in her mouth with her tongue running circles around its head and her lips caressing my glans. It was a feeling that I was well acquainted with, but have never tired of.

Instead she left my cock and straddled my right leg. Slowly she lowered her pussy down to the instep of my foot, rubbing it softly. Feeling her soft pussy flesh against my foot, I was wild with desire. I wanted to taste her juices—it was too much! Slowly she worked her way up to my knee, up my thigh, and finally back to my crotch. My excitement became nearly uncontrollable as she stroked her pussy lips along the length of my cock, imitating what she had done only moments before with the lips of her mouth.

Soon she left my cock and moved up along my stomach, rib cage, chest, then shoulder, neck, and finally my chin. She kept getting wetter and wetter, and I knew she was as excited as I was. She left a trail of her wonderful pussy juice along the length of my body. As she raised herself again, I grasped her hips and pulled her toward my mouth. It was pure delight sucking on her swollen clit—she tasted so good! She quickly reciprocated the pleasure I was giving, turning our position into a sixty-nine. I finally got the tongue bath that I so patiently waited for. As she expertly sucked me, I tongued her with a fury I didn't know I possessed. The whole ordeal of her foreplay was so different and exhilarating that when I finally did come, it was an explosion. My girlfriend moaned with exquisite pleasure as she came soon after my climax. After our mutual ministrations, she fell onto me and we cuddled, kissing passionately. I can't remember having such an intense orgasm. It was the best thing that ever happened to me sexually.—Name and address withheld

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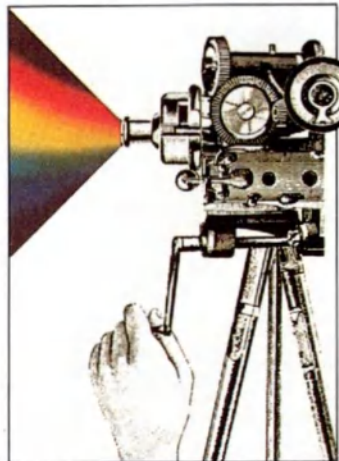
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Parents brings us, at last, a thriller only vegetarians could love; *Moonstruck*'s John Patrick Shanley turns another film into opera; and in *Bert Rigby*, Fred and Ginger are back.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



• We've had a singing nun, a singing detective, and now director **Carl Reiner**, whose five decades in cinema include *The Russians Are Coming!* *The Russians Are Coming!* and *It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*, gives us a singing coal miner. In *Bert Rigby, You're a Fool* (**½), **Robert Lindsay** (*Me and My Girl*) plays an English coal digger who slips and falls into Hollywood success with all the improbable serendipity of forties comedies. Along the way he treats us to his ingenious renditions of Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire, Charlie Chaplin, and Buster Keaton, while Reiner takes a punch at today's "entertainment industry": While Astaire and Kelly made full-blown extravaganzas to spark our fantasies, Rigby makes his mark with singing beer commercials. Best moment is Lindsay's one-man replay of the entire musical score of *Singin' in the Rain*. He gives it all his impish, ingenuous energy.

• Writer **John Patrick Shanley** is making a career turning screenplays into librettos.

Moonstruck was his family-romance opera, and now *The January Man* (**½) is his gumshoe operetta. **Pat O'Connor**, who did the elegiac *A Month in the Country*, directs and **Norman Jewison** (who directed Shanley's script in *Moonstruck*) produces. The plot breaks down into musical lines: **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio** is the love-interest soprano; **Susan Sarandon**, the manipulative wife alto; **Kevin Kline** plays the detective and romantic lead tenor; **Harvey Keitel**, the crooked chief-of-police baritone; **Rod Steiger**, the mayor of New York bass; and **Danny Aiello**, the basso buffo for comic relief. So it should all fall together. Trouble is, the script sets overblown arias and contrived coincidences against fleet, contemporary wit, which sends the story flying in different directions. Only Kline comfortably balances the film's cross-purposes with a likable boyish charm.

• **Carl Schenkel's** *The Mighty Quinn* (*½) might've answered the stubborn problem that **Spike Lee** (*School Daze*) and **Robert Townsend** (*Hollywood Shuffle*) have forcefully, if humorously, pointed out: the dearth of decent roles for black actors. With its Jamaican setting, you don't think "the black governor" or "the black chief of police" because, save for a few supporting characters, everyone in the film is black—which would have done nicely for the performers had the movie been better. About a murder that uncovers U.S. government corruption, the plot has the packaged feel of TV. **Denzel Washington**

(*Cry Freedom*) and **Townsend** lead the cast; they all deserve worthier scripts.

• At last, a film for the A.S.P.C.A. and the Society for a Fur-Free America—a black comedy only vegetarians could love. **Bob Balaban's** *Parents* (***) sets a horror movie about meat, murder, and kitchen appliances in grinning fifties suburbia, where housewives Hoover in shirtwaists with perfect composure. After much foot-age of blades, cleavers, and bleeding beef, the film's anti-war undertow surfaces—rarely has the killing underside of the fifties been so craftily larded into a standard thriller. **Randy Quaid** and **Mary Beth Hurt** perform with sneaky evil, and **Sandy Dennis** is marvelously disheveled as the local psychologist who tries to figure out what's going on. A perversely inventive film—but you gotta have the stomach for it.

• I could go along with **Glenn Close** as the lady lawyer in *Jagged Edge*, with **Cher** in *Suspect*, and even with **Kelly McGillis's** impassive performance in *The Accused*, but **Theresa Russell** (*Black Widow* and most of **Nicolas Roeg's** films) is just too breathless for the role in *Physical Evidence* (**)—another cop-and-courtroom caper where **Burt Reynolds**, as the grimy ex-officer framed for a murder, is more believable than most of the dialogue. **Ned Beatty** (*Deliverance*), playing the D.A., also holds his own, but this film is a disappointment coming from director **Michael Crichton** (*The Andromeda Strain*) and producer **Martin Ransohoff**, whose career has

included *Catch-22* and, ironically, *Jagged Edge*.

• A few minutes into *True Believer* (**½) I started tallying how much of his screen time **James Woods** (*Salvador*, *The Boost*) spends screaming. I figured about 97 percent—which rather gets in the way of this intelligent actor's appeal and this timely film's effectiveness. Directed by **Joseph Ruben** (*The Stepfather*), Woods plays a lawyer who still bothers defending the Constitution—the right to privacy, prohibitions against unlawful wiretapping and searches, etc.—when a lot of people, in the interest of cracking down on drugs, say to hell with it. **Robert Downey, Jr.**, engagingly gentle here after his purple performance in *Less Than Zero*, plays his assistant; but we'd more sensitively ponder the film's crucially tough questions if the characters weren't so schematic—liberal versus law-and-order—and most of all if the decibel level were low enough to hear them.

• After directing some of France's leading actors—**Yves Montand**, **Romy Schneider**—**Claude Sautet** turns to the next generation of top French performers in his keenly perceptive *A Few Days With Me* (***), about the petty artifice that class and ambition imbue in us and one man's unimposing attempts to deal with people straight. **Daniel Auteuil** (*Jean de Florette*) and **Sandrine Bonnaire** (*Vagabond*) give stellar performances, psychologically piercing and quietly sexy. Aside from the film's philosophical musings, it's an unexpected page-turner. **O—B**

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Lou Reed's *New York* sounds like Jimmy Breslin and Pete Hamill formed a minimalist punk band backed by all the Robert De Niro characters from Martin Scorsese's films.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELISA



To one extent or another, all of Lou Reed's records, from the seminal *The Velvet Underground and Nico* in 1967 to his latest work, could be called *New York*. (Possible exceptions, I suppose, are *Metal Machine Music* and *Berlin*, but even those were infused with Reed's vision of urban angst and horror.) That he has finally come to call an album quite simply *New York* (Sire Records 25829-2) comes as no surprise to anyone who has followed this man's remarkable career for over two decades. That *New York* is as good as it is—his strongest performance in years—is cause for celebration. (Let's face it: That Lou Reed is *even alive* in 1989, let alone still creating exciting, vibrant rock 'n' roll, is cause for celebration!)

Lou Reed has long been master of the New York slice of life: hard-core poet-chronicler of the city's haunts and denizens, tour guide into the Apple's underbelly, taking us places we're not sure we want to visit and showing us scenes we wouldn't nec-

essarily choose to see, stripping away all the masks and subterfuge to reveal the sometimes throbbing and often touching naked truth. With *New York*—"meant to be listened to in one 58-minute [14 songs!] sitting as though it were a book or a movie," he advises in a liner note—Lou Reed has become the rock 'n' roll equivalent (albeit so much darker) of O. Henry (it's Baghdad-on-the-Subway still!) and Damon Runyon (whose Broadway guys and dolls wouldn't recognize the current inhabitants of that street). Or, to keep the references literary, maybe this is what it would sound like if Jimmy Breslin and Pete Hamill formed a minimalist punk band backed by all the Robert De Niro characters from Martin Scorsese's films. *New York* offers up Lou Reed as reporter, commentator, camera-eye, and fictionist, and presents a series of portraits that leap from the speakers like blaring headlines in the tabloid press.

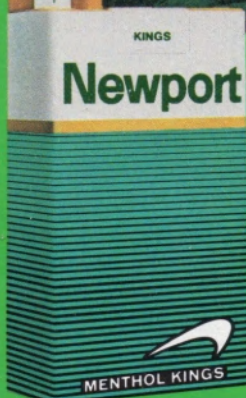
Much of Lou's charm and power lies in the fact that—let's face it—he can't sing. But he talks-chants-intones with one of the most distinctive voices in all of rock. And that voice, presented here with a clarity and directness (and backed by a simple band of two guitars, bass, and drums), has so much to say that the sheer frenzy of words in these songs almost threatens to run away with the show. But Lou has everything in control and balanced on the raw edge of his vision. Always a great pop tunesmith—not for nothing did he serve a Brill Building staff-song-

writer apprenticeship fresh from poetry workshops at Syracuse University in the early sixties (and *there's* a key to Lou's style: Delmore Schwartz meets Neil Diamond!)—Lou has created a catchy, infectious, oftentimes folk-rocky collection of riffs for *New York* that often belie what's happening in the songs. "Halloween Parade (AIDS)" shuffles along with an acoustic bounce while the lyrics run down a litany of lost souls ("There ain't no Hairy and no Virgin Mary / You won't hear these voices again / And Johnny Rio and Rotten Rita / You'll never see those faces again"). "Dirty Blvd." demands a sing-along (with guest backup vocalist Dion Di Mucci, no less!) as the "Statue of Bigotry" says, "Give me your tired, your poor / I'll piss on 'em," and poor teenage Pedro prays to "fly, fly away" from a place where "no one . . . dreams of being a doctor or a lawyer or anything. . . ." There's the jazzy Michelle Shocked-like bebop "Beginning of a Great Adventure" (Lou ponders impending parenthood with tongue deeply planted in cheek) and the rockabilly silliness of "Sick of You" (tongue planted even deeper!) to lighten the raw electric attack of "There Is No Time" and the bleak blues of "Xmas in February" (where John Prine's junkie Sam Stone resurfaces at the Vietnam Wall, "a reminder of the war that wasn't won. . .").

"This is no time to be acting frivolous," Lou warns in the album's most outright polemic ("There Is No Time"), and he sure ain't. In these "14 songs!" the man bangs his

head up against urban poverty, AIDS, family violence, pollution, fundamentalist fascism, race relations, homelessness, drug abuse, the continuing struggle of the Vietnam vet, and the duality of God-Man (à la *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which Lou presents as a "Dime Store Mystery" starring Andy Warhol). Whoa, wait a minute! Why are you running away? You say things are tough enough without having some snide New York hipster throwing it all in your face? You don't need a rock record to make you even more depressed about the state of the state? Well, here's the kicker: Lou Reed's *New York*, presided over as it is by the Statue of Bigotry and teeming with people "caught between the twisted stars," whose only dream of escape is the forlorn hope that maybe one day they'll just magically disappear, where "the bias of the father" and "the sickness of the mother" are naturally and inevitably passed on to the children—this collection of songs from one of rock's most uncompromising and staunchest hearts—is ultimately an exhilarating and mature affirmation of life, humor, freedom, and love! In other words, you can dance to this mutha! As well as cringe, cry, and reflect. Don't let the subject matter scare you off. This is the next stop after you've seen *Mean Streets* (ah, the Scorsese connection again!) and read *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. You may not want to live in Lou Reed's *New York*, but you'll find this particular visit more than worth your while. **OT**

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BY SHARON CHURCHER



ACCIDENTS WAITING TO HAPPEN

Though investigators say a bomb brought down Pan Am 103, air-safety experts tell us that the aging U.S. commercial air fleet is an even larger bomb waiting to explode. Like the elderly Boeing 747 that was destroyed over Scotland, hundreds of jets used by major airlines are flying long past the time their designers originally thought possible.

Boeing insists that these planes can stay airborne forever, provided they are adequately maintained. The experts have provided us, however, with alarming information about maintenance so inadequate, it sometimes verges on the criminal. One major carrier that has been plagued by potentially catastrophic cracks in its old planes is allegedly employing an inspector at its maintenance headquarters

whose license has been yanked by the Federal Aviation Administration. When another airline, which has excellent maintenance, acquired two elderly 747's that originally were in service with a rival, it discovered that corrosion had eaten away the front-end horizontal supports. "It's amazing the cockpits didn't fall off," says a flight engineer familiar with the two aircraft.

Both corrosion and metal fatigue increase with a plane's use, and because they often occur in inaccessible parts of the plane, they can be difficult to detect with the best maintenance, says Ned Clarke, a structure specialist whose firm investigates air accidents. "The weaker an airline's finances, the more corners it cuts," he says. "It's scary that we're seeing repairs that aren't done with the durability of the basic airframe. And some mechanics are 'pencil whipping,' writing up repairs as done

that aren't done at all." The Aviation Safety Institute, an influential private monitoring group, wants the F.A.A. to randomly buy old planes from carriers and dismember them, to see just what they look like under the skin.

But the carriers say this isn't necessary. Donald Trump, for instance, is acquiring eight 727's dating from the sixties and early seventies from Eastern in his deal to take over that company's East Coast shuttle.

Boeing warns that after 20 years of service, these planes can develop "initial fatigue and cracking," and need "more maintenance, more often." And indeed, a similar 727 in service with Eastern ruptured in mid-air last December.

"We have no concerns from the safety standpoint," Trump shuttle president Bruce Nobles says, however. "Eastern has spent more money on maintenance than any other airline."

BUSH'S FURRY VIBRATIONS

White House insiders privy to George Bush's secret indulgence are wondering whether our new president is going to do the honorable thing—and hand over his vibrating massage chair to prosecutors who claim Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos embezzled \$265 million from United States banks and the Philippine government. Part of the alleged loot, to the tune of \$475, presumably paid for the chair, a 1982 gift to the then veep from the Marcoses.

Upholstered in what our spies describe as "a pale-colored furry fabric," the chair was immediately installed at the vice-presidential mansion. (The law says gifts from foreign heads of state may be used by the president and vice president, but technically become federal property.)

"Two wheels inside the back go up and down, in and out, and massage your neck and back," a source reports. "It's very uncomfortable." The Marcoses gave a similar chair to former president Reagan, who kept it in the White House beauty shop for Nancy's use. That chair has been shipped to California and probably will be displayed at the Reagan library sometime in the future, says a Reagan spokesman. Asked about the new president's plans for his chair, a Bush aide snapped, "It's not something we're prepared to discuss."

RAMBO TAKES THE BUS

The Pentagon's attempt to play Rambo and find MIAs in Vietnam has infuriated Harry Aderholt, the retired general who was deputy commander of the secret Southeast Asia air war. He contends that any skeletons found will be so old they will be unidentifiable. A Florida woman is already suing the government for returning remains it says are her husband's. An anthropologist isn't even sure if the



bones are human.

What maddens Aderholt is that he doesn't believe there are any living MIAs anymore, but "I know there were some." He contends that the chance of locating them was lost because for years the Pentagon had only three investigators at the Bangkok office conducting the search. The trio had to use the public bus service to get refugee-camp interviews. Aderholt says he and his boss in Vietnam, retired major general John K. Singlaub, run their own MIA "intelligence gathering" operation: "The government refuses to pay for information on the MIAs. They say it's against their policy." Aderholt says that after Singlaub complained about the official effort in 1987, the Defense Intelligence Agency sent several staffers to Thailand to assist in the search, and they were given a vehicle. The D.I.A.'s Lieutenant Colonel Keith Schneider insists this was the Pentagon's idea, and merely an addition to an "active," efficient, and "inexpensive" operation.



INSURANCE GOING TO THE DOGS

The following story is no pit bull: Major insurance companies, worried by a rash of lawsuits involving dog bites, have begun to investigate would-be insurees' mutts. "If we find you own a pit bull, we'll inspect your dwelling and inquire about the animal's behavior through interviews with the insured and neigh-

bors," says Allstate's Lorie Parker. State Farm's David Hurst confides that with policies typically providing \$100,000 of coverage in the event of a lawsuit over a dog bite, his firm worries about any breed with a reputation for liking human flesh. "Dog bites have become the biggest single area of claims," Hurst explains, "and we may tell an owner we can't insure him if we feel his pet is a lawsuit waiting to happen."

A KINDER, GENTLER EVIL EMPIRE

Last year, in the first summer of glasnost, thousands of Soviet children went off to camp and played the Kremlin's variation of capture the flag. Attired in mock battle regalia, the younger kids beat back the "enemy" with smoke bombs and simulated chemical weapons. Older participants scooted through the woods in tanks.

Starting with supposedly optional summer-camp games for six-year-olds (participation earns brownie points toward adult career advancement), the Soviet pre-

draft training program "is an exception to glasnost," David Powell of Harvard's Russian Research Center told my associate Anita Dennis. "The idea is still to teach kids that Americans are dire imperialists and war is a possibility."

Soviet spokeswoman Victoria Sorokina says she has "no information" about any changes in the program, which has some students playing nuclear war games. About 85 percent of Soviet schools have rifle ranges used by ninth- and tenth-graders during an obligatory "military affairs" course. Boys learn weapons use,

reconnaissance, and how to dig foxholes. American feminists should note that girls are excluded from shooting live rounds. They do learn how to strip and re-assemble, blindfolded, a Kalashnikov assault rifle, but their education emphasizes nursing and communications.

Benetton, the Italian clothing giant, depicts a gentler U.S.S.R. in its 1988-89 winter ad campaign for Sisley, its upscale sportswear line. Shot in the Soviet Union, the campaign shows a beaming Sisley-sweatered poet "in Arbat Street, where the *Intelligensia* gather." With the promo earning a page-one

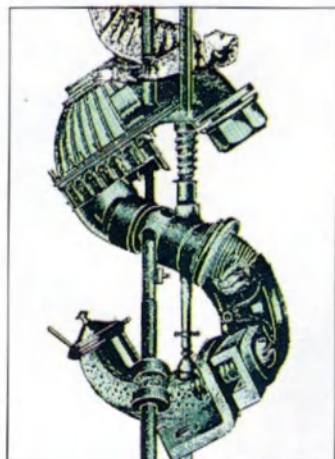
rave in *Pravda*, Benetton's Sally Fischer explains, "Sisley always shoots in the hot city, [which is] Moscow this year."

The *intelligensia*, led by Andrei Sakharov, have yet to be convinced that all's free on Arbat Street or anywhere else in the U.S.S.R. Émigré Russian economist Yuri Chekamovsky finds the Sisley campaign's tone "a little naive" for another reason: Despite the Soviet economy's notorious shortages, the clothier photographed its distinguished man of letters outside a "famous country restaurant" supposedly offering a cornucopia of food.

If you're offered coins at a discount because they were "bought when they were cheaper," alarm bells should sound. If it sounds too good to be true, it most likely is.

FINANCE

BY JEROME TUCCILLE



Financial assets such as stocks and bonds were king during most of the 1980s, but the time to reconsider gold and silver as an important part of your portfolio is fast approaching.

Precious metals—particularly gold—have always been regarded as a hedge against disaster. Inflationary pressures are returning after eight years of price stability and economic growth. The measures that must be taken by the new administration to balance the budget, correct our trade deficit, bail out the savings and loan industry, clean up the environment, prop up a sagging dollar, and tend to a plethora of other ills are going to make for rough sailing during the next few years.

While I don't anticipate a return to the double-digit inflation and 20-percent prime rate we experienced during the Carter years, I do think that an extended period of stagflation—recession accompanied by rising commodity prices and wage inflation—is all but inevitable. Just as we paid the price

for the deficit-financed war in Vietnam during the 1970s, we will have to pay the piper for the prosperity of the Reagan era, which was also fueled largely by debt.

Gold, silver, and platinum may not make you rich during the early years of the Bush administration, but I think they at least offer the prospect of healthy appreciation while Washington struggles with the nasty job ahead. By allocating ten to 15 percent of your portfolio to precious metals, you can insure yourself against unpleasant surprises if inflation does get out of hand.

The big decision to make is how to own the metals. Speculators play the commodities markets by buying and selling futures contracts, but most of us can't stand that kind of risk. The most conservative way to invest in gold and silver is by owning the "physical" itself—one-ounce gold coins minted by various governments and silver bars. A middle-of-the-road strategy is to buy the stocks of gold- and silver-mining companies.

Stocks offer better leverage because they will move up faster compared to a rise in metal prices. For example, if you own physical gold and it appreciates from \$400 to \$500 an ounce, you've made 25 percent on your money. But a stock selling for \$15 a share might go to \$22 or \$23, giving you a 50-percent return on investment. I would avoid South African gold stocks (and coins) since they are loaded with political risk, and stick to companies in the United States, Canada, and Australia. There are

several trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The best ones can pull gold out of the ground at between \$200 and \$300 an ounce, so anything above those break-even levels represents their margin of profit.

If you want to own coins, buy them from reputable dealers. Counterfeits abound, and it is worth paying a slightly higher sales commission to make sure you own the genuine article. Anybody offering coins at a discount because he "bought them when they were cheaper" should trigger alarm bells. If it sounds too good to be true, it most likely is.

The most popular gold coins are the Canadian Maple Leaf, the American Eagle, the Australian Nugget, the Mexican Peso, the Chinese Panda, and the Britannia from England. With all of them, you are paying pretty close to the intrinsic value of the metal at the time, and they are therefore considered to be bullion coins. The South African Krugerrand also trades close to its bullion value, but it was banned in the U.S. in 1985 and carries with it the political baggage of the South African government. Unless you consider yourself to be an expert in rare coins, I would suggest you stay away from anything that has a hefty premium for its numismatic value.

Those looking to invest in platinum should consider the one-ounce Australian Koala. This is not the first platinum bullion coin. That distinction belongs to the Noble from the Isle of Man. But the Koala is the first one minted by a major country,

and its ready acceptance signals the advent of platinum as an important investment vehicle. Canada entered the market with a platinum Maple Leaf at the end of 1988. As far as silver is concerned, bars of various sizes are available from leading banks and brokerage houses.

Gold in particular has always been an accurate barometer of future inflation. One of the simplest ways for the average investor to get a handle on inflationary pressures in the economy is by checking the commodities spot index, posted every day on the front page of *The Wall Street Journal*, beneath the stock and bond indices for the previous day. When the index is above 128 and remains there for several weeks, it is a good indication that the fed is fighting a losing battle on the inflation front. When the index is comfortably below 128, inflation is in check, for the moment at least.

This is my signal (among others I keep abreast of) to buy some precious metals. Also, share prices of gold-mining stocks usually anticipate the metal's future direction. Sometimes you'll see these stocks moving up while the physical remains static, only to see the metal running up itself a short time later. The reverse is true as well. So while there is no one infallible method of forecasting the future, the commodities spot index and the prices of precious metal stocks can often give you a clue as to what lies ahead—and accordingly tell you whether it's time to hedge your bets with gold. 



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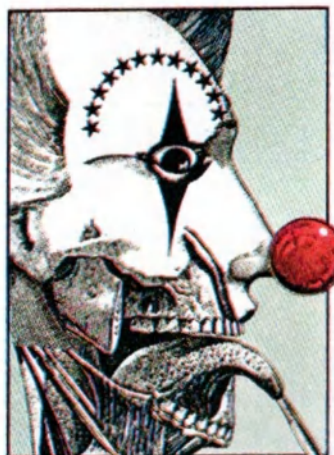
PENTHOUSE

A TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY

An April Fools' tax scheme where, for once, the government gets screwed. That's why they won't let you do it!

FINAL STRAW

BY NANETTE VARIAN



George Bush may have won the election because he promised not to raise taxes, but we all know that in reality, it's big business that gets the biggest breaks. For the rest of us, April will always be the cruelest month. But it doesn't have to be that way. With a little bit of ingenuity (and a lot of balls), you too could reap great rewards come tax time. Just ask Joe. He'll never owe any income tax again.

Joe is not a corporate raider or a C.E.O., and he hasn't got a squad of crack-erjack tax commandos standing by to blow loopholes through his taxable income. He didn't take a beating in pork bellies or endure a fall in Fannie Maes. He's not rich, powerful, or even exceptionally clever. What he is, is a middle-class plumber who earns a modest living from the business he inherited.

Our hero is 38 years old, and he runs his business out of a home office in his second-floor den. Like most other small-business owners, Joe keeps a careful record of his inventory and

expenses. The accuracy of his accounting becomes particularly crucial during the tax season, when every deduction means more money in his pocket. One day Joe lost his hammer and had an idea. Come tax time, Joe decided, he would finally get what was coming to him—and give the federal government what it deserved.

It was a relatively humble claw hammer, the kind that sold for about \$7.50 at the local hardware store. After dinner that night, Joe recorded the loss in his book: "One claw hammer . . . value—\$435."

That amount may seem pretty steep, but the original purchase price of an item doesn't always jibe with its *current* fair market value, does it? Things fall apart and depreciate, or they become "antique" and appreciate. Sure, the hammer may have once had a \$7.50 "street value," but this time Joe decided to defer to the wisdom of a higher authority—the Department of Defense, a branch of the United States government.

He began collecting news reports that revealed just how much the Pentagon had been paying to procure some of the same "spare parts" that he used to keep his own business humming.

According to the Internal Revenue Service, the value of inherited property is usually its *fair market value* at the time of the descendant's death, rather than the item's original cost. And the feds define "fair market value" as "the price at which the property would change hands between a buyer and a

seller. . . . Sales of similar property, on or about the same date, may be helpful in figuring the fair market value of the property."

Helpful, indeed. Here at last was the ultimate standard by which Joe could measure the true worth of his own equipment. After all, those guys at the Pentagon know what they're doing, right?

Two weeks later, Joe suffered another mishap, this time during a bathroom remodeling job. While installing a shower unit, a box wrench slipped from his hand, fell onto the concrete floor, and chipped. During its fall, the wrench bounced off the new toilet seat Joe had just assembled, cracking the lid. As if to add insult to injury, the round nut he'd been tightening rolled away during the commotion.

Back at the office, Joe consulted his government gurus before ringing up the damage: \$640.09 for the toilet seat, \$469 for the wrench, and \$2,043 for the round nut—a grand total of \$3,152.09.

Later that year Joe's backyard warehouse was robbed, and the deductible dollars compounded with dizzying speed—screws by the thousand at \$37 apiece, plus \$265 for the screwdrivers to turn them, and \$652 each for the toolboxes to carry them. But that was only the beginning.

The brigands also broke into Joe's truck, where they found two flashlights worth \$214 each, 100 flat metal washers at \$387 each, and a \$437 tape measure.

The robbers then ransacked Joe's office, where he

had recently used the tape measure to check the square footage before purchasing a new sofa and chair. The furniture's four armrest pads (\$670.06 each) sustained irreparable damage, as did the \$7,622 coffee maker. Joe burst in brandishing a footstool, which he swung at one of the robbers. The man ducked, and the stool slammed into the wall, causing all three of the \$1,118 plastic footstool leg caps to pop off. The startled intruders fled out the window and down Joe's \$74,165 ladder, also damaged during the melee.

By the end of the year, Joe's deductible losses were so high he owed absolutely *no* federal income tax whatsoever. On the contrary, the feds owed him a whopping refund. Now, the way we see it, the I.R.S. has two options: (1) Deny the refund because the "fair market value" assessments are ludicrous (which doesn't make the Pentagon look too swift), or (2) grant the refund. It's your classic catch-22. Or is that catch-W2?

Imagine the implications if the refund is granted, with other citizens and organizations following suit. A couple of cases of stool caps could prop up the Social Security system. A shipload of wing nuts would wipe out Brazil's national debt. One bolt could buy you an issue of *Penthouse* at the newsstand, with \$13 change back; a full year's subscription could be had for a single screw.

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Do unmarried fathers have the same rights as unwed mothers when it comes to adoption and paternity suits? Here's the sad truth.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



The constitutional and legal rights of an unmarried man are still mired in the ancient legal presumption that a woman's husband is the father of her child. Although generally there have been liberal changes in matrimonial law, those changes affecting women have taken the up elevator and those dealing with men have taken the down. This leaves the rights of unmarried men stuck at the basement level, as depicted by one judge who noted in a recent court decision that "unwed mothers have more rights than unwed fathers, and married fathers have more rights than unmarried fathers."

The two most prevalent types of situations for unmarried men involve the legal issues of adoption and paternity. Also at stake are the rights of inheritance and custody, as well as other legal privileges. In order to understand the law, one has to understand that not all decisions are based on concrete fact, but rather on presumptions of fact. A legal presumption exists when

the trial court makes an inference that one fact exists, based on the proven existence of other facts. In paternity cases, a child is presumed legitimate if he or she is born in wedlock, or declared legitimate by a court having the legal authority to hear and decide a case. The presumption of legitimacy is founded upon decency, morality, and public policy, and has deep roots in common law.

Although the presumption of legitimacy is persuasive, it is still rebuttable. The courts have consistently stated that a husband denying paternity must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that he is not the father of his wife's child. The establishment of her having sexual intercourse with someone other than her spouse does not generally overcome the presumption of legitimacy.

Under common law, the father of an illegitimate child had no rights or obligations to that child. But now that has changed. During the last five years, in my capacity as the founder of the National Organization for Men, I have spoken to many men from all parts of the United States facing paternity suits. A common dilemma men face centers around the questions of whether the child is theirs, whether the mother can be compelled to undergo an abortion, and if not, what their rights are with respect to custody, visitation, and the payment of child support. The scenario goes like this: A child is born out of wedlock and the mother designates a particular man as the father. The man denies he is the

father, leading the woman to bring an action to compel him to support this child.

The proof of paternity must be clear, convincing, and unmistakable. Through the science of blood tests, a man may prove that he is not the father. As such, the positive result of that test—i.e., one excluding paternity—is admissible as evidence in a court of law. A blood test negating the testimony that the man is the child's father thoroughly shatters the presumption of legitimacy and thereby works as a deterrent to false claims of paternity.

Yet not all blood tests are 100-percent accurate in establishing paternity. In fact, many blood tests fail to prove paternity, since people share the same blood type. As a result, an alternative to blood testing has become available. DNA typing is a relatively new method of paternal identification. Based on an individual's genetic structure, it detects specific genetic characteristics inherent in each person. Commercial labs in the United States are currently using DNA typing in both criminal and civil paternity cases. A person's DNA print is similar in its uniqueness to a fingerprint, as the odds are only one in 30 billion that any two people will have the same DNA print. In order to prove paternity, a DNA sample is taken from the mother, the putative father, and the child. In a recent article, *The National Law Journal* stated that "if the alleged father's tissue contains DNA fragments different than the child's paternal fragments, he is excluded as the biological

father. If the child's paternal DNA fragments are present in the alleged father, he is included as the biological father. . . . This means that a woman suing for paternity can establish conclusively whether the [defendant] is the father."

Some believe that DNA testing is as much as 99-percent accurate in those cases where men have been named as fathers to illegitimate children. Yet once paternity is established, the duty of a father becomes operative. Theoretically, both parents are legally responsible for the support of their child according to their respective means.

The rights of unmarried fathers are still in the stone age. But should you find yourself in this type of situation, when you consult your attorney, you must demand a blood test and a DNA test to determine paternity. If it is established that you are indeed the child's natural father, you should also demand the following rights: to give or withhold consent to an adoption of your child, particularly if you and the child's mother are unmarried; to revoke consent to the adoption and reclaim your child; to have a prompt hearing regarding your fitness as a parent; to be given the same presumption of parental fitness that would be given to the mother or the adoptive parents; to obtain counsel if indigent; and to establish an immediate relationship with your child.

For further information, contact the National Organization for Men, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 766-4030.



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To submit your photos or to request a complete set of rules, write to: Pet Hunt, *Penthouse* International, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

PENTHOUSE

SPECIAL 20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



Dr. Rajko Medenica has produced results in cancer patients that are significantly better than traditional and alternative approaches.

HEALTH

BY GARY NULL



Bob Haymes has Lou Gehrig's disease. He believes that without Dr. Rajko Medenica, he would have died long ago. Instead his condition has stabilized and there has even been some improvement—this in a malady that is notorious for its degenerative process leading to death.

One of Medenica's patients had Waldenström's macroglobulinemia for over ten years. When told that he had only two to three months to live, he went to see Medenica. "I have been under treatment for one year and have totally regained my strength and put on 25 pounds. My feeling of well-being is back and my blood counts are almost normal. Dr. Medenica says his job is to correct a defect in my immune system, which will then be able to kill the cancer. I've taken very little medication to kill the cancer; most of the medication I take restores my immune system. It is pretty certain I would be dead without him."

What is Medenica doing for cancer patients and other victims of fatal diseases that other doctors in tradi-

tional and non-traditional medicine are not? He has created a bridge between traditional therapies (including chemotherapy) and the alternative-medicine philosophy of doing no harm. His patients do not have their hair falling out or develop nausea as a result of chemotherapy, and he has an extraordinarily high rate of curing the disease or putting it into remission, and improving the quality of life for his patients.

After consulting some of the most prestigious doctors in the country about his condition, Muhammad Ali called Medenica, who concluded that Ali wasn't a victim of Parkinson's disease. The prizefighter was suffering from an acute case of household-pesticide poisoning. Because of Ali's impeccable physical condition, his metabolism absorbed toxins and delivered them to the brain cells at a rate many times greater than that of an average person. In the summer of 1988, Ali began a series of blood treatments called plasmapheresis, which replace the natural plasma with artificial plasma. After his first treatment, Ali told a South Carolina newspaper that Medenica is "the greatest doctor in the world. I feel like I can fight Tyson."

Despite his relative obscurity, in the 1970s Medenica had been called upon to treat Leonid Brezhnev, Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, and the shah of Iran. His approach to medicine produces results that elude the most prestigious medical institutions where the powerful and famous flock for cures.

Medenica was born into a

well-educated, sophisticated family in Montenegro, Yugoslavia, in 1939. He received his degree in medicine in 1966 at the University of Belgrade and a Ph.D. in metabolism and cell metabolism at the University of Geneva in 1971. His specialties include oncology, hematology, clinical immunology, and rheumatology, and he has practiced at leading medical institutions throughout the world. In the U.S. he has been a consultant at the National Institutes of Health, the National Cancer Institute, Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, New York, the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota, and Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, as well as several university medical schools.

Richard Walker, a former U.S. ambassador to South Korea, was diagnosed as having advanced melanoma. Medenica described Walker's condition as "unpredictable and difficult." Today Richard Walker is in complete remission and is a senior associate at the University of South Carolina Institute of International Studies. Walker describes Medenica as "the Yugoslavian genius, the Michelangelo of the cancer world."

But several local doctors aren't impressed with interferon, a critical factor in Medenica's treatments. "There is nothing magical about interferon," said one doctor. "We thought it might be the new breakthrough in cancer, but interferon has been tested extensively in the past few years and has not lived up to its expectations. Interferon has been looked at

in 100 clinical trials and it has very little practical importance."

Walker responded to these statements by saying, "... you can't argue with success. I chose [Medenica] because of his successful record with a number of friends of mine."

Letters of recommendation written on his behalf to the State Board of Medical Examiners in South Carolina indicate the respect Medenica has earned among his peers. Dr. Arnold I. Freeman, chief of the department of pediatrics at Roswell Park Memorial Institute, states, "I found Dr. Medenica to be a very thorough and conscientious physician. He is knowledgeable about the various cancers in man and is very careful in his treatment." Dr. Emil Freireich, chairman of the department of hematology at M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute in Houston, comments, "I have had an opportunity to review some of his clinical research, particularly that involving interferon, and I find his approach to the therapy of malignancy to be highly original and inventive." Dr. Isaac Djerassi, director of research in oncology and hematology at Mercy Catholic Medical Center in Philadelphia, writes, "Dr. Medenica is considered to be a leader in hematology and oncology on an international level."

Medenica published a study of 84 cancer patients in 1986. These were patients who did not respond to chemotherapy or radiation and were expected to die within four months. Interferon

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**Suggested retail price. Dealer's actual price may vary. Price does not include dealer prep, freight, taxes, license and title fees.*



•Before I tell you my story, I would like to say there were a few times when I got to watch Frann get it on with her date. It was a great turn-on for the both of us. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 23-year-old single woman and I live with a roommate the same age as me. Frann and I are good friends, too, and we often double-date. When we do, usually by the end of the evening we go off to our own rooms (with our dates) to have some privacy, but this time something very different happened. Before I tell you my story, I would just like to say that there were a few times when I got to watch Frann get it on with her date, and vice versa. It was a great turn-on for the both of us.

It all started when we doubled with two really great guys. We went out to dinner and a movie, and afterward Frann's date, Paul, drove to the city park and pulled onto the service road. We both knew what was going to happen, and after Paul stopped the car, we both started to make out with our guys. Sean, who was my date, really likes to do a lot before we screw, and so after some really hard kissing, he pulled my panties off and went down on me. Even though he gives really good head, he takes his time and starts kissing my legs, my inner thighs, etc. While Sean was doing all this to me, I watched as Paul unbuttoned Frann's blouse, unfastened her bra, and began sucking her nipples.

Soon Paul was reclining so that he faced the front of the car, his pants tangled around his knees, and Frann was straddling him, facing me in the backseat. I could tell that Paul



had already entered her because they were panting loudly and Frann had a smile plastered on her face.

With all this sexual activity going on, I was ready for some penetration. I pulled Sean up and took off his pants. Then I pulled my skirt way up and sat down on him, facing the front seat. I was so wet that Sean had no problem getting in—it was heaven! It felt great to have him inside me and to see Frann and Paul fucking their brains out up front. Anyway, Frann and I were both screwing our guys while we watched each other. That's when Paul moved down a bit in the seat, causing Frann to lean over into the backseat area. She has a pretty big bust, and she put her tits on the top of the front seat with her hands on either side of her.

It was a real charge looking

at her in this position, and I took off my T-shirt and bra. Sean's hands automatically started to fondle my super-sensitive tits. It was then that I leaned forward to grab the front seat. Accidentally, my hands brushed Frann's bobbing tits. Instead of moving away, Frann gave me a big smile—in fact, she moved closer and began to rub her tit over my hand.

I couldn't stand it anymore and I gave her breast a quick squeeze. Frann whispered for me to keep going, and since Paul and Sean weren't paying too much attention, I touched her again—this time playing with both her tits and rubbing her nipples. It was pretty wild to do that, and before I knew it, Frann was touching my tits in the same fashion. There we were, screwing our guys and playing with each other's tits! This went on for a while, and

when Paul sank down in his seat some more, it turned out that Frann was even closer to me. One of us could have moved, but we didn't—that's when Frann began kissing me. She had her mouth open and she really kissed me hard. I kissed her right back, and when her tongue probed the inside of my mouth, I sucked on it. The guys were commenting on our escapades and we really got kind of funky after that. Frann and I were kissing passionately by now and boldly sucking on each other's nipples. The sensations were so overwhelming for me that I was coming real fast—and so was Frann.

With that, Sean got really frantic and was coming inside me like crazy. He also put his hand on my clit and played with it. This really got me going and I had another earth-shattering orgasm. While Frann was watching all this, Paul was working at her feverishly, getting ready for his climax. When I saw her body quivering, I knew Paul had orgasmed and that she was in the throes of another climax. After a few moments we all calmed down and began to get dressed.

It was really quiet in the car at that point—I think that the whole experience was a little wild for all of us. We decided to call it a night. When the guys dropped us off at our place,

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, NY 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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Paint the town red on a five-alarm beauty known as the 1989 Katana 600. Experience a fusion of optimum performance and maximum comfort. Here is a hot machine that will truly elevate your desire to a fever pitch. You'll forge new adventures through twisting roads and city streets. And every eye that is fortunate enough to catch you will be green with envy. The engine, based on the track-tough GSX-R750, is compact, potent, and tuned to deliver strong torque in the low and mid RPM ranges.

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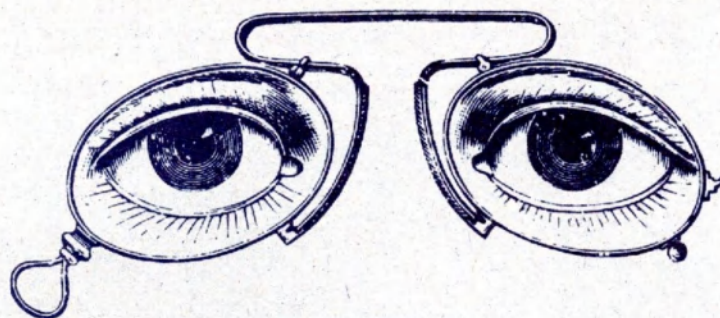
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THE REFRESHES



VIEW FROM THE TOP

TERRORISM

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's now been 17 years of bombings and hostage-taking and sabotage, and no one, it seems, is any closer to dealing with it than when it first burst upon us in the early seventies. Israel led the way then, forming its crack commando team and stunning the world with its performance at Entebbe and the Munich Olympics. Since that time, Israel has withdrawn, attending to its own internal troubles, feeling, one assumes, that having set the example, the Western powers would follow suit—training their own commandos, intensifying their own intelligence networks. I know I've been sitting here waiting patiently for the appearance of an American commando team, like some sad member of a cargo cult waiting for the silver birds that never come. No, in 17 years the great Western powers have come up with only two methods of combating terrorism: the Ostrich and the Buddy System.

The Ostrich. This is the method by which the Western power hides its head in the sand and pretends that because it does not see the terrorists, they don't exist. Under this heading there are several wonderful examples from recent years. First: Mrs. Thatcher banning all TV programs on the I.R.A. on the grounds that the opinions of terrorists are by nature invalid. Despite Mrs. Thatcher, I.R.A. terrorists have opinions, these opinions do lead to terrorist acts, and, one assumes, they do terrorist acts because no one will listen to them. But that's the Ostrich.

Second: The U.S.'s past refusal to allow Yasir Arafat to speak at the U.N. Here we had a terrorist willing to make concessions, at least speaking of peace. But the U.S., following the Ostrich, felt that the P.L.O. should not be validated. You tell me. Though we have not come up with any way to stop them, we cannot allow them to stop themselves.

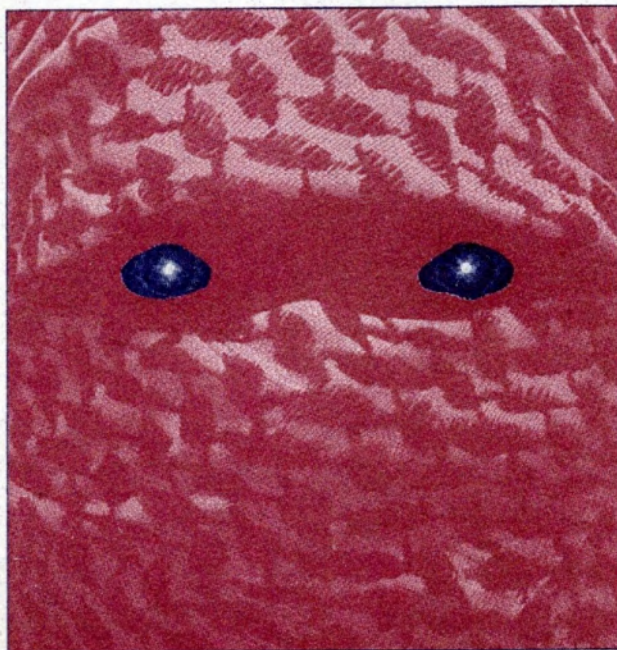
Third: Pan American's decision not to hand-search on its December flights out of Frankfurt. Here we have the Ostrich at its dumbest. The intelligence network manages to work. A tip is sent out: A Pan American flight

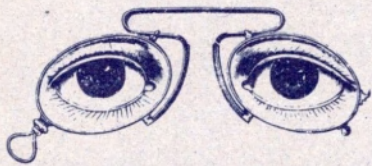
out of Frankfurt will be bombed in December. You're head of Pan Am in Europe—what would you do? Right. Hand-search people, post guards around the planes, everything. Do they do it? No. After the 259 people have died, they whine about not having adequate security machines, this after 17 years of bombings.

Fourth: Reagan's bombing of Libya. Now, I suppose you could say that it stopped Qaddafi for a while. But it did not stop terrorism, nor did it stop Qaddafi, as the latest news of his chemical-weapons plant confirms. Anyway, the mission was to kill Qaddafi, and we failed because we have no crack commando team. We bombed the wrong tent. Ostrich thinking says that terrorists do not exist, only countries exist—so if you bomb countries, you'll win. Wrong. You throw your weight around and create delay, but you don't win.

The Buddy System. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Under the Buddy System, Oliver North sold arms to the Ayatollah in return for hostages—which, as we know, worked really well. Okay. Let's say we got all the hostages back. That still leaves the Ayatollah in possession of a lot of new weapons, which makes him a lot more formidable than he was before. He can still take more hostages, only now he's a lot scarier to deal with.

The dumbest Buddy System maneuver yet, however, has got to be the West Germans helping Qaddafi build a chemical-weapons plant. Now, Qaddafi claims he's just developing a new line of cosmetics. Colonel Qaddafi's Age-Control Extract—I bet. I must say, the Germans doing such a thing is disturbingly retro, is it not? But the Buddy System is just another method of saying that terrorism doesn't exist. Befriending the enemy is a form of denial, after all. If the Western powers actually accept terrorism for the protest it is, and terrorists as the extremist protesters they are, then we will stop ignoring or befriending and start trying to understand the problems that bring about the terror.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

SCENES

BY JACKIE D'AMICO

In one of his classic rock songs, Lou Reed urges everyone to "take a walk on the wild side." And that's just what some tourists to our nation's capital have been doing—since last summer, anyway. Thanks to *Scandal Tours*, not only can a visitor to Washington, D.C., see what makes the government tick, they can also get a glimpse of what goes on behind the scenes in all those big white buildings.

Scandal Tours is the brainchild of comedy writer Rick London. After escorting a seemingly endless parade of

friends and relatives around Washington's better-known landmarks like the Lincoln Memorial and the Supreme Court building, he noticed that they began to ask to see the sites where "all the dirt went on." London would then show them such "historical" landmarks as Gary Hart's town house and talk about the seamier side of D.C.

A few trips like this around the city set off London's entrepreneurial instincts, and the idea for a professional tour highlighting the infamous spots in the capital occurred to him. "Basically," London explains, "people would get bored. So I thought of creating a theater on a bus." With the help of John Simmons and his Washington-based political comedy

troupe Gross National Product (GNP), London embarked on a business venture.

The *Scandal Tour* starts at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel and takes its tourists past such sites as the Watergate Hotel, the White House, and the Capitol. For a little over an hour, riders are regaled by in-bus impressionists and look-alikes delivering funny anecdotes about our leaders' more dubious escapades. It's an innovative, different take on our seat of government, and with the talented antics of GNP, who have been performing revues (*Ten Little Candidates*, *The Phantom of the White House*) since 1980, the tour is just plain fun. Apparently it's also

a resounding success. "We're thinking of branching out," says London, "see what's going on in Rome or possibly Paris. I'm sure they have their fair share of scandals, too."

If you're interested in taking a walk on Washington's wild side, board the Scandal Bus, sit back, and enjoy the show. For more information, call the ScandaLine at (301) 369-1986.

magick of Aleister Crowley to collections of fundamentalist cartoons by Jack Chick. Neo-Nazi philosophy shares the pages with Soviet social commentary, classic hard-boiled detective novels, and medical textbooks showing car accidents and head wounds. From foreign films to foreign policy, if you can't find a book about something at the local mall, you can probably find one about it in



WORDS

BY BRETT SONNENSCHN

We asked Brian King, co-owner of AMOK Press, if there was anything they wouldn't put in their catalog. "Probably not," he said, "unless it was boring." That pretty much expresses the philosophy of AMOK Press, formed over three years ago by King and his partner, Stuart Swezey. AMOK's *Third Dispatch* book catalog is not your usual mail-order collection. It is a compendium of unique, interesting, hard-to-find, and downright strange reading material "devoted to the extremes of information in print." From over 200 presses around the world come books on subjects ranging from nudism to alien visitors. All parts of the literary spectrum are covered in AMOK, from religious books about the

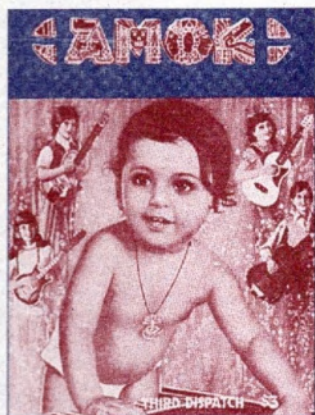
AMOK. Almost as interesting as the books described in the *Third Dispatch* catalog are its many illustrations, which come from the books in the catalog as well as the personal collections of the AMOK publishers.

What kind of person shops here? King, who is presently working on a book about murderers' artwork and writing, describes his customers as "mostly curious" and points out that AMOK is often used as a source for researchers. Some might criticize AMOK for making more readily available works such as *Holy Book of Adolf Hitler*, *A Book of Pagan Rituals*, and *How to Kill* (parts one through six), that might otherwise not come to light. But AMOK's philosophy is not to propagate ideas—it's to get information across and let people make up their own minds, a rare occurrence

Scandal
Tours



in today's television-watching world. "For example," says King, "in our store we put



Malcolm X on black nationalism next to white-power books and let people decide for themselves."

Murders and murderers are another subject of interest to AMOK. Aside from books on the subject, the *Third Dispatch* includes a letter from the infamous cannibal-murderer Albert Fish to the mother of one of his victims. The AMOK store, located in Los Angeles, has exhibited the paintings of mass murderer John Wayne Gacy.

The catalog is, to say the least, loosely divided into various sections such as Control, Exotica, Sleaze, Sensory Deprivation, Neuro-politics, and Mayhem, all with an excerpt from an appropriate source such as writer William S. Burroughs, nineteenth-century sex researcher Richard von Krafft-Ebing, or Lee Hazlewood, composer of "These Boots Are Made for Walkin'." Special sections feature writings on the eccentric inventor Nikola Tesla, along with his own works, chaos worshiper and conspiracy theorist Robert

Anton Wilson, and linguist Noam Chomsky.

The incredible thing about AMOK is that it's all there—books you were told never to read, books you always wanted to read, and books you read when you were in high school. In this age of conformity, when freedom of choice has come to mean 60-channel cable, it's good to see what choice really is. The books in AMOK are unusual, fascinating, and disturbing—but so is the world we live in.

The *Third Dispatch* catalog costs \$3 and can be ordered from AMOK, P.O. Box 875112, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif. 90087. The AMOK store is located at 1067 N. Hyperion Avenue in the Silverlake area of Los Angeles.

BREWS

BY TERI WINGENDER

Beer drinkers who love their suds shouldn't be wishy-washy when it comes to their rights as consumers. So says Beer Drinkers of America, a non-profit consumer organization standing up for beer drinkers' cold-gold interests with sights on becoming the No. 1 voice for beer consumers in the country. "There are 80 million beer drinkers in the U.S.," says B.D.A.'s executive director, Paul Fagan, "and 95 percent of beer consumed in the U.S. is also brewed in this country. We're supporting our own."

B.D.A. monitors issues concerning beer consumers and would-be legislation to discriminate against them—i.e., additional excise taxes, prohibition of beer

drinking at sporting events, and the banning of beer advertising. "We are a grass-roots consumer group concerned with consumer issues, and not necessarily those of the brewing industry," notes Fagan. "Beer drinkers pay three times the tax of most consumer goods—federal, state, and local. Enough is enough. With such a large constituency, legislators will listen more closely when they start counting the votes."

According to one B.D.A. survey, the average beer drinker owns a home, considers himself family-oriented, and is college-educated. According to Fagan, he is also an avid sports fan. "That's why we're concerned about the prohibition of beer drinking at sporting events and possible bans on beer advertising. Beer advertising supports many sporting events. If it were banned, it could push the events into a pay-TV category—and it's the moderate beer consumer who pays."

Pursuing more practical measures, B.D.A. sponsors a program promoting the responsible consumption of alcohol with the theme "Party Smart." National Field Coordinator Kevin Kaplan, a former lobbyist for New Mexico Beverage who brewed up the idea for B.D.A. in 1986, says the goal of "Party Smart" is "to make a strong educational impact—promoting education, not regulation." Race car driver Bobby Unser, Jr., serves as the campaign's honorary chairman. With already 30,000 members in just two years, it's clear that B.D.A. has hit a nerve. "I'm excited to see this many Americans involved in the process of legislation," says Kaplan, "and becoming aware of their political voice, even if it's just about beer."

For a \$10 membership fee, beer lovers get a gold-embossed membership card and a subscription to B.D.A.'s *Heads Up*, a full-color newsletter with the beer facts

on the latest events and projects members can get involved in, intriguing tidbits on the art and history of beer brewing in America, the skinny on great brewskies, new and renowned, and legislative updates to inform beer drinkers what's going on in their state and nationally.





VIEW FROM THE TOP

Caps, T-shirts, and stickers—all in red, white, and blue—are also available. To join, call B.D.A. headquarters at (800) 441-BEER.

CAMPUS VIEW

BY DAVID M. GROSS

My mother never let me eat Oreo cookies or drink Tang. Frosted Pop-Tarts were forbidden. "Those tasty tarts contain dangerous levels of sugar and artificial flavors," she would say with a scowl.

My father rationed Dr. Brown's black-cherry soda to prevent substance abuse. He would dispense one skinny glass of the precious fluid only when my dinner plate was clean. To fill my daily sugar requirement, I used to spend time at my aunt's house, where Pepsi-Cola flowed freely and Ring Dings abounded. But my mother caught on and managed to sabotage the relationship.

The times have changed. Not only have we grown up to be college students, but the red-dye No. 2 scare has faded into the background. It doesn't cause cancer anymore, so I can eat my maraschino cherries in peace. That is, if my roommates let me buy them.

Shopping trips to the supermarket are not the fun food-filled extravaganzas that I expected them to be. I am not permitted to stroll the well-stocked aisles and fill my cart with Chef Boyardee Spaghetti-O's, Count Chocula, and

all the fantasy foods of my childhood. My friends won't allow it. They don't necessarily care about sugar content, low sodium, or "healthiness" like my mother did. It's not that simple.

My roommates are brand-conscious supermarket revolutionaries. The act of choosing toothpaste creates an ideological battle of wills. The argument starts something like this:

"We have to buy Tartar-Control Crest. No toothpaste fights plaque better."

"I don't believe in tartar control," someone says, "and I refuse to support Procter & Gamble. It's part of a satanic cult."

A Unilever supporter chimes in, "Let's buy Aim. Aim tastes good."

If anyone asks for my opinion, I say, "Get Aqua-Fresh." I think it's cool-looking. But I'm an unassuming person, so I usually keep quiet.

My roommates are more assertive. They use their parents' grocery money to change the world. For instance, when a group of investors (led by Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts & Co.) took

Beatrice private, my friend John stopped buying Tropicana orange juice.

Though he misses the taste of Pure Premium in the morning, he is willing to give up pleasure for his principles. "Why do you make yourself suffer?" I ask him.

"They've made too much money."

I don't quite understand John's remark and ask for an explanation. Who are "they"?

"Junk-bond millionaires," he says resentfully. "They've

made too much money... it's enough! I've had it." But John has not sworn off all orange juice, he's just switched from Tropicana to Procter & Gamble's Citrus Hill.

If John lets corporate raiders influence his buying decisions, then James relies on multi-national corporations for consumer inspiration.

He buys Unilever products because he thinks that they are "the best in the world." It also happens that his father works for the Anglo-Dutch consortium that makes Dove soap and Lux and Surf laundry detergents. Says James, "My father told me that Unilever is just trying to make the world a little cleaner and a little nicer." While cleanliness is next to godliness, James's Unilever loyalty has another purpose. "It helps to pay the tuition," he adds.

College students fight political battles through their pocketbooks. Some Arab students refuse to drink Coca-Cola, maintaining that company executives have donated "lots of money to the Israeli government." Campus Zionists take an opposing stance. They ingest huge quantities of beloved Coke and boycott another company: Cadbury-Schweppes. Israel's supporters are furious with Cadbury for caving in to "oil pressure" and participating in the Arab boycott of the Jewish State.

Many friends have attempted to force me into rigid brand-loyal positions, but each one has failed. After all, how can a chocoholic like me choose between Nestlé's Crunch and Hershey's Krackle? I usually buy both.

When the product is farther away from my sweet tooth, I let advertising be my guide. The cable hook-up in my living room allows me to choose from 50-plus channels of Madison Avenue's finest advertising. The products with the flashiest ad campaigns win my consumer dollars. It may sound crass, but if the woman on TV says that Hellmann's mayonnaise is the creamiest, then it probably is. At least I believe her.

Only yesterday I was watching the new advertisement for the California raisins. Supposedly they are "plumper and juicier than ever!" With the Cesar Chavez-led boycott of California grapes in progress, I wonder if my "politically correct" roommates will let me buy some?

The author is a senior at Brown University. College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to: Patrice Baldwin, Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. O+

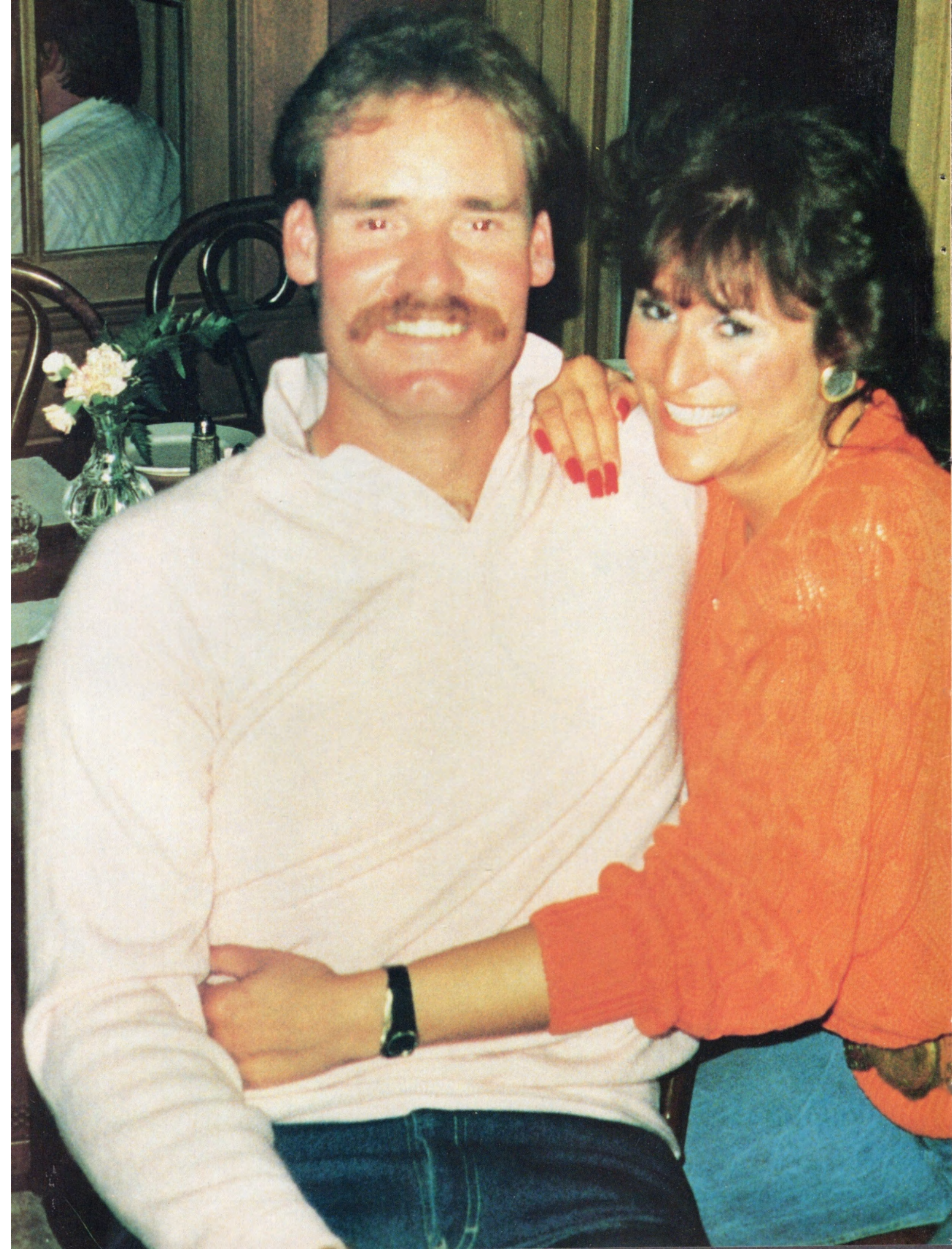


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BY ART CUMINGS



*"I'd really like to give you a raise,
but you know what they say about a fool and his money!"*





PROFILE

Wade Boggs's longtime girlfriend reveals a world of infidelity, partying, kindergarten antics, and racial stereotypes . . . a world where the first commandment is, *it's not whether you win or lose—it's how you play around.*

DESIGNATED SWINGER

BY DAVID D. SHUMACHER

On November 11, 1988, a judge in Southern California ruled that a \$12 million lawsuit filed against Wade Boggs of the Boston Red Sox by Margo Adams, a Southern California mortgage banker, had enough merit to head toward trial.

Their romance stunned the baseball community and had reporters across the country in a front-page frenzy. Headlines nationwide splashed details of how one of baseball's greatest hitters led a double life. With five batting titles since 1983 and four All-Star game appearances, experts consider Wade Boggs to be the best hitter in baseball, frequently placing him in the same class as Ty Cobb and the game's all-time heroes. In 1988, Boggs had his sixth-consecutive season with 200 or more hits, a feat never accomplished by Cobb, Babe Ruth, or any other player.

While traveling with his mistress on 64 road trips during four seasons, Boggs was able to preserve a semblance of a

happy marriage and home in Boston. Adams, known throughout baseball as the pseudonymous Mrs. Wade Boggs, met Boggs at the beginning of the '84 baseball season. After a month of his persistent courtship, they embarked on a love affair set against the backdrop of major-league baseball.

For four years Adams breathed the rarefied air of a sport watched and followed by more than 100 million people every year. While traveling with Wade and the Red Sox, she frequented night spots that were off-limits to players' wives, heard stories that never made the papers, and saw the scandals that will shock even the most perceptive observer of the game.

She had a clear view of the all-American game in the harsh spotlight of reality—where wins and losses finished second to infidelity and racial stereotypes, and where runs, hits, and errors became less prevalent than partying, grou-

pies, and various childish antics.

America first heard of the scandal that shook baseball in July 1988, when Adams learned through Red Sox players that Boggs was seeing other women. Eventually their breakup led Adams to file a \$6 million lawsuit (later upgraded to \$12 million) against Boggs, after monthlong negotiations failed to bring an amicable settlement.

I telephoned Adams for five months, attempting to gain her confidence. Not until I read the lawsuit and spoke (off the record) with several major-league baseball players did I realize the validity and magnitude of this story. And only after talking with Boggs's family, friends, and teammates (all of whom knew Adams well) and Adams's family and friends (all of whom knew Boggs well) did I ask Adams to let me write her story.

Except for an occasional interview given only to counter allegations made by Boggs, Adams decided to go into hiding. She had to change her phone number three times because of obscene and threatening callers. I have listened repeatedly to those calls captured by her answering machine, searching for their reason, each with the same message: "Stay away from a book, or else." And although the callers seem to be different, each gave a chilling account of very private times shared by Adams and Boggs, personal details of their romance *only* a few people could know.

On many occasions during their relationship, Adams struggled with the reality of Boggs being married to another woman, a woman who was at his home in Boston taking care of his two children. But during the time they spent together, Boggs made Adams feel as if she was the one he loved and wanted to be married to—at least that was what his words and actions always told her.

The emotional roller coaster began when Debbie Boggs (Wade's legal wife) found a travel itinerary belonging to Adams in an issue of *Penthouse* magazine. Suspecting Boggs was up to his old tricks, an irate Debbie attempted several times over the next few days to reach Adams through her travel agency. Adams never returned her calls, later learning that Boggs had confessed to his wife. He explained it by saying it was nothing more than a one-night stand—a cover Adams and Boggs lived under for four years.

Adams asked Boggs for nothing more than to help her get her life in order, suggesting that he pay her the \$100,000 she claimed he'd offered her to make up for the wages she lost during their travels. It would be his way of giving her a fresh start. But when negotiations to end their relationship failed, Boggs contacted friends at the F.B.I. to investigate an alleged extortion attempt by Adams. Shocked and angry that Boggs would use his influence to such extremes, she contacted her attorney.

When Adams's lawsuit made their af-



“The players always said about their girls, “I didn't fuck her, I only came on her face.””

fair public knowledge, Boggs was not thrilled. He denied it on many occasions—an American hero would never do such a thing. But with each denial Adams released more proof, making Boggs look like the Joe Isuzu of all time. The media clamored for more details about one of the greatest scandals to hit the game. The publicity sparked a fight among Red Sox players while inspiring them to win the American League Eastern Division Championship. Accounts revealed that Boggs carried on his extra-marital relationship in full view of his teammates, their wives, his agent, and other major-league baseball players.

Since the filing of the lawsuit, Adams has had to defend herself to the media, her friends and family, and baseball fans everywhere. Going public, she did a few short interviews with the hope of explaining her actions. But after doing the Phil Donahue show, Adams decided that the media just added fuel to the fire, and she again went into hiding.

Adams thought about telling her story in a book, but found the idea to be as draining as the relationship itself had been. She believed that Boggs would never acknowledge the intensity of their romance, nor would his brother, agent, teammates, or others throughout baseball. So for the first time she has agreed to be interviewed in detail about the romance that took baseball by storm—a romance that Debbie Boggs first learned of when she reached for that issue of *Penthouse* magazine back in 1984. Now, five years later, she will again reach for *Penthouse* magazine. *Only this time, she will find the truth.*

When did you meet Wade Boggs?

April 2, 1984. A girlfriend and I had been out to dinner and it was a Monday night, so everywhere was kind of dead.

We went to a place in Anaheim called Crackers. Right away, a guy came up and asked my friend to dance and they disappeared. A few men asked me to dance and I said no. There must have been about 15 men lined up at the bar. Then I saw Wade. I thought he was kind of cute; we were looking at each other. I noticed he had a wedding ring on.

Did any of the other players approach you?

No. They were watching to see what I'd do. My girlfriend came back with the guy she was dancing with. He introduced himself as Eddie Jurak. He said he was there with his teammates. Then some of the guys started to come up and join the three of us. Dennis Eckersley came over and said good night to Eddie; he was going back to his room. I kept looking over at Wade and he'd look back at me. I said I was getting tired and my girlfriend said, "Well, let's go." We were going to have dessert at a place I like. She said, "Do you mind if [Eddie] comes along to have cake with us and we'll take him back to his hotel afterwards?" I said, "That's fine with me." Jurak asked if I'd mind if he brought a friend. It must have been about 1:30 in the morning. I said, "Fine. Bring whoever you want." He said, "Which one do you want me to bring?" I pointed at Wade and said, "Bring him." When we got to the restaurant, I noticed he didn't have his wedding ring on. So I asked him, "What happened to your wedding ring?" He said, "I took it off." I asked him why he did that. He said, "Well, you didn't look like the kind of girl that would go with me if I had a wedding ring on."

Did you know who Wade Boggs was?

No. I had friends who had long-term relationships with baseball players, but I didn't know anything about the American League or batting champions.

Did you and Wade spend that first night together?

No. We left the restaurant and went to the Crystal Cathedral, drove around, and then I dropped him off back at his hotel. He asked me if I'd like to have dinner with him the next evening, because they had a night off. I told him to call me [the next day] at my office and gave him my card—and a quick kiss good night.

Did he call?

He called the next morning and told me to pick where I'd like to go for dinner and pick him up. He asked me how he should dress. I told him to dress "nice."

Did he always ask you how to dress?

Always. I usually picked out what he wore.

You laid out his clothes?

In the beginning his clothes were kind of yucky. As each year went by, his clothes got better and better. I bought him shirts—pants were too hard, but lots and lots of shirts and most of his polo shirts until 1987. I would iron his clothes and lay everything out.

What was your first date like?

Smooth character.



16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

We went to the Ancient Mariner in Newport Beach and had a great time. I was completely enthralled. During dinner, he told me the story about him eating chicken every day. "There are hits in chicken," he said. He told me how superstitious he was. He asked me that night what my favorite numbers were, and I told him—20 and 6. He thought that was hysterical because his number is 26. I didn't know that. I ended up drinking the entire bottle of wine. He had beer, and I ate almost none of my dinner. I was very tipsy when we left. I lived about a mile from there, so Wade drove to my house.

So you had sex with Wade that night?

I'd like to say I had this fabulous, romantic sexual adventure, but I honestly cannot remember what happened after we got to my house, because I'd had too much to drink. I got up early the next morning to go to work and take Wade back to his hotel. He was fidgety, nervous, upset, which made me upset, too. I thought it was a one-night stand to him.

What was he worried about?

I didn't know until he called me later at my office. He said, "There were no messages last night. I feel much better." He told me he tried never to stay out all night because one night, when he was still in the minor leagues, [his wife] Debbie had tried to call him when his daughter had been sick. She used that against him—like, "See, you were out all night and look what happened"—and Wade felt superstitious that it would cause something to be wrong with his daughter if he ever did it again.

Did Wade tell you he stayed out a lot with other women?

We had a saying—"B.M."—Before Margo. He used to say there would be no "A.M."—After Margo.

How was your sex life together?

Great! We sometimes talked out a fantasy of a threesome when we were having sex. I called his bluff once. I got a woman and approached him about it. He backed down, although I would never have followed through.

When Wade and I were apart, he'd initiate phone sex. We started doing that later in the relationship, probably in '85. Then we'd do that if he hadn't gotten any hits, or when he was just lonely. And a couple of times in the morning, but rarely during the day, because Wade believes that sex weakens your legs, and he needs strong legs to play third base.

Once he photographed a centerfold. We discussed that situation in detail. We had a very erotic conversation, which he really enjoyed. He was never very talkative on the phone except during phone sex. He would always start by asking me, in his boyish tone, "So what are you wearing?"

After the series in Anaheim, did he want you to go on to the next city the Sox were playing in?

He started mentioning my going to Oakland. I had already made plans to go



● We talked about a fantasy of a threesome. I called his bluff. . . . I got a woman, but he backed down. ●

away for a week, so I said no. He kept up and kept up and kept up. He sent me flowers to the office. Then he left. I missed him immediately. I fell in love with him. I probably fell in love with him that first night at dinner, but it was a choice of spending a week skiing with a person who was single, or falling deeper in love with a man who was married. I talked to a couple of girlfriends and told them I was head over heels in love with Wade. They said, "Don't do it, don't go to Oakland. He's married. Don't get involved. You'll be sorry." I decided not to go to Oakland.

When was the first time you went on the road with Wade?

The trip to Kansas City in May. I was nervous, he was nervous. He asked me if I could get away for a few days. I said I'd have to think about it, and he said, "Well, why don't you find out the price of a ticket to Kansas City?" He gave me the dates. I bought the ticket and went to Kansas City.

What was it like?

I got there in the afternoon. He had arrived the night before. When he opened the door, I saw he had flowers sent to the room, along with champagne. We sat and talked. I was nervous and he was nervous. I can still picture the entire scene, sitting there. He told me he had asked one of the Kansas City players—I think it was George Brett—to recommend a local florist. When he'd send me flowers before, from the ballpark, he'd give the clubhouse boy money to arrange it. He didn't know how to do it himself. I remember saying, "I can tell by the way I'm starting to feel about you I shouldn't have come, because I'll never be able to leave you." He said, "You'll leave me. I'll never leave you."

Did you have a good time in Kansas City?

The trip was extremely exciting. We

stayed to ourselves a lot, but we'd meet up with the guys at a bar. One night we were standing at the bar and saw a girl come out of the bathroom—she was very drunk. She passed out and then vomited. She was lying there in vomit and probably close to asphyxiating herself. I remember a couple of players looking at each other, laughing. All they were trying to do was see up her dress. The way she was lying there, they could see up her dress. Someone else in the bar had to come to her aid.

The two of you took several vacations together. Which one was the most interesting?

Definitely the trip to the Dominican Republic. One of Wade's friends came along for the trip. We went to this outdoor strip place. There were women prostitutes there and they charged \$6 for the entire night. I remember his friend asking me to pick out a girl for him. I told him that for those prices, why pick only one? He finally took one back to the hotel and I remember the next day him saying how he had trouble with her because she didn't speak English. He said that he was going down on her and she had never had that done before. *How many guys would go down on a prostitute?* I thought. All she would do is laugh because it tickled her. He eventually had to get a translator.

Is it true that after Kansas City, Debbie Boggs learned of the affair for the first time?

I went home and he went home to Boston. He found a way to call me, to make sure I'd gotten home okay and tell me how much he missed me. The next day my travel agent came running up the stairs to my office and said, "We need your phone number—there's someone trying to get you from the hotel in Kansas City. You left something there." I said, "No I didn't—no one would know who I was." I went downstairs with her and figured out very quickly it was Debbie. She had found my travel agent somehow. I called the ballpark and got through to Charlie Moss, the trainer, and told him, "I think Debbie found out about me. You'd better warn Wade."

What happened next?

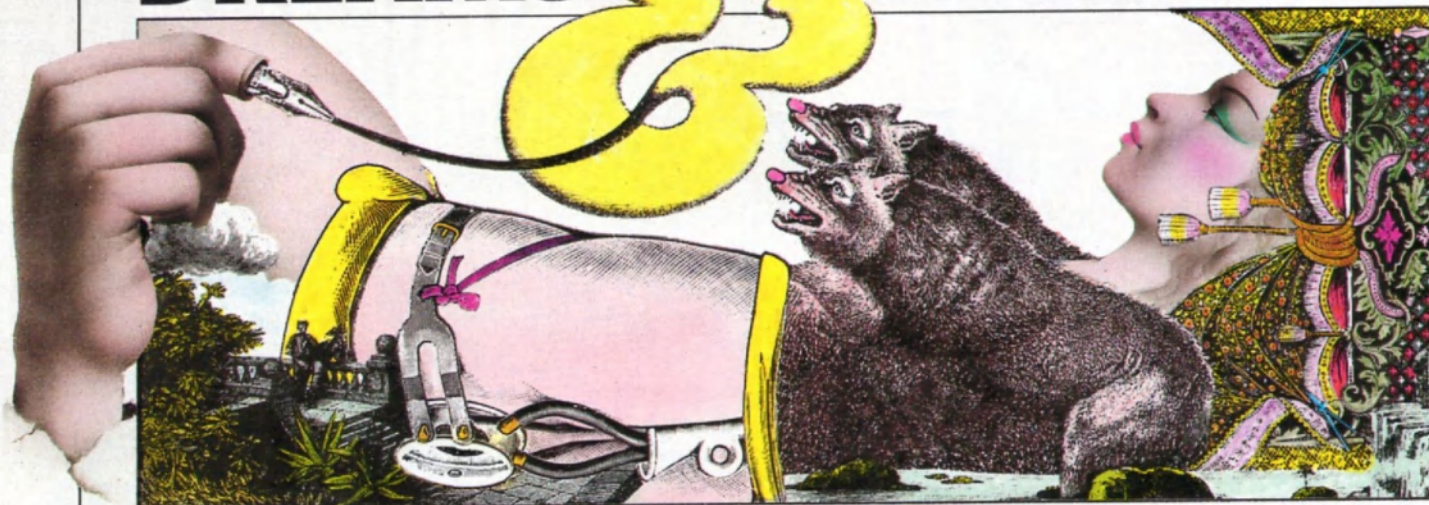
Wade called and said, "You're right, she's trying to find you." I asked him how she found out about me. I had bought a *Penthouse* magazine to read on the plane to Kansas City and finished it by the time I arrived. Wade asked me if he could have it. He'd taken it home with him and hadn't opened it to read. But my travel itinerary was stuck in it, with his room number written on it. When she picked up the magazine, it fell out.

How did Wade get out of it?

He called me at 8 A.M. Saturday morning. He said, "I just acted like I was confessing and told Debbie it was some girl I met in Anaheim who had flown to Kansas City on a business trip." He told her it was a one-night stand, it would never happen again—that the girl just followed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



THANK YOU VERY MUCH

Asked to evaluate the talents of directors Woody Allen and Robert Altman, actor-playwright Sam Shepard replied, "Woody Allen and Robert Altman are piss-poor as actors, directors. Each understands zip about acting. Allen knows even less than Altman, which is nothing."



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Tommy Rettig, the child actor who portrayed the wholesome farm boy Jeff Miller in the 1950s television series "Lassie," is now head of a software consulting firm in California. A recovered drug addict, Rettig is 45 and a grandfather.

MODERN LIFE

Following protests by activist groups, the word *savage* and other material said to "give negative portrayals of Indians" was deleted from a "Peanuts" TV special.

THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

Responding to a fundraising letter sent by New York Congressman Bill Green warning that the forces of Pat Robertson were taking over the Republican party and creating what Green called "intolerance, fear, book burnings, and anti-intellectualism," Robertson warned him that he would be in "deep doo-doo."

Several advertisers pulled out of *Sassy* after Jerry Falwell's organization complained about the editorial content. The magazine, aimed at teenage girls, has included such articles as "The Truth About Boys' Bodies." Coincidentally, its editorial direction has shifted. A recent issue featured the article "Virgins Are Cool."



SIC TRANSIT

A Chicago landmarks commission wants to name the house where Al Capone lived at the height of his crime career a national landmark. Chicago, the home of many gangland greats, already boasts two similar landmarks: the hotel where Capone made his headquarters and the movie theater where John Dillinger, Public Enemy No. 1, was shot to death.

OUR PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD TO . . .

. . . the company that allegedly fired an employee because, she claimed in a lawsuit, she spent too much time as a juror deciding the case of drug kingpin Carlos Lehder Rivas.

TELL ME HOW TO GET TO SESAME STREET

Actor Roscoe Orman, who portrays the paternal figure Gordon on "Sesame Street," was ordered to support an illegitimate child he fathered with a woman he met while promoting the show.

LIFE AT THE TOP

The Internal Revenue Service claimed that financier Roberto Polo, who is being sued for allegedly swindling \$110 million from investors, owes \$36 million in unpaid taxes.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS AT WORK

Dr. Jo Ivey Boufford, the head of New York City's hospital system—which is plagued by severe financial problems—was discovered to have hired a \$950-a-day "media consultant" to advise her on how to wear "executive" clothing and hairstyles.

Investigators discovered that some New York City officials ran up huge telephone bills at work calling so-called party-line numbers. The calls included one made from the basement of Gracie Mansion, Mayor Ed Koch's residence, that lasted 14 hours, costing taxpayers over \$1,000.

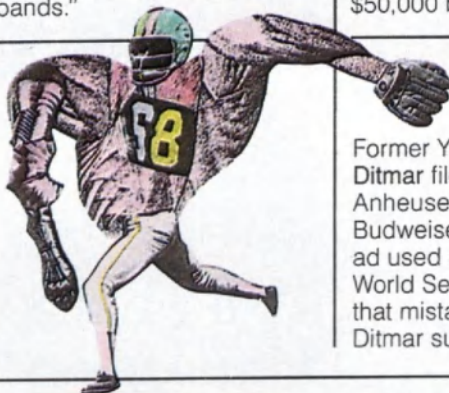


YOUR PAPERS!

A Las Vegas casino owner who contributed a \$5 million endowment to his alma mater, the University of North Dakota, was revealed to have held parties for his employees on Adolf Hitler's

OH, LIGHTEN UP!

A Minnesota woman sued her ex-husband for \$50,000 because, on a high-school-reunion questionnaire, he listed her hobby as "looking for new and wealthier husbands."



YOU HAD TO BE THERE

Bizarre late-night talk-show host Joe Franklin, claiming that his career has included every aspect of show business except stand-up comedy, tried out a new act at a California comedy club. The act included such jokes as this one: "Nine out of ten doctors who tried Camels went back to women."

birthday and to own a large collection of Nazi memorabilia, including a picture of Hitler with an inscription to the casino owner. When pressed, the owner insisted it was all just a joke.

JUST SAY NO

Drug dealers in New York City are fielding neighborhood basketball teams and backing tournaments in local playgrounds. Some dealers place bets of up to six figures on the games' outcome. One referee was murdered after his call in a close game caused a dealer to lose a \$50,000 bet.



SPORTING AMERICA

Former Yankees pitcher Art Ditmar filed a lawsuit against Anheuser-Busch over a Budweiser commercial. The ad used a segment of a 1960 World Series radio broadcast that mistakenly reported Ditmar surrendering Bill Ma-

zeroski's dramatic seventh-game home run. In fact, Ralph Terry was the pitcher. Ditmar claimed that the ad caused him to lose appearance money for various celebrity events. The court rejected the suit.

FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK...

Entertainer David Letterman reportedly signed the register at a Massachusetts hotel "Rev. Al Sharpton."



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

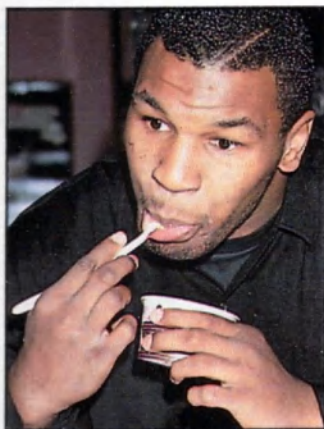
An inmate at El Reno federal prison in Oklahoma City was indicted for smuggling marijuana into the prison by having visitors flush condoms concealing the drug down a toilet. The inmate later retrieved them from the sewer system.

APittsburgh contractor was charged with theft of an unoccupied two-story home after he had the house demolished so that he could sell its nearly 40,000 bricks for \$8,000.

Aconvicted con man found to have illegally obtained nearly 200 credit cards—including American Express, whom he defrauded of \$35,000—has written a how-to crime book while in prison.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

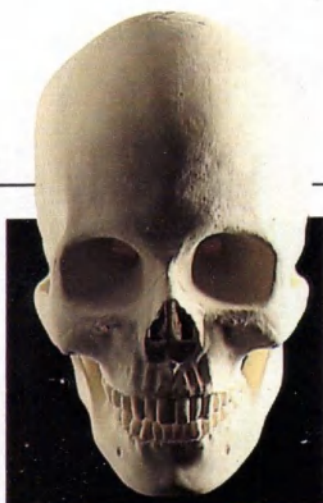
A New York court rejected the \$2 million damage suit filed by a motorist who claimed that he suffered severe injuries after pulling off the road to relieve himself. The motorist claimed that he vaulted a low stone wall to urinate in what he thought was underbrush on the other side—only to discover that the underbrush was in fact treetops bordering a cliff.



When the Mike Tyson—Robin Givens marriage publicly blew up, an issue of *Vanity Fair* magazine appeared with the following headline: MRS. MIKE TYSON: CAN SHE KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE?

MEMO TO DR. BLOOM

According to the lecturer of San Francisco State University's "Variations in Human Sexuality" course, "Many of the students come in here thinking transvestites and transsexuals are synonymous. They know the difference after this class."



ASPIRING ARTIST OF THE MONTH

A Syracuse University art student was charged with body-snatching after police said they found the 100-year-old skull of a former mayor of Syracuse in his dormitory room. The student said he stole the skull from a local cemetery in an effort to get better grades in a sculpting class.

WORST NEW PRODUCT

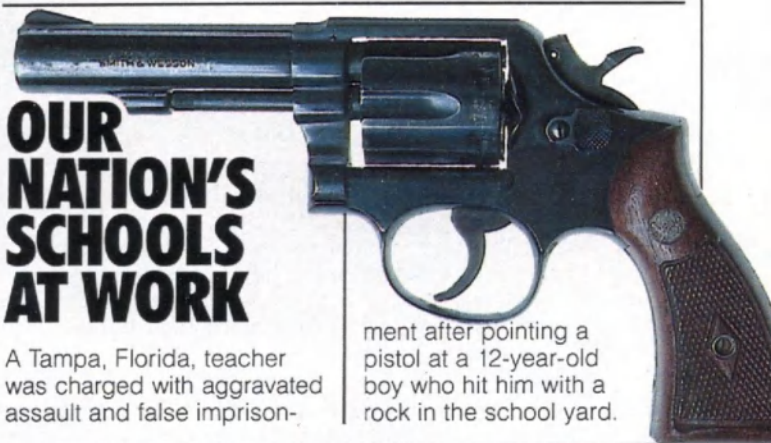
A San Francisco jeweler offers a version of the Monopoly game in gold and gems. Cost: \$1 million.



OUR NATION'S POLITICIANS AT WORK

Israel Martinez, a New York City assemblyman who has campaigned to rid his district of prostitutes, was arrested on drunk-driving charges. Police said a scantily clad woman fled from the car as it was being pulled over. Martinez threatened to have the officers fired.

Patrick Kennedy, the son of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, spent nearly \$88,000 to win the Democratic primary for a Rhode Island legislative seat. Kennedy received 1,324 votes in the contest, which averages out to about \$66 for each vote. The job pays \$5 to \$300 per day.



OUR NATION'S SCHOOLS AT WORK

A Tampa, Florida, teacher was charged with aggravated assault and false imprison-

ment after pointing a pistol at a 12-year-old boy who hit him with a rock in the school yard.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

A new subway tunnel in New York City, which was part of a construction project costing \$800 million, was discovered to be too narrow at some points for subway trains to squeeze through.

OUR NATION'S JUDGES AT WORK

A California judge sentenced a cocaine dealer to 1,820 hours staging rock concerts that benefit juvenile drug-treatment programs.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

SWINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

him everywhere, he had no choice.

At the end of the '84 season, did Debbie learn of you again?

Yes. When we were in Texas, I couldn't find one of my very expensive slips. I thought I had left it in Kansas City. As it turned out, the maid had cleaned up the room, picked up all his clothes, and threw them on top of his luggage. . . . Debbie found my slip when she unpacked his suitcase. He told her again it was just a one-night stand.

Before you, did Debbie find out about other women?

Back a couple of years ago, he said he had slept with a girl during spring training who gave him VD. I thought that was disgusting. Another time he had met a girl in the minor leagues, outside Detroit, saw her a couple of times, and got her pregnant. The girl called Wade's home. She eventually had a miscarriage.

You were friends with Wade's brother, Wayne, and his wife Carolyn. Did you ever discuss Wade's marriage with them?

[Carolyn] said Debbie and Wade weren't happy in their marriage, and how much happier Wade was with me, and how we got along so well.

I remember in 1984 we were out to dinner and we went to the bathroom, and she said, "You know, [Debbie's] going to figure out what's going on as soon as she gets home in the winter. And if she gets pregnant and has a boy, you'll never have a chance of getting him."

Were you threatened by the other woman—in this case, Debbie Boggs?

When I met Wade, Debbie had blond hair and looked very different than she does now. She was flat-chested, and when I met him he said that large breasts didn't mean anything to him; but after dating for a year, he became much more obsessed with larger breasts. And each year in the Red Sox yearbook, they show a picture of the wives. Every year she looked different. She had the same hair color, the same haircut and hairdo, that I had. I confronted him. I asked him, "What are you doing? Are you trying to make Debbie into a Margo?" He'd say, "There will never be another Margo." But I really thought that's exactly what he was doing. It was quite chilling, and Wade was creating a clone of myself.

In 1986, the Boston Red Sox won the American League Championship. At that time they had to travel to your hometown of Anaheim to play the California Angels for that title. Did Boggs bring his wife to those games?

Debbie came along with him. She was pregnant. I had just resolved myself to the fact that she was coming and there was nothing I could do about it. You couldn't very well tell her she couldn't come when every single other wife was coming and the team paid for it and they



“One time, in a fit of passion, I began to scream. Two of the players called security.”

were all going on the plane together. When they got out here, he called me right away. He called me at the office and I met him right across from the stadium. We sat and talked for a while, and he was actually more upset than me. He kept saying, "She doesn't belong here. You belong here. She doesn't belong here. This is your place." He didn't feel comfortable. And I heard from friends that went out with him after the games when they were here. . . . He didn't drink, he wasn't himself, he was real cold to Debbie. He sent flowers to the office. I took him to the ballpark before each game. I gave him his kiss good-bye, and every time I dropped him off I'd say, "Get lots of hits." Those were our words.

I was the one who took him to each of those play-off games in '86, not his wife. It was the way he wanted it.

You saw Wade . . . you took Wade to the ballpark?

Wade took a cab and met me near the ballpark, then I would drive him to the ballpark and kiss him good-bye for luck. I went to the games. I sat a few rows behind Debbie and got a good look at her. At one point I followed her to the rest room—my girlfriend was hysterical—to see what she looked like. So I went into the bathroom and stood right next to her in the mirror. When she brushed her hair, I brushed my hair and just looked at her. Afterwards I was very, very upset. I came home and cried. It just bothered me too much—it was too close. You know, when she was across the country, it wasn't the same thing. But to be in the same town and look face-to-face with her, it was very upsetting.

In 1985 Wade won his salary arbitration case with the Red Sox. You came to New York with him. Tell us about it.

That night we left and we went out to dinner. All of us went out to dinner—

[Wade's agent] Alan [Nero] and the attorney, David Brian—all went back, and Wade and I stayed out with a friend of Wade's in New York, and went out and had another drink. The next morning his arbitration wasn't until two o'clock that afternoon. So we got dressed, went downstairs, and had breakfast with Alan about 9:30.

How did Wade feel about the Red Sox organization?

At that point he didn't have a lot of conversation. He was just so nervous about the whole thing in general. You have to sit there and listen to them say everything . . . how many errors . . . they kept dwelling on how many errors he made. And he was not known for his fielding at that time, for not being a good fielder, and he worked hard on it.

Even though he won, he was hurt. . . . It was a very debilitating kind of experience. When he came back to the hotel, he looked like he'd been hit by a train. The first person he called was his father. We ordered pizza delivered—our favorite pizza was double-anchovy pizza. It brought us good luck. I decorated the room for Valentine's Day, because it was two days before Valentine's Day. I put on a sexy little outfit, a little apron and garter and stockings, and served him his pizza. I was serving him pizza while he was talking to his father on the phone.

Did Wade call his wife?

Yes. After his father, he called his wife. He was very short with her. It was the perfect excuse for him to say that he really didn't have much to say to her, because he was upset about everything. He was just going to stay in the room, he was too upset. I comforted him.

At this point, after he won the arbitration, did he have any feelings about the Red Sox organization and what they were trying to do to him?

He thought [General Manager] Lou Gorman was a bastard. It was never good. I said to him, "Will they ever be able to treat you well after this?" And he said, "They never treated me well, anyway." He spent six years in the minors. And for every year except the first year he hit over .300. He always felt he was given a "bum rap."

I remember Pete Rose saying publicly, if asked, "You know, you broke Ty Cobb's record. Is there anybody in baseball that could come close to you?" And he would say, "Wade Boggs." But you see, Wade Boggs spent six years in the minors that Pete Rose didn't. Pete Rose came up when he was 19 or so, and Wade didn't come up until he was 25. He held the Red Sox responsible for that, for keeping him down in the minors when he should have been up in the major leagues. He felt he was being punished for going to arbitration. At the end of the season in '85, the Red Sox weren't going anywhere, they were way out. I think they were in fourth place. I remember Wade telling me at batting practice that he was pissed off,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



A GIRL AT HEART

Nineteen-year-old Pamela Self is a student at a fashion school in California. "I'm tired of spending money on clothes I can make myself," says this sexy seamstress. A thoroughly independent woman, Pamela admits there are still times when she likes to be pampered. "I love having breakfast in bed. I'm not particular about the menu, as long as the service is excellent."







Although her school days are hectic, 40-25-36 Pamela is just as active outside the classroom. "I love playing football," she says. "I'm always up for a little game of two-hand touch!"



"Pushy, arrogant men are a real turnoff," Pamela states firmly. "A guy can have me in the palm of his hand if he just lets me make the first move."







Makeup and styling by Alexis Vogel.

A natural in front of the lens, Pamela models her own fashion designs. "I love flirting with cameras. Knowing that my poses are frozen in time really turns me on!"

Currently, Pamela is single and loving it. "I'm laid-back. Straitlaced guys aren't my style. The way to get to this woman," she whispers, "is to bring out the little girl in me." ○✚





and I said, "What's wrong?" We were on the road and he wasn't getting any extra batting practice, and he used to do it all the time.

They would only allow something ridiculous, like 20 balls per batting practice, because, he felt, they were trying to limit it because they actually didn't want him to get his average up anymore. Because the better he did, the more money he would get next arbitration or contract negotiations. So why let him take extra batting practice and get better? It wasn't going to help the team. They were already out of it.

What about Wade Boggs the baseball player? Was he a team player?

Wade plays for Wade Boggs. He's a team player when it's time to go out and party. When he would call at night and I'd be half-asleep, I'd ask how he did, and he'd talk about his hits and what kind of a pitch, what kind of a hit—and even if they won a tough game, if he hadn't gotten any hits, his mood was horrible. Winning or losing was never that important. Nine times out of ten, I didn't even ask him. All that was important was how many hits he got. The same way when they lost: If he went 4 for 5, that was the important thing.

How was Wade when he was in a batting slump?

To Wade, 0 for 4 one night is a batting slump. In 1985, when we were in Minnesota, he was hitting .289 and he was quite upset about that. When he went into a slump, I would tease him and say I was going to put him "on waivers." To go two nights without hits is traumatic to Wade. To get out of the slump, sometimes Wade would do special things with me.

There'd be times when I'd say, "Come on, do you want to do that tonight?" And he'd say, "No, no, I want to save that for when I need it." One night I went to the game and he went 4 for 5. He found out that I hadn't worn panties underneath my dress. So for the next couple of months when he went into a slump, he'd ask me not to wear panties to the game. After a game in which he got several hits, he'd say, "Did you wear any underwear tonight?" It wasn't sexual—it was that he'd gotten hits and wanted to be sure of the little things he had done to get those hits.

Any other magic cures for batting slumps?

There's a certain kind of chicken he has to have at certain places when he's in a slump. The Clock in Milwaukee for fried chicken, because there are hits in that chicken. Things have to be served a certain way. Cheesecake with strawberries is bad luck. It has to be plain. Once they accidentally put strawberries on it, and the next day he didn't get any hits and he freaked out. No strawberries. You've got to be very careful when you

order room service for Wade.

How far did the superstition go?

As silly as it sounds, I guess at times I was just as superstitious as he was. I called a psychic who gave me readings about Wade and myself. We always felt we'd been together before in a past life, and that in our past lives I had been the man and he had been the woman—that somehow it hadn't been finished.

Did Wade generally feel you brought him good luck?

Yes. Debbie would go on maybe two road trips a year, and whenever she went, he'd hit horribly. He'd say, "Well, if I hit badly when she's with me, then I can use that as an excuse so that she can't go again." His average when she was with him was about .221, and his average when I was with him was .341.

How did you get that statistic?

A friend of ours figured it out for the games I was with him and the games Debbie was with him.

6

Pete Rose would
tease Wade: "I see what
you're hitting,
boy. You're getting
that hitting pussy."

9

Were there times when you found Wade was cheating on you on the road?

Yes. We had become friends with a stripper in Cleveland. One night we went out and got drunk together and they had a horrible fight. I didn't understand why Wade had been so mean to her. Back in our room, Wade said, "When you weren't in town last year, she came up to the room and I had a chance to fuck her." I jumped out of bed and ripped off the "26" necklace he had given me, and told him I was going home the next day and never wanted to see him again. He started breaking furniture and yelling. . . . Then I did the same thing I think Debbie Boggs had always done: I just told myself, "Well, it was just once—it didn't mean anything."

How did you resolve it?

He told me that he'd asked her to go back to the room, but she didn't want to because we were friends. He said he got his pants down. He said, "I was missing you and wishing she was you. She started to go down on me and she said, 'I can't do this to Margo.'" Then he said she left and that he masturbated thinking of me. So just like a wife, I thought, "Well, he was

thinking of me, that's all that's important. We'll get through this."

You said Wade wasn't a team player. What did he think about some of his teammates? Jim Rice?

Let me preface this by saying that any of these comments I make are going to be exactly Wade's words and how he felt about these players.

Okay. Jim Rice?

Thinks he's white.

Did you share those feelings?

I liked Jim. He was always very affectionate with me and Wade would say, "I can't stand him putting his hands all over you." I never felt there was a difference. I would always tease Wade about Jim Rice being so nice to me. There is a myth that black men have a large penis, and I would always ask Wade if [Jim] did. That's when Wade told me that black men don't go down on women. I didn't believe him, so I started to ask the guys. Most of them agreed. One of the pitchers told me that black men were blessed with big cocks so they wouldn't have to go down on women.

How did Wade feel about it?

Wade is considered a connoisseur of oral sex. He is great at it. That is probably what he does best. He really gets into it. Most of the guys said that they only went down on their wives, not their girlfriends.

Did most of the players show racial prejudice?

No . . . actually, several of the white ballplayers preferred black women when they were on the road. This was very upsetting to Wade. One white player was dating a black girl from Milwaukee, and Wade told him that it wasn't good for his image to be seen with a black woman. Wade always said that the reason the white players dated black women is because if the wives found out about it, they would never leave their husbands—they would never leave because of a black woman.

How did Wade feel about Dwight Evans?

Wade felt that Dwight didn't approve of his drinking and partying. He felt that Dwight went to management about him and Wade was spoken to about it. Dwight probably thought Wade was a bad influence on the rookies because of his relationship with me.

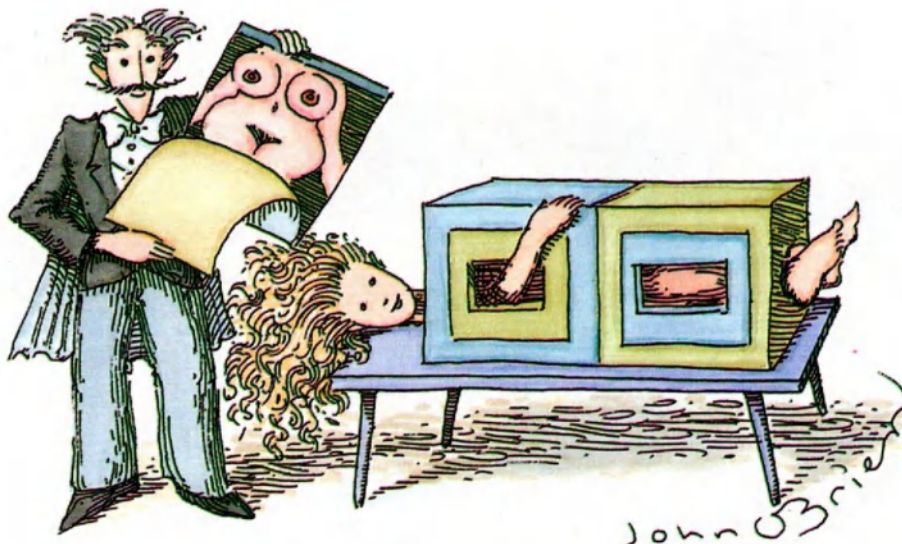
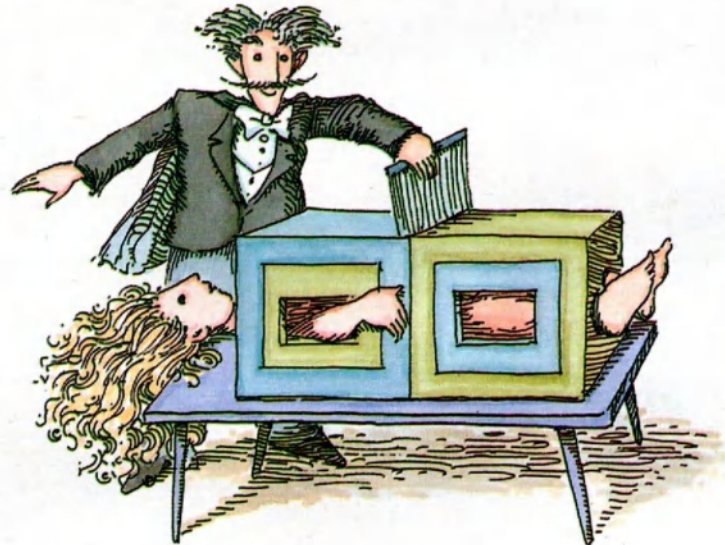
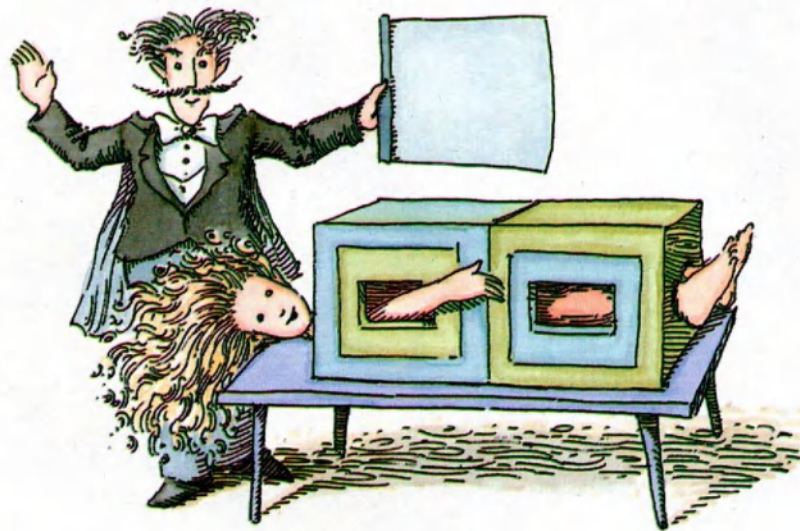
Bill Buckner?

Buckner was a gimp—Wade said he should have retired from baseball a long time ago.

Roger Clemens?

Mr. Perfect. That's what he calls Roger. He felt, and a lot of players felt, that Roger changed after that first year. He's a happily married man and doesn't go out to bars every night and doesn't go out with women. That's something that I think makes him a bit above them, and they feel that way.

ESPN reported that Bruce Hurst said one of the reasons he wanted out of Boston was because of the scandal about



John Brie



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The most staggering concept bike shown in recent months is the mind-bending Suzuki Nuda. This ultra-tech bike is the first "both-wheel drive" cycle. It also incorporates styling reminiscent of a naked body—hence the name Nuda. It's powered by a modified 750cc. Other technical enhancements to steering and handling make this prototype a stunning example of bikes yet to come.

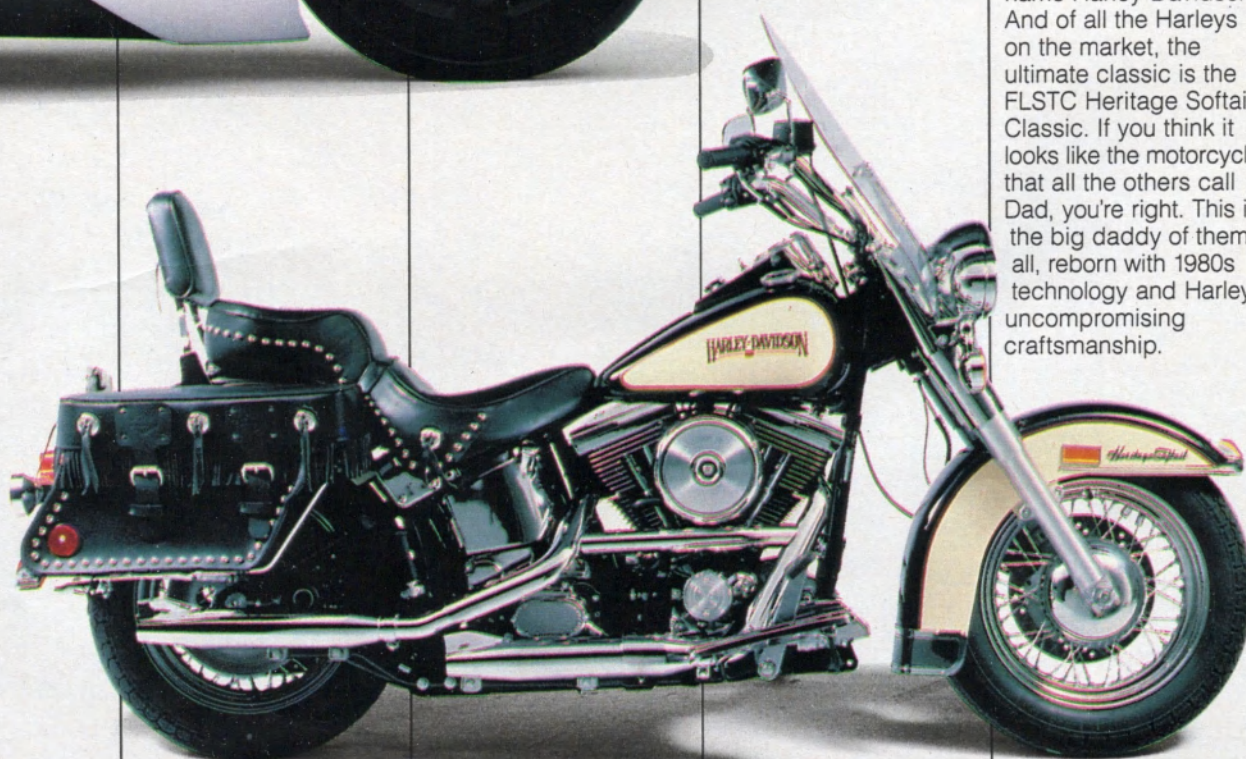


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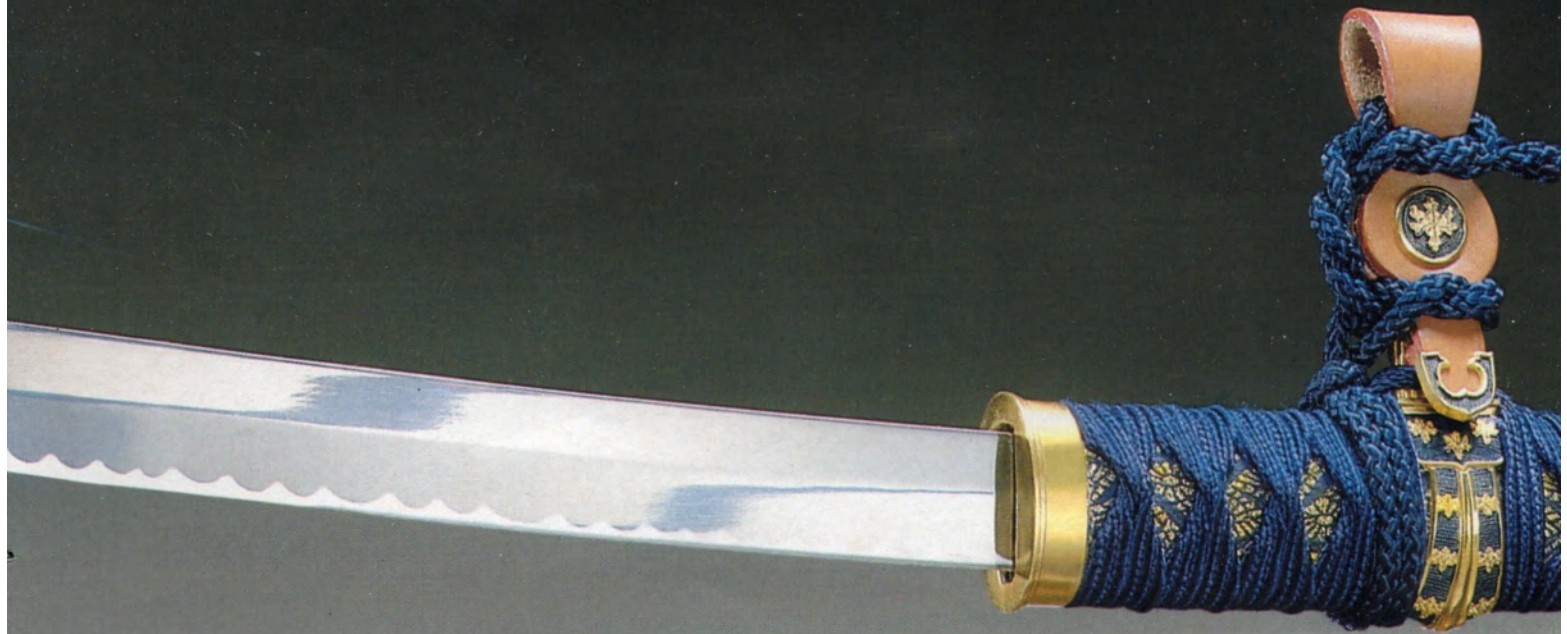
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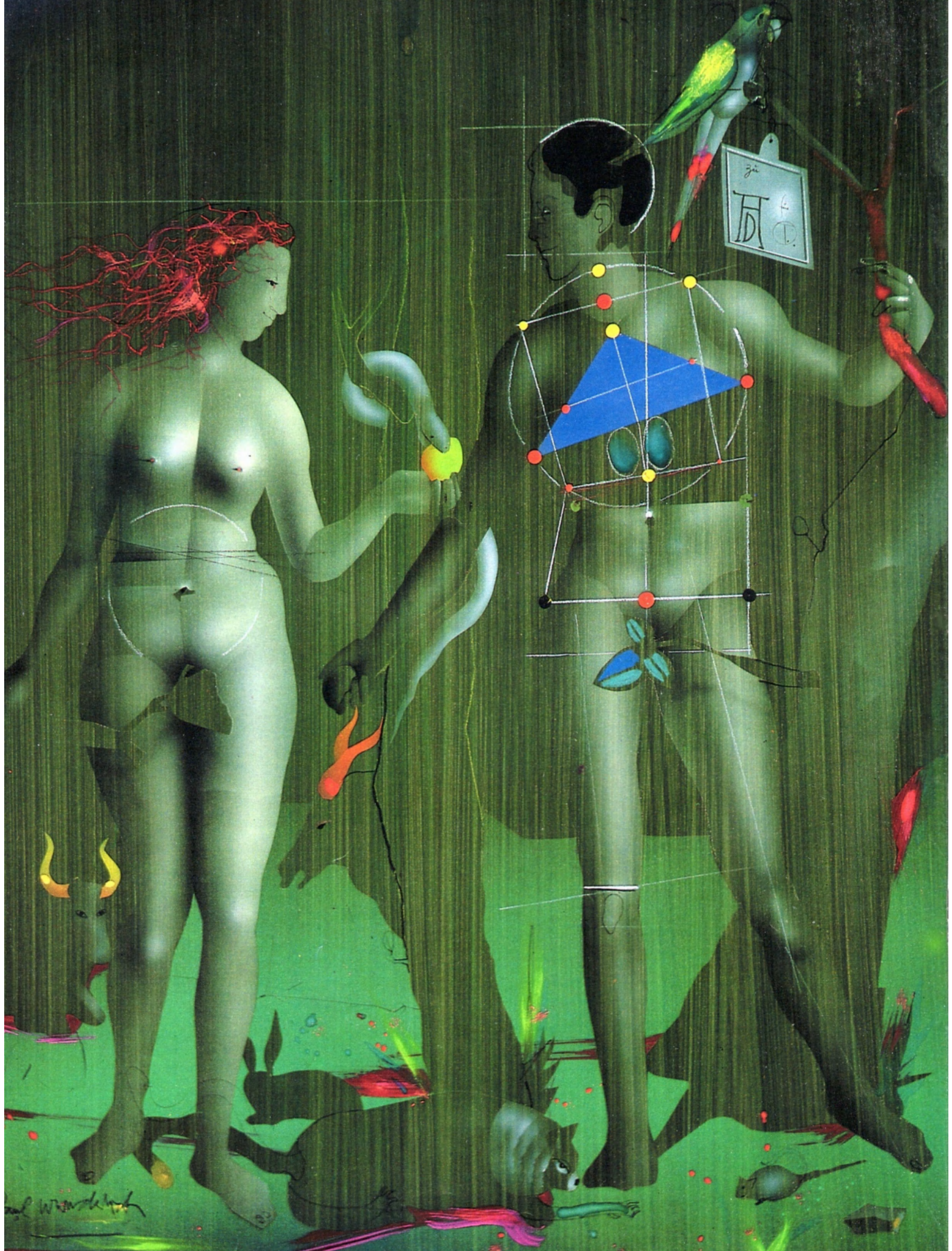
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FICTION

It wasn't a question of Tim's sexual proficiency—it was something else. A secret so deep and dark that he couldn't reveal it to anyone.

DIFFICULTIES WITH GIRLS

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

I regard you as someone whose life has gone pretty smoothly."

"Well, it has and it hasn't."

"I envy a fellow like you," said Tim, presumably referring to only the first half of what he had just heard. "Because mine hasn't. In fact you might say it hasn't gone at all."

It was very clear that the next thing was supposed to be waiting three seconds and then asking him how he meant, but Patrick hated being expected to prompt people like that. Birds were great ones for it. "Oh, what bad luck," he said.

Pause. "Here you are, obviously attractive to women, with a beautiful wife whom you're obviously nuts about, aren't you?"

"Am I? I mean, all right, why shouldn't I be?"

"Well, she's obviously devoted to you. Even I can see that."

And it was obviously unbosoming time. Patrick had seen it coming almost since first exchanging words with Tim, and the bottle of Teacher's was on the table half-full and with its top off, and Jenny was in bed, but the moment would not arrive. Well, almost from the start, too, Patrick had registered the presence of one of those blokes who instinctively resisted the flow of events, who when they must see the way things were going tried to go the other way, contrary of spirit, however affable—



awkward buggers, in fact. Throughout the evening Tim had displayed a strong negative sense of stagecraft, you could call it, never letting the Standishes alone for a minute to confer. With wonderful automatic-pilot vigilance he had insisted on helping to clear away, followed Patrick out to the kitchen to go on asking him about his school, uncannily waited till he was answering a telephone call from a drunken friend before going for a pee, taken the chance of a breath of fresh air, and helped escort Frankie down for his late-night stroll in the pitch-dark bit of garden below the flats.

Perhaps a token disclosure or two would ease things, even if it meant compromising one's own sense of style. "Actually, Jenny and I have had

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

our ups and downs," said Patrick, pouring whiskey. "More or less from the start. I haven't behaved too well, I'm afraid." That was going to have to be enough and to spare for that part, to this chap.

"But things have settled down now, I take it."

"Not a bit of it, I'm sorry to say. All my fault, of course. Though there's no trouble going on at the moment. No actual difficulties."

"Difficulties?" Tim seemed to find the word unexpected in some way. "What sort of difficulties?"

"Well, what would you? Difficulties . . . arising out of females."

"Oh. Could you be a little clearer?"

"Christ, I get interested in other women and that upsets Jenny, right?"

"Oh, I see. Of course. Do go on."

"What are you talking about, go on? You're the one who's supposed to be going on. You know that. Otherwise what are we doing here?"

"Yes. All right, Patrick. Just one thing—I hope I haven't bothered Jenny or annoyed her or anything."

"No. Absolutely not. You can rule that out. Why, how might you have done?"

"Well, you know, turning up early, someone she hardly knew from Adam, nobody else around, coming out with what she must have thought was some rather odd sort of stuff."

"That sort of thing doesn't bother Jenny."

"I must say, you sound very certain."

"I am certain, sod it. I ought to be after all these years."

"I just think Jenny's a marvelous girl and I hope you—"

"If you're going to start telling me you hope I appreciate her, I'm going to get very . . . bored. Christ, Tim, this is supposed to be about you, not me."

"Oh, all right."

"Oh, all right!" But Patrick had to admire the way he had been maneuvered into being the one to whom the favor was being done, too much so to go on being cross. "In your own time, then."

"Thanks. First of all I want to say I'm sorry, but I'm not a writer."

"Don't apologize for that to me, old boy, I won't hear of it."

"I bet you guessed I wasn't really one, didn't you, with all your experience?"

"To be honest, I didn't give it a thought. Get on with it."

"And I'm sorry I spouted all that guff about—"

"Forget it. And I mean that literally."

"Thanks." After gazing round for a time, apparently at random, Tim fastened his eye on the glass in front of him and drank most of its contents in a swallow. His cheeks became convex and an extra flush passed up his face, but both soon subsided.

His intake over the evening had been patchy and his outward show of drunkenness changeable, though not in any corresponding way. All in all he could not

have been sober, though there was that thing about chaps with a bigger frame to spread it over being able to take more. "You asked me what I'd been doing today. Well, as usual, I spent a lot of it with a psychiatrist and a lot more mulling over being with a psychiatrist. I'm not mad—it's not a question of that."

"Oh, good."

"I know what you're thinking, Patrick, and I used to think it, too, till a couple of weeks ago. Then I was recommended to somebody called Mr. Perlmutter, and I started to see the point of it all. Most of these fellows, you know, all they do is tell you everything's just an example of something else. Mr. Perlmutter went to the root of my trouble straight away. Difficulties with girls."

Tim pronounced the last three words in such a special clinical way, mouthing them energetically as if the only hope of understanding them would have been to visualize their look on the page, that for

“
The trouble is, she
hasn't changed her outlook
one bit. Far from it.
She's unsatisfied, in fact.
Frustrated. And girls
object very strongly to
being frustrated.”

an instant Patrick thought they could not be English. Then he appreciated Tim's mild consternation just now on hearing of what must be a very different difficulty, and sniggered to himself. His curiosity was undimmed: The unbosoming had always been going to involve that very interesting side of life, and it was certain that no mere tale of sexual woe was on the way.

A solitary car hummed gently along Lower Ground, which was always quiet by this time of night. Tim looked at Patrick with a new expression, one cautiously signaling trust. "They don't—the difficulties don't include lack of success with girls in the ordinary way. I've never had the slightest trouble there, right from a schoolboy. In fact, Mr. Perlmutter seems to think I may actually have suffered from too much easy sexual experience."

Patrick tried to give some suitable hint of the sympathy he felt for one in this predicament.

"And then it's not a matter of being, so to speak, unable to perform altogether, which I'm told is quite common, in fact actually getting commoner for some reason. No, the exact opposite—not a prob-

lem in sight, not a cloud in the sky, everything bowling along beautifully and everybody as happy as a sandboy for about ten seconds, and then after that there's nothing happening at all and never will be. You, er, you do follow what I'm saying?"

"Oh yes."

"I mean, it's absolutely fine until—you know."

"Yes."

"Because after that I see things in a completely different light. I always think I'm not going to, but then I always suddenly seem to find I somehow do. Every time without fail. Like clockwork."

"I know what you mean."

"And the trouble is," pursued Tim, who had forgotten he was supposed to be drunk as he warmed to his theme, "she's still there, and she hasn't changed her outlook one bit. Far from it. She's unsatisfied, in fact. Frustrated. And girls object strongly to being frustrated." He said this on a note of personal warning to Patrick. "They hate it. They start—"

"Don't let's go into that, eh?"

"No. All right. Of course you can see their point in a way. It was rather well put by an American I got talking to once. Oh, I know they're very brash and crude, Americans, but just occasionally they do go right to the heart or the crux of something in a rough sort of style that wouldn't really be possible for an Englishman, don't you agree?"

"Yes, yes." When he knew Tim better, Patrick was to find it to be characteristic of Tim to put forward confident oversimplifications of subtly discerning points which then became impossible to advance on one's own account. "Often been said."

"I don't know how we got on to it, this Yank and I, but there we were, and he said, when that happens, you know, what we've just been talking about, it's as if you're saying to the girl, 'Linda Kowalski, this is your fuck.'" This came in semiplausible American. "Rather crude, as I said. He was quite a bit younger than me."

"Very trenchant, though."

"Well, anyway, I thought it was quite funny. Where was I? Oh, yes. Er, of course I've been given all sorts of advice about pretending I'm doing something else entirely, like riding a bicycle or being a snowflake. That's what they tell you in Harley Street, but you'd probably do just as well for free in the saloon bar of the Dog and Duck. So Mr. Perlmutter says, anyway. Actually he just said in the pub, but my impression is he doesn't know much about pubs. But the thing is, it doesn't work, not with me. I keep stopping the pretending, you see. It's not so much I can't go on pretending any longer, it's more I get fed up with pretending. I'm sorry, Patrick, all this must be complete Greek to you."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that exactly. What does Mr. Perlmutter advise?"

"Well, that's just it, he sort of doesn't

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advise anything in that way. Not his field, he says."

"Really? What does he say is his field?"

"Well, that's the next bit, so to speak. I say, are you sure you really want to hear all the—"

"You're not going until I've heard the lot. No, not the lot. Enough."

"All right, fine. Well . . . there's a whole 'nother kind of difficulty with girls that may be just as important. Mr. Perlmutter thinks it's more important. It's . . . I don't think I necessarily like girls much. Not enough. Oh, I like their, their shape and so on, but I'm not sure about the other side of it. I'm not interested in what they think and do and say. What they say is all about them, have you noticed that? Of course, I'm not getting at—"

"No, we don't mean Jenny. But what about you? Haven't you ever been married?"

"That's got nothing to do with it," said Tim, who clearly found this an improper question. "It was years ago and it was a disaster. I'm not talking about that, I'm talking about girls."

"Oh, I get it, you're talking about girls."

"Yes. Er, what happens, the sort of thing that happens typically is I turn up at one of them's flat and she gives me a drink and tells me about her flat and her, and then we get a taxi and she tells me about her family and her, and then we get to the restaurant and I spend twenty pounds

and she tells me about the people at work and her, and then we get another taxi and she tells me about her boyfriends and her, and then we come to the part I was describing to you earlier, all of it, including her objecting to being frustrated, all of that. And after that I come home or she goes home, or if it's a hotel we both go home.

"Well. One of the things I start thinking to myself at that stage is that I can stop myself being frustrated on my own without upsetting anybody. Also for free, though that part of it doesn't actually bother me because I can afford it and I'm a pretty generous sort of fellow anyhow. But more than either of those, it's over in a couple of minutes and I can go to the pub. Oh dear, there I go talking more nonsense from your point of view."

Patrick made no reply.

"So you can forget all that but—this is the point—I strongly suspect that even if I were the most perfect sexual technician in the free world, hundred-percent success guaranteed every day of the year, I'd still prefer the company of my own sex except when actually . . . Because they don't talk about themselves all the time, or go on about themselves, whatever they're talking about. It may sound like a small thing to you, but I don't think it is. Yes, I know I've just been talking about myself a lot, but you encouraged me and I don't do it *all the time*."

"How does Mr. Perlmutter see it? By the way, I suppose he is a . . ." Patrick hesitated. "I mean, he is in Harley Street?"

"Old Harley Street, to be precise. No, Mr. Perlmutter doesn't seem to care one way or the other about what I talk about. What he does say, he's convinced I have all these difficulties with girls for one reason only. I don't like them, not really, and wanting to go to bed with them's just, you know, subservience to custom and family pressure and things like that. Basically they don't interest me. Deep down I'm a . . . well, what do you prefer to call it? A homosexual, a queer, a poof, one of those. Deep down."

Of course anybody could have seen it coming, but not from all that far off, and in any case a hundred miles away would have been too close for it to have arrived without some kind of shock. In the last half-minute Tim's manner had lost the vivacity, almost the enthusiasm, that had carried him along earlier, and he had spoken with a harrowing pretense of jauntiness. Patrick tried to rouse himself. It could not be true that he had been here countless times before or even once that he remembered; it just felt like it. He reached for a non-existent cigarette and then for his glass instead.

"What are you, forty?"

"Thirty-six."

"Same as me. Have you ever had a— a homosexual experience?"

"No."

"Ever fancied one? Wanted one? Been interested in one?"

"No."

"And can't you bloody well tell simply by the sheer terribleness of those sentences and the words in them and how they sound that you never could have? I mean, you were never anywhere near, were you?"

"No."

"Well, I mean, Christ, Tim, you know, really, for . . ."

"It's all buried, all that. Deep down, as I said. I'm going to have to drag it to light. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything, I just made a noise with my mouth."

"Have you any other suggestions?"

"How deep down is deep down? What? How do you mean?"

"For instance, whips, leather, handcuffs? Harnessing up to little carts? There was a chap in our village who was supposed to have gone in for that."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Only joking. What I'm trying to say, I've got to be queer, there's no other way. Good God, I must be something, mustn't I? It stands to reason."

As he spoke, and half-obliterating his last words, two cars, the second one using a police siren, came rushing down Lower Ground in the direction of the river, with such a din that for a moment it was as if they were about to burst into the room. The pitch fell off almost sickeningly as they swung past the window, and the



"Now I have the gun."

noise they made seemed hollow in comparison as they made for the traffic lights on the corner. Round they went with sounds of tires and accelerating engines and were soon lost to hearing. The siren called briefly once more, perhaps from as far away as the bridge.

Now at last Tim did go for a pee. Patrick got up and searched for cigarettes in drawers and along shelves in the sitting room and kitchen, although he was perfectly certain there were none to be found. His thoughts fastened on Mr. Perlmutter sitting in his lead-lined bunker in Old Harley Street, deciding that Tim might as well try boys instead of girls over a probationary period and have difficulties with them for a change, and reflecting that should the difficulties extend to beatings, arrests, extortions, murders, imprisonments, or suicides, that would be most regrettable. More soberly and coarsely, Patrick considered that Tim's least debatable difficulty with girls, his estimated ten-second attention span, might be transformed into a noteworthy asset in the new career he had chosen.

In the lavatory now his distinctive howl of anguish started up, to be cut off abruptly as he perhaps remembered the bedded-down Jenny near him. If this was so, he soon offset matters with a tumultuous teenager-type plunge downstairs. Then he was quiet, dithering on the threshold of the sitting room.

"You haven't got to go yet," said Patrick impatiently.

"Are you sure? I've been an awful—"

"Sit down while I tell you exactly what balls you were talking just now. You're no more queer than I am."

"Ah, but that's just it. You can't say that, you see." Youthfully again, Tim fell backwards into his chair. "You're straight, as you say. You couldn't tell."

"Rubbish, I know a queer when I see one."

"Ah, but you only know he's a queer when you know he's a queer. You don't know about the ones you don't know about. Only other queers know about them."

"You are quite sure you're not mad, are you?"

"Now, women are a different matter—they can tell all right, however straight they are. The straighter the better, so to speak. You know, Patrick, it's marvelous, I can't tell you how marvelous it is after all these months of listening to jargon and fantasy, what a relief to find someone like Mr. Perlmutter who talks plain English and actually gives you practical advice, tells you what to do. Oh yes, thanks, can I help myself?"

"What's he been telling you to do?"

"Well, for instance, he said it would help me if I could get some independent evidence of, you know, my homosexuality. To back up his diagnosis—actually he calls it his tag. That was why I turned up early tonight, to get Jenny's undivided attention."



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Can hockey great Phil Esposito accomplish in the front office what he did on the ice for the Bruins—bring the Stanley Cup to championship-starved New York Ranger fans?

SPORTING LIFE

BY DAVID O'CONNELL

It was a match made in hockey heaven. Phil Esposito and the New York Rangers. From the moment he arrived, everything Esposito has done is viewed not so much as a job, but more like a quest. There's not a hockey fan alive who doesn't know what the grail looks like.

After being ordained the eighth general manager of the New York Rangers, Phil Esposito is busy at work. Quests can get that way. Four Penn Plaza is alive with ringing phones and bustling secretaries. Yet today, all the sound and fury belies what the Rangers have accomplished under Esposito—nothing.

The fact is, the Rangers have slid downhill since he took over as general manager after the '85-'86 season. They made a quick exit from the Stanley Cup play-offs in 1987, setting the stage for last year's Devilish nightmare, when they failed to make the N.H.L.'s post-season tournament for the first time in more than a decade.

At 47 years old, Phil Esposito retains the charisma and intensity he so brilliantly displayed on the ice.

He's a strong-willed man, candid and opinionated. But if there's one trait from his great goal-scoring days that epitomizes his reign as general manager, it's his near-compulsive desire to pull the trigger.

And pull the trigger he has. At last count Esposito had made 37 trades and innumerable other player and personnel moves. Esposito's supporters say that these will catapult the Rangers to their first Stanley Cup championship since 1940.

Others aren't so sure. He's impetuous, irrational—and completely out of control, say some blue-seaters, those cheap-seat buzzards who circle high above the Garden ice. But like him or not, one thing is certain: He's succeeded in sweeping new life

into this faceless franchise. He's instilled a new sense of immediacy, making it clear he wants to win now.

Still, it's reckoning time for Phil Esposito.

If his master plan comes to fruition this spring, the Rangers will be in striking distance of their first Stanley Cup since 1940.

If they falter down the stretch and again fail to make the play-offs, or if they exit weakly, it'll be back to the drawing board for him.

Who is this man championship-starved Ranger fans



are depending on? When we visited him in his office at Madison Square Garden, Esposito was relaxed and in the mood to talk about what he loves most—hockey.

ON MOVING DOWN AND TAKING OVER

"Let me tell you, when I took this job it took me three days to make a deal. I had seen that the team had gained a false sense of security when they went to the semi-finals in 1984 with Ted Sator. I really didn't think they had that good of a team. They just got on a roll, very much like our '79-'80 team. Anyway, there was one incident after a big win over Philadelphia. I was happy for them, so I went to shake hands with a couple of these guys. And they refused. You don't do that to me. After we finally lost up in Montreal, one guy acted like a two-year-old and tried to tear the airport apart. At the time I had been spoken to about the job, and I wasn't sure I wanted to do it. It's a tough, pressurized situation. But I told myself, 'If I take this job, these guys have got to go.'"

With all these guys coming

and going, where does that leave your team chemistry?

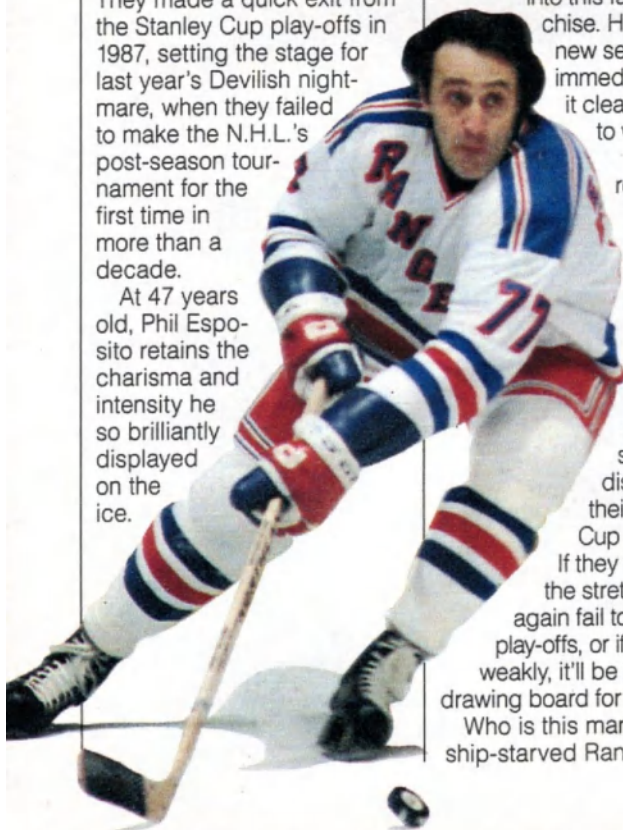
"If we win, people don't care that I made a lot of moves. And if we lose, I'm gonna get fired anyway. And that's what it's all about. Team chemistry is a bunch of garbage. Chemistry, chemistry—I don't believe in it. Not in professional sports. Look at the L.A. Dodgers. You might say they had chemistry. And maybe they did. But how did they get it? Through player moves. They signed [Kirk] Gibson as a free agent. They got [John] Tudor in a trade. And they had Tommy Lasorda, who's a great motivator. They were a team of destiny. That's how it happens."

ON MICHEL BERGERON, MARCEL DIONNE, AND GUY LAFLEUR

"My relationship with Bergeron is good. I've always considered him one of the best coaches in the league. We don't work it like I'm his boss. We work very closely. He's tough. When he believes in something, he sticks by it and he wants it. But I don't think I'd like it any other way. I mean, there's a limit as to what I'm going to take. But I am the boss, and I think he knows that. And if he doesn't, he will. When he asks my opinion on something, I give it to him."

For instance?

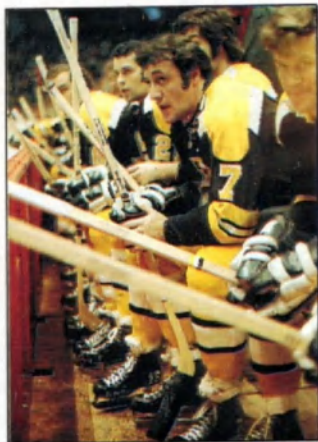
"Well, personally, I'd prefer not to see Dionne and Lafleur play every night. I think our schedule allows us to rest them. That's my opinion, and I've told my coaches that. I would like to see them rested so when March comes along, these guys will have some legs left. They're on the power



play together and they want to get used to each other. I was the same way."

ON THE "BIG TRADE" AND LOYALTY

"I loved Boston. The trade was devastating, just devastating. It was hard for me to accept because it was made during the season. The fans here hated me, and I hated them. It hurt a lot. I felt terribly betrayed by the Bruins and Harry Sinden. It took me years to get over. I learned a painful lesson about loyalty and I'm still learning about it. I was so loyal to the Boston Bruins. Then I became very loyal to the Rangers. Then I was a broadcaster, and I was still loyal to the organization. I did whatever they asked me. When I became the general



manager, I had to be even more loyal."

How does loyalty fit in with your wheeler-dealer style?

"I repay loyalty with loyalty. [Ron] Greschner's been loyal to this team for 14 years. And he's going to be repaid for it. As long as I'm here, Greschner will be here. [Don] Maloney has been here nine years and he's worked very,

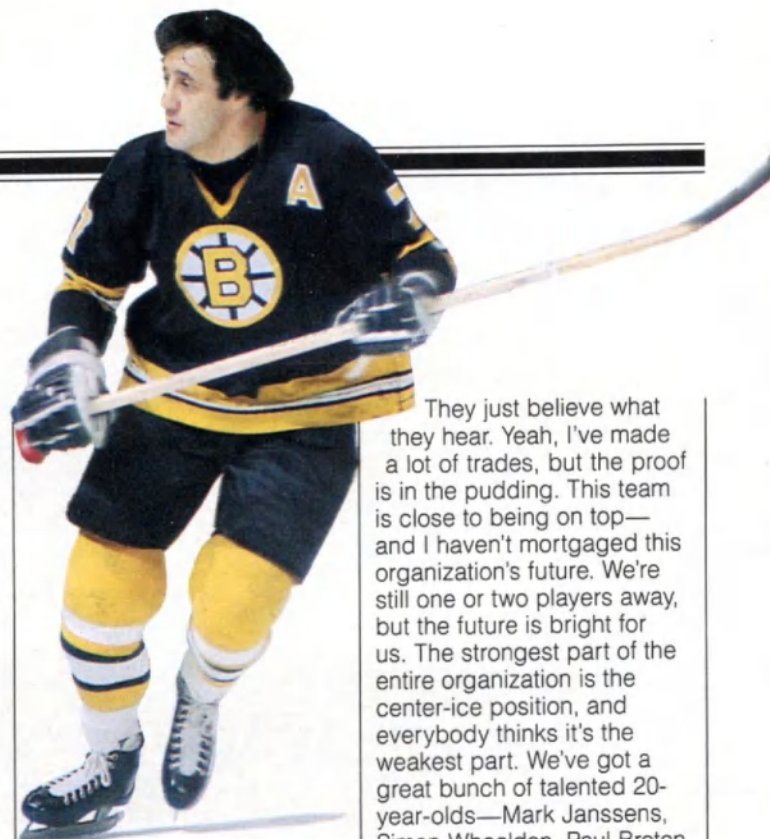
very hard. [Maloney was dealt to Hartford in December.] But there's going to come a time when these guys are going to have to pack it in. And I might have to tell them. It'll be difficult, but it's part of the job. I won't worry about it because I've always treated these guys with utmost respect and they've always given it back."

ON BEING G.M.

"If someone told me years ago that I was going to be a G.M. one day, I would have told them they're crazy. If you ever want to be the general manager of a hockey team, you've got to take phone calls all the time. Calls from other G.M.'s, calls from the press. I spend at least two or three hours a day with the press. I have to go through my mail, which I hate. I spend time with my coach. He tells me what guys he wants, what guys he doesn't want. Then later I have to meet with my bosses. And that's just the little day-to-day stuff."

ON THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

"As a player, I found Montreal to be an exciting place. It was a hell of a place if you wanted to go out and meet some young ladies. After I met my wife, I used to sneak her into my room. Nobody knew except a few of my teammates. It was fun. We used to have a great time. We drank a lot of beer. Beer, beer, beer. We figured it would give us more fuel. But guys these days don't do that as much, because they don't have time. They get to a city the night before, get a bite to eat, and they're in bed. They play the game and



they're right back home. They don't drink like we drank. We don't even need curfews anymore. These guys take much better care of themselves than we ever did."

Besides avoiding the "beer, beer, beer," how do today's players prepare themselves?

"Mental preparation. Brian Leetch and Johnny Vanbiesbrouck have the best mental approaches on this team. Of the 82 games we play this season, those two will be prepared for 75 of them, which is far higher than average. That's what makes them better hockey players. If the other guys on our team were that prepared all the time, we'd win the Stanley Cup. I don't have to worry about those guys being ready."

What do you have to worry about?

"Not all that much. Despite not having a No. 1 pick last year, we still had more picks in the draft than anyone else. And I'll have more picks than anyone else again this year. I have a first-, second-, and third-round pick, four fourths, three fifths, and two sixth-round picks. But people don't know that, because they don't look, they don't see.

They just believe what they hear. Yeah, I've made a lot of trades, but the proof is in the pudding. This team is close to being on top—and I haven't mortgaged this organization's future. We're still one or two players away, but the future is bright for us. The strongest part of the entire organization is the center-ice position, and everybody thinks it's the weakest part. We've got a great bunch of talented 20-year-olds—Mark Janssens, Simon Wheeldon, Paul Broten, Mike Golden, Darren Turcotte. We'll be set at that position for a long time."

ON VIOLENCE

"I don't like what's gone on with the sticks and everything. But I played in plenty of games where all hell broke loose. It happens. That game [early in the season against Pittsburgh] was a disaster. I watched that game with my brother. It was just unbelievable. We both thought they should have called the game. As for the suspensions, we'll live by them and abide by them. We really have no choice."

How about your future?

"If we don't make the playoffs, it will be up to the organization. But if we win the Cup, I might quit. It's tough to speculate on these things. My ambition is to one day own or be a part-owner of a hockey team. I still might want to coach on a full-time basis. It's not that different from being general manager, because coaches and general managers work closely together."

Would you ever want to coach the Rangers?

"I don't think so." 

"Oh I see, she was being the straight woman who was going to be able to tell whether you were queer or not. Brilliant."

"If you'd let me know what she thought I'd be most grateful. Of course I wasn't going to give the show away by behaving the way queers behave when they don't mind whether you know they're queer or not. There wouldn't have been any point in that, would there?"

"What sort of behavior are you talking about?"

"Well, you know the kind of thing."

"Maybe I do, but I'd like to see a sample of the way you think queers behave when they don't mind whether you know they're queer or not. Go on, just a snippet."

"Okay, if you think there's any point in it."

For the first few seconds Patrick quite thought it might be going to be all right, no worse than any publisher's party might throw up, sticking to a slight widening of the eyes, a slightly faster blink rate, slight swaying about with neck and shoulders, a bit of wrist play, but then Tim shoved himself forward to the edge of his chair and, while still in the strict sense sitting on it, began moving his arms and legs to and fro in a style that might have gone down well enough as part of a turn at a men's club in the north of England. Patrick considered, though it was true that he had never actually visited one.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"What you asked me to do, behaving the way—"

"No, I mean which bit—are you trying to get picked up or are you just passing the time? All right, but I take it you don't propose to start behaving like that in public."

"Well, not yet, anyway."

"Not yet! Bloody—"

"There'll have to be a developmental period of re-orientation."

"Is that the sort of plain English Mr. Perlmutter talks?"

"I think he means time to get used to the idea."

"No, really? Now listen, Tim—you don't know what you're taking on. Don't think that because there are lots of jokes about it that it's a joke itself. That world is incredibly nasty and incredibly dangerous. It's full of blackmail and, well, rather nasty physical things, one can't help hearing. Violent, too. If you go blundering in there you're liable to get your bloody head kicked off."

"I think I can probably cope with that side of it," said Tim, straightening up for once and revealing a really quite powerful pair of shoulders and looking altogether different from a minute before. He spoilt the effect to some degree by adding, "I used to box a bit at school."

"Oh? Where was that?"

"Rugby, though I don't see what it—"

"Rugby, now—surely you must have gone in for a spot of the old one-two there."

"If you mean homosexuality, no, as a matter of fact I didn't." Tim spoke rather coldly, no doubt without thinking. Then he went on in a different tone, "It may be all you think it is, that world, as you call it, though you don't know anything about it at firsthand, do you? Anyway, it can't be much worse than the world I'll be leaving behind, where you have to spend half your time sucking up to them—you know, conciliating them, soft-soaping them. Finding ways of making it up to them for you being there in the first place. Persuading them not to hold it against you being a man. At least queers aren't going to need any winning round there. It's quite funny actually, realizing I don't really like them much—it can't have reminded me exactly, it's opened my eyes to them not liking us much. I don't know, perhaps they do deep down, they must, I suppose,



What I'm trying to say,
I've got to be queer,
there's no other way. Good
God, I must be
something, mustn't I? It
stands to reason.



some of them at least, but good God, you'd never think so to hear the way some of them go on. 'So what, I'm tired, see if I care, you give your orders, be like that then, I said I'm sorry, you and who else, I can't help that, look who's talking, that's your problem, if you don't want me to come out with you that's okay by me, I can assure you I've other things to do with my time.' You can't help feeling a lot of them would be a jolly sight better off with each other."

Well, the silly sod might have been talking at random half the time, but there could be no doubt that he felt strongly about that part.

Patrick said, "Perhaps Mrs. Perlmutter has patients who suffer from difficulties with men."

"Oh, I shouldn't think so. They don't mind, you see."

"Where do you live?"

Tim was not ready for this question. He cleared his throat and said, "Enfield."

"Look, Tim, it's nothing to me where you live, but I might as well know in case I have to take you there sometime with your back broken."

"Hadley Wood, actually. I'd better go

there, hadn't I? I've brought my car."

"What have you got?"

"Just an old Jag."

"I'll ask you about it another time. Do you think you can drive it all right?"

"Sure, no problem," said Tim brightly, then remembered he was drunk, snatched up the sizable remains of his last drink, and downed the lot. Yet again he came through relatively unscathed, though his chin receded far back into his throat as he screwed the muscles there into a convulsive act of swallowing. "I can manage," he said finally, in a thick but entirely unstudied voice.

"I hope so."

Tim had nothing to wear or carry. He did a lot of thanking on the way out.

"You are in fact intending to come and live in that flat, are you?"

"Well, of course I am. What do you mean?"

"Because you haven't done anything about it at all, have you?"

"No."

"You just got the key off the agents for a scout-around, didn't you? What have you got lined up for the rest of the week for a once-over? Mansion in Golders Green? Penthouse in Mayfair?"

"That's not how it is," said Tim, meeting Patrick's eye. "I'm just lazy. I've signed up and I've paid for the first six months in advance."

"How much was it?"

Without benefit of slide rule it seemed right. But Patrick had started to believe Tim before he started to answer, having already recognized him as one unwilling to tell a proper lie, though quite eager to evade, misdirect, falsify details he considered immaterial. He rather reverted to that level now in proffering a bogus draft timetable for his occupancy of 1E before departing.

Patrick took the glasses out to the kitchen. It was quite touching, though at least as boring and menacing, too, that Tim had shown himself so prompt to make friends and unload confidences. Well, he should make a tolerable neighbor, and could hardly be blamed in the circumstances for not being about to give any parties swarming with beautiful unattached nymphomaniacs. That was as much as he was going to do on Tim Valentine tonight.

He went and unlocked his briefcase and settled down for a short session with *Titter 7* and *Twosome 3*. Good taste, self-respect, and fear kept Patrick away from the hard-stuff joints in Soho, and the magazines in front of him stayed on the inner edge of the law in leaving some features unshown. He felt no constraint, finding plenty in what was visible to arouse his delight and wonder. So what? he tried to imagine the dark one saying, *Who do you think you are?* from the one in the straw hat on the swing. No, they stayed as they were, wise, compassionate, silent, and with enormous breasts. O—



SIMONE

● *In life, you either sink or swim. Well, not only am I going to stay afloat, I'm going to ride the waves!* ●



THIRST FOR ADVENTURE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Simone Brigitte, April's lovely Pet of the Month, hails from the Lone Star State—though she owes her decidedly European name to her French-Hungarian ancestry. Simone works as a makeup consultant for a large cosmetics firm, but with an undeniable eye for beauty and a head for business, this Texas rose plans to open her own luxury salon. "Starting a new business can be rough," she admits, "but I love challenges. Success is always sweeter when you have to work for it."





Twenty-one-year-old Simone plays as hard as she works. "I love waterskiing and scuba diving. In fact, I'm most at home when I'm near or in the water."









For Simone, the most perfect evening imaginable would take place on a sailboat: "My lover and I would dine on chilled champagne and fresh seafood, then make love on the deck. There's nothing like having the ocean mist to cool your body during the heat of passion."



Wardrobe and accessories courtesy of Status, Los Angeles, Calif., and North Beach Leather.

"The craziest thing I ever did," Simone confesses, "was chase my ex-boyfriend. I acted out my own version of the movie *Fatal Attraction*. One thing I've learned is that jealousy is a wasted emotion. There are so many more exciting ways to release all that energy!"





From ship to shore,
this 35-22-34 beauty
has it all. "In life, you
either sink or swim.
Well, if that's the
case, not only am I
going to stay afloat,
I'm going to ride the
waves!"







"I'm thrilled to be appearing in these pages," says Simone. "Only 12 women a year are considered attractive and desirable enough to be Penthouse Pets of the Month. For me, it's more than an honor—it's a fantasy come true."



MISS SIMONE BRIGITTE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



“For too long, America's heroes have been treated to a dreary succession of political hacks and cronies at the head of the Veterans Administration. We hope that these bad times are over.”

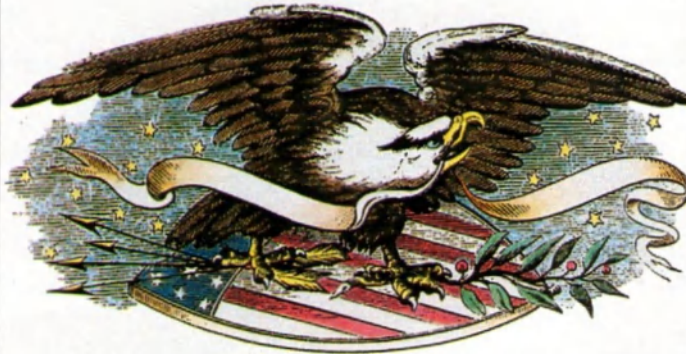
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

An open letter to the new secretary of Veterans Affairs, Edward J. Derwinski:

Penthouse wants to congratulate you on becoming the first secretary of the Department of Veterans Affairs since legislation was passed that upgraded the Veterans Administration to a cabinet-level department. America's veterans are now guaranteed representation in the White House. This fact does not ensure quick or easy solutions to the many problems facing vets, but we believe that it is an essential step in seeking those solutions.

For the past dozen years, America's veterans have been treated to a dreary succession of political hacks and cronies at the head of the V.A. Their on-the-job performance was perfunctory at best, and they lacked a sufficient degree of empathy and compassion for their constituents: vets and their widows and children. In addition, most of them were at war with Congress as well as with the leadership of the major veterans organizations. We believe that your appointment signals the end, at last, of those “bad times.”

The challenge you face is formidable. The task of turning the badly managed V.A. into an efficient and streamlined new bureaucracy will not be easy. Many of the career members of the old V.A., especially those in its medical service, are top-notch people. They care about veterans and will help you achieve your mission. They need your leadership and a commitment from you and President Bush that competence will be the criterion used in selecting your subordinates. In addition, they need a personnel policy, especially in the vital area of promotion, that is genuinely ap-



litical and color-blind. To do otherwise is to break faith with America's veterans.

But where to begin? We believe that it is incumbent upon you to start the process rolling by taking action to establish a truly *national* policy to deal with the problems and issues facing our veterans. Such an effort is long overdue. The policies established by former five-star general Omar Bradley when President Truman called upon him after World War II to straighten out the “mess” in the V.A. have been overtaken by events and the passage of time. Today America's veteran population is no longer a homogeneous group of men and women. Several classifications come to mind, each with their own peculiar set of needs and problems. The average living World War II veteran, for example, is over 65 years old. The medical needs of many of these men and women are compounded by age, the high cost of insurance, and the inadequacies of Medicare and Medicaid. Because vets in this category are regarded as a problem, there has been talk about eliminating their status as “veterans” and throwing them into the Medicare-Medicaid system. This outcome would be a calous repudiation of the longstanding belief that “once a

veteran, always a veteran.” It also would be a backdoor way of gutting the V.A. medical-care system.

The other categories include veterans from the Korean “conflict” and whatever euphemism is in vogue to describe our military action in Vietnam. Each of these categories has discrete needs and problems. Similarly, the men and women who served during the Cold War era are not without their particular needs and problems. There is another category that has received little or no attention from the V.A. and the Department of Defense—the *future* veterans, those men and women currently in active service in the so-called All-Volunteer Force.

For much too long, veterans issues have been approached with a Band-Aid here and a patch there, with no regard for the changing needs and problems of the veterans. For example, the V.A.'s classification of disabilities is grossly out-of-date. According to the General Accounting Office, the ratings system developed at the end of World War II “has failed to keep up with recent medical advances and *cannot ensure that veterans are given accurate and uniform disability ratings.*” (Emphasis added.) This

problem needs more than the V.A.'s previous pledge to conduct a “methodical review.” It requires a commitment on your part to dump the idea of “business as usual,” which often results in, “Nothing's too good for the veterans, so give them nothing.”

Another area of concern involves the laws passed by Congress dealing with veterans. We might note that when you were a member of Congress, you voted for many of these pieces of legislation. However, a review of the actual implementation of these laws will show that what the Congress proposed was often disposed of by the V.A. and the other agencies that were given responsibility for carrying them out. The list of “ignored” laws is too long to enumerate here, but we believe that you can get a handle on this problem in a hurry.

Finally, we believe—as did the citizens of Illinois who elected and re-elected you to Congress from 1959 to 1983—that you will not forget your veteran constituents as you take up the tasks of Veterans Affairs secretary. These constituents are the men and women you remember from your service as an infantry soldier in World War II, their widows, their children who went to Vietnam, and now the children of those who went to Vietnam and are carrying on the family tradition in the armed services. Yours is an important job. You are no stranger to the rough-and-tumble of Congress, and this should be of considerable help in times of budget crunches and other assorted crises. We'll criticize when we think it's proper, and we'll support and advance your initiatives when we think they are on the mark. Good luck!—William R. Corson

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●It is time for all of us to fully realize that the real cost of our lazy dependence on other nations' oil is sapping the drive and innovative spirit that made the U.S. the last, best hope of mankind.●

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY BOB T. EPSTEIN

The author is an outdoor writer and newspaper columnist in the Florida Keys who also works as a publicity agent for local resorts and non-profit charities.

SOLAR POWER'S TIME HAS COME AT LAST

Not since the dawn of the industrial age has a technology created more interest, shown more promise, and generated more excitement than photovoltaics. Making electricity (*vol-taics*) from light (*photo*) is a simple scientific concept, and in its simplicity rests the possibility that our world's future can be assured by creating clean, safe power for all of our energy needs—now and tomorrow.

When Thomas Edison invented the light bulb 100 years ago, there was no electrical system to power it. He hammered out the basic technology for a direct-current (DC) power system with efficiency ratings in the 90-percent range. However, once electrical power became a nationwide necessity, it was discovered that an alternating current (AC) was more easily transmitted over long distances.

Today we are finding that although Edison lost the battle, he may well have won the war. We are now rediscovering that what Edison created so long ago is actually best for our modern needs—simple, direct current to do our electrical bidding. His technology for DC power is at the heart of the solid-state magic that brings to life today's vehicles, machines, gadgets, and buildings. By the year 2000, the last of the vacuum tubes using alternating current will be obsolete. Quiet, clean, dependable solar-electric technology will make grid-powered, centrally located, fuel-guzzling electrification plants a technology of the past.

Needless to say, I am not a disinterested observer of this subject. For the past six years, as president of Dynamic Solar Systems Corporation, I and my associate Matthew Strumor worked to interest people here and overseas in solar-powered systems and energy-saving equipment.

In a few cases we'd been successful. But today I am not in the solar business. Yes, I have efficient solar-electric systems for my home and swimming pool, and on a water distiller for pure, unadulterated drinking water. But after losing six years' income and borrowing untold thousands of dollars from family and friends, I would have to say to anyone thinking of going into the solar business today (compared to, say, opening a hot-dog stand), *Don't!* Not yet—unless you are very rich or very masochistic. Do I recommend the use of solar-powered products? Yes, indeed. For reasons we'll briefly explore, solar power is here to stay. But unfortunately, as we'll also see, our government won't acknowledge that fact.

For only \$500, every household in America can have a solar-electric starter kit to produce power for computers; charge batteries for flashlights, toys, and games; run microwave ovens; and light houses. Today solar energy is watering livestock in even remote locations (and electrically charging fences to keep that livestock penned in), lighting Coast Guard navigational equipment, powering an FM radio station in Indiana, and running an entire telephone company in Idaho.

With the efficiencies in DC-powered equipment (along with, ironically, AC adapters), there is hardly any electrical item that could not be operated by photovoltaics—except, per-

haps, a very decadent U.S. Congress. Given the sundry demonstrations that have proved the efficiency of solar power for lighting, thermal-generation equipment, pumping systems, and hundreds of practical solar installations, one would think that our elected representatives would have shown more than just a perfunctory interest. *But no!* Far more time has been taken up debating congressional raises and time off for holidays than was ever properly expended on an issue so vital to their constituencies and the world at large.

Just as solar technology was finally being kick-started by tax incentives and reasonable investments in solar research-and-development technology, the government turned the whole thing off. Why, we should ask, did the United States cut research funds from \$153 million in 1981 to \$35 million in 1988? One answer is that the government expects a quick return on its money. This rationale could be compared to its cutting cancer-research funds because a cure has not yet been found. (Ironically, the pollution caused by traditional sources of energy is now thought to be among the most deadly cancer-causing agents.)

The oil companies don't appreciate the possibility that a clean, low-maintenance source of energy—with the waste factor eliminated—could enable mankind to cut its umbilical cord to fossil fuel and become self-sufficient in creating power. They, more than any other industry, are responsible for what could be called the counter-revolution against solar power. Oil companies feel comfortable with crude. Over the years they have made trillions of dollars with this non-renewable pollution-creating product (even as several oil companies have already bought up existing photovoltaic businesses and are systematically gutting their operations).

The sweetest wonder of photovoltaic power is that it is truly solid-state with no downsides on the environmental front—no belching smokestacks, no noise, no by-products to bury that will haunt us in the future (if they haven't poisoned us already), and no limitations on transporting the power. As we contemplate polluted beaches, smog, the greenhouse effect, water pollution, acid rain, and medical waste washing up on our beaches, we all know in our hearts that it is time to heed the warning. The earth has spoken back to us. It is fast reaching its limit of absorbing all of humankind's collective garbage. Three Mile Island and Chernobyl made all too clear the fact that nuclear power, once seen as the answer to our power needs, is an even greater threat than petrochemical waste. Enriched radioactive isotopes do not go away and hide. Chernobyl's economic and social disaster will take centuries to eradicate . . . if ever.

Fortunately, despite lower fuel-energy costs, those expired tax incentives, and lessening federal support, photovoltaic programs are now growing in the United States. However, it boggles the mind to realize the opportunities the Reagan administration missed by ignoring the solar possibilities. They turned their backs on a technology that could have buried

the need to rely on other nations for our energy needs.

Any rational being would have realized that solar energy would have done wonders for our balance of trade and national security, to say nothing of creating a smogless, pollution-free nation. But of course it seems that we are not always dealing with rational beings. When ordinary screws can show up on government balance sheets as costing \$150, obviously saving taxpayers' money isn't a requirement.

Because solar energy is ultimately a free power source, perhaps these bureaucrats realized it could not be taxed as highly as dirty gas and fuel oils. Or perhaps the tremendous power of the big oil interests and their highly paid lobbyists had something to do with it. But whoever bears the responsibility, it is time for all of us to fully realize that the real cost of our lazy dependence on other nations' oil is a sapping of the drive and innovative spirit that made the United States "the last, best hope of mankind." And nowhere is that self-destructive inertia more evident than in the government's abandonment of the solar-energy industry.

Other nations are taking advantage of our blindness. Our puny efforts are being dwarfed by competitors who have intensified government support in a myriad of renewable and alternative energy areas. The European Economic Community, for instance, allots more than five times as much funding toward government-supported renewable-energy-export promotion than we do. Once again, unless we refocus our priorities we will give away the farm—just as we have with automobiles, consumer electronics, and so many other industries. As Scott Sklar, executive director of the Solar Energy Industries Association, told Congress: "[It's] where America gives away its technological predominance in technology, only to purchase it back in later years from our competitors for millions, if not billions, of dollars more than [we] originally paid to develop the technology."

We need to turn to the space program—which has been dependent on solar electricity—for our model. When all satellite communications, telephone-repeater stations, aircraft warning lights and systems, solar-intensity ovens suitable for burning up all the world's medical biological waste, and hundreds more applications of solar technology stand in testimony to solar power's efficacy, we must realize the immediate need for this government to expend every effort in the refining and further development of this technology.

There is a new government in Washington. It is up to all of us to insist that our nation not take a backseat once again. It is up to us to insist on a clean world for us and for our children. It is time that we reclaimed our proud heritage as a progressive, inventive people. Solar is simple, natural, and fundamental. We must stop destroying our earth with a technology that depends on dead dinosaurs. The time for solar power is now. (A good free source for more information on this topic is *Home Power Magazine*, available by writing to P.O. Box 130, Hornbrook, Calif. 96044.)

SWINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

you and Wade—he didn't approve of it.

I don't doubt that whatsoever. If you were a person with the kind of beliefs that he has, you wouldn't want to be around that kind of thing.

What was Bruce Hurst like?

Wade roomed with Bruce one year in the minors before I met him. He's a very devout Mormon, and Wade told me Hurst would get up early and open the curtains. Wade sleeps until noon every day and that was kind of hard for him, so he got his own room. Same thing with Reid Nichols. When Reid became religious he used to play religious songs early in the morning. It drove Wade nuts.

Bob Ojeda, now with the New York Mets, isn't one of Wade's favorites, is he?

He couldn't stand him. He thought he was a baby. I remember when I first started traveling with Wade, [Ojeda] was always my favorite player—not personally, because I didn't know him—but I liked when he pitched because they always won. Bob came up with the term "Pseudo Mrs. Wade Boggs."

What about other superstars in baseball? Jose Canseco?

I had told Wade that I thought he was handsome, and Wade said, "Well, he takes steroids. That's the only way he can hit like that."

Wade Boggs actually told you Can-

seco took steroids?

He told me that two years ago, when Canseco first started playing [although Canseco subsequently denied it].

What about Keith Hernandez?

Wade would jokingly say Keith was a homosexual.

Is it true that Wade is a fan of Pete Rose?

Just like he feels about George Brett, he's in total awe of Pete Rose. Even as a manager, he's a player's player. He's a get-down player—the kind of guy Wade really isn't. The kind of hustle where Wade would say, "It's not worth stealing that base to hurt myself, to ruin my career," where Pete Rose never thought like that. And because I was friends with Pete and had known him for a long time, it gave Wade a kind of a kick and gave him some closeness. Pete would tease Wade in spring training and say, "Hey, I see what you're hitting, boy. You're getting that hitting pussy."

What did Wade think about Dave Winfield's book?

When I told him I wanted to buy it, Wade told me not to waste my money. He and some of the other players were pissed at Winfield for "selling them out" in the book. They thought that if he were married, he wouldn't have broken the rule and talked about other players' extra-marital affairs.

What were your impressions of the "Christian" ballplayers, some of whom do the "Be good and say no to drugs" commercials?

Of course you can't lump them all together. But I did see many of these self-proclaimed "Christian" players—including one future Hall of Famer—who did drugs and had extra-marital affairs.

By the way, what did Wade think about Boston's greatest hitter, Ted Williams?

That he was a guy that thinks he knows everything about hitting and doesn't. When Wade did an interview with [Don] Mattingly and Ted Williams for *Sports Illustrated* in 1986, both Don and Ted said that they could actually smell the burning of the bat when they hit the ball a certain way. Wade said they were both full of shit. Wade was always pissed about Ted Williams coming down to spring training and talking to the rookies so the Red Sox would publicize it. It would piss Wade off. There were sportswriters who thought that Ted Williams had taught Wade how to hit, even though their styles are totally different. He didn't like even the connotation that his hitting had anything to do with Ted Williams.

Did Wade have a problem with Don Mattingly?

Intense, intense jealousy. Mattingly gets labeled as the all-around player and Wade doesn't. No matter how hard Wade worked on his fielding, he didn't get credit for it. But Don Mattingly does.

Was there a drug problem among the Red Sox players?

The only time that I ever had a drug situation with Wade was during spring training of 1985, and it had to do with caffeine pills. The term they use is "launching"—when they take the pills before a game. Wade would joke and say, "I guess I'm going to have to 'launch' tomorrow and steal a base."

Did the Red Sox party much as a team?

They don't have many team parties—they can't get organized that much. At the ones they did have, I was usually the only woman. In 1986 in Detroit, Wade surprised me and said to meet him in the lobby, told me to wear my white leather miniskirt and my pink sweater. When I got downstairs there were three stretch limos with the players in them. I got into a limo with Wade—he said we were going to a team dinner. At the restaurant there was a partition between the disco area and the dinner area. I asked, "Where are the other girls?" One of the guys said, "In the other room, behind the partition." I said, "Well, aren't they eating dinner with us?" And he said, "No. Just 'cause we're going to fuck 'em doesn't mean we have to feed 'em." One other big thing is for the players to come on the girl's face or her tits. The guys always said, "I didn't fuck her, I only came on her face." Few of the players used condoms, so I guess it was their way of practicing safe sex.

Some of the ballplayers roomed together. Did that cut into their sex life?

No... I think that most of the wives think it does, but it doesn't. They have a game... I can't remember the name they have for it, but the player that struck out



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for the night would go to the room while his roommate followed a few minutes later with his date. When the girl came into the room and noticed a guy sleeping in the next bed, she was told he was a sound sleeper and nothing could wake him up. Then after a few minutes, when the girl is hot and heavy, the roommate would get out of bed, and before no time the both of them would be fucking her, usually at the same time. One player told me about a bartender—another player was fucking her in the ass while she gave the first player a blowjob. The next night all three of them acted like they never laid eyes on each other. I have seen this happen several times, because the next day the players all talk about the scores they made the night before. For one player, one time it didn't work. The girl would not do anything with his roommate in the room. He had to fuck her under the sink in the bathroom. We always kidded him about it because he said he kept hitting his head on the pipes under the sink.

During spring training, usually a family time, were the guys active sexually?

The guys would be screwing their girlfriends down the hall from their wives or at a hotel down the street. The wives could be in the room with the kids. Of course, the last week of spring training is a total frenzy because all the wives head up to Boston. Everyone thinks that if you are a player's wife, you can show identification at the front desk and just go up into the room, but most hotels protect the players. In Detroit, one player's wife was downstairs trying to get a key to her husband's room and couldn't. Someone had to call upstairs and tell him she was there. He had a girlfriend with him.

Did the players ever discuss their ultimate nightmare?

It wasn't birth control. It was called "raising the Chinese flag"—when a girl had her period. It would piss them off when a girl didn't warn them. Once, one player was with this girl. The next morning he had to get up early because his wife was coming and he had a meeting with [then manager John] McNamara before that. When he got up, the lights were out and it was dark in the room. In McNamara's office he looked down at his hands and they were all bloody. The maid was pissed off because the room looked as if someone had been murdered.

Did the guys ever tease you and Wade about sex?

One time in Oakland, during a fit of passion, I began to scream—and I mean scream. I was heard all the way down the hall. Two of the players called security, thinking that someone was being murdered. The next day Wade told me that the guys were going to tease me. I thought Wade would be embarrassed, but he was actually excited about it. I said, "Why are you so proud of it?" and Wade said, "Are you kidding? After being with you for four years, and they think I can still turn you on like that."

Were there any pitchers he feared?

There was nobody—not even the All-Star game, facing Dwight Gooden—no one bothered him to the extent that John Candelaria did. No one. He was so upset the night before facing John, I made lemon chicken for him because he felt he needed that to go up against Candelaria. Something about him just scared the shit out of him. He'd be up all night the night before, sick to his stomach—sick to his stomach the day of the game.

Did you ever hear players talk about intentionally throwing at batters?

Yes, all the time. I remember once Bruce Hurst hit someone, and Wade saying, "Boy, I never thought Hurst had it in him." When they go into Toronto, they have a thing for George Bell, a favorite among Red Sox pitchers. It's set up on the road trip before or the trip in, before the game. They get off on that. I mean, you've got a pitcher standing there with total control—why not make some batters look like

Wade believes that sex weakens your legs, and he needs strong legs to play third base.

wimps when they jump away from a pitch? Wade's probably someone they would like to throw at, too. He's not well-liked.

What is it about George Bell?

They all hate his guts. He's the most hated man in baseball. I think it was in '85, when the Red Sox got into a fight with the Blue Jays. Wade got cracked in the face. If there was ever a fight, look for Wade. He's the one that's basically trying to get out of the way, terrified of getting hit. Who wants a career-ending injury?

As baseball's greatest hitter today, did Wade ever discuss his attempt to hit .400?

Wade doesn't discuss his attempt to hit .400 as much as other people do. Wade would talk about it as long as his average wasn't near it. When we were in Seattle, in the middle of the season, he was batting around .389, and at that point he wouldn't discuss it because of his superstitious nature. Wade always told me that if he was batting over .400 near the season's close, he would fake an injury. He would say, "Oops, I think my back hurts a little bit and I might just . . . I don't think I can play." As time went on, that was one of the flaws in his character that started to scare me.

Tell us about "Delta Force."

A lot of the players talked. Bob Stanley was one of the major ones, if not the major one. Stanley was called "Mr. 411" and Marty Barrett was known as a yapper, because you could always go to them for information, gossip. Wade decided to set Stanley up to keep him quiet. Another player, Steve Crawford, had a friend, Tina, who was a stripper in Cleveland. It was set up for all of us to go to the bar to see the strippers. The plan was for Tina to come on to Stanley. She said to him, "I don't want your friends to know—I'll meet you back at the hotel."

What happened next?

Tina went to the hotel and went to our room first. We synchronized our watches so that in half an hour Wade and Crawford, each with a camera, would break into the room. Ahead of time, Steve had gone down into the lobby, talked to the desk man and told him that he was Bob Stanley, and got a key to the room. They had a room near the stairs and they went up to the room. They broke in and took the pictures—then Stanley grabbed Crawford and hit him real hard on the back. Tina screamed and acted like it wasn't a setup. Wade ran out of the room and I went home with the camera.

What was the beginning of the end of your relationship with Wade Boggs?

During spring training in 1988, a couple of the guys made slips about things Wade did when I wasn't with him. They'd never done that before—about Wade picking up girls. His childlike quality that had been so endearing before was beginning to show up as immaturity. He'd be sweet and pout and look at me and cry when he needed to. He could recite almost every line of *The Wizard of Oz* in all those cute voices. The cuteness became immaturity to me, and that's when I started to realize things weren't the same.

When he came out to California to film a segment on "Cheers" in March, he called. I went up and met him after the filming. He was all excited and told me all about it. He said, "You know, no matter how hard I try, I knew today how much I really love you still." And I asked him why. I expected some big romantic answer. Instead he said, "Well, because I know I could have had Kirstie Alley, but I wanted you." Kirstie Alley was a married woman, but he figured because he was Wade Boggs she'd want to be with him. He said, "I need a pair of your panties to take back with me." And I said, "What are you talking about?" "Well," he said, "the guys bet me that I couldn't get Kirstie Alley's panties. So I need a pair of your G-string panties to take back and tell them they were Kirstie Alley's."

Did you give them to him?

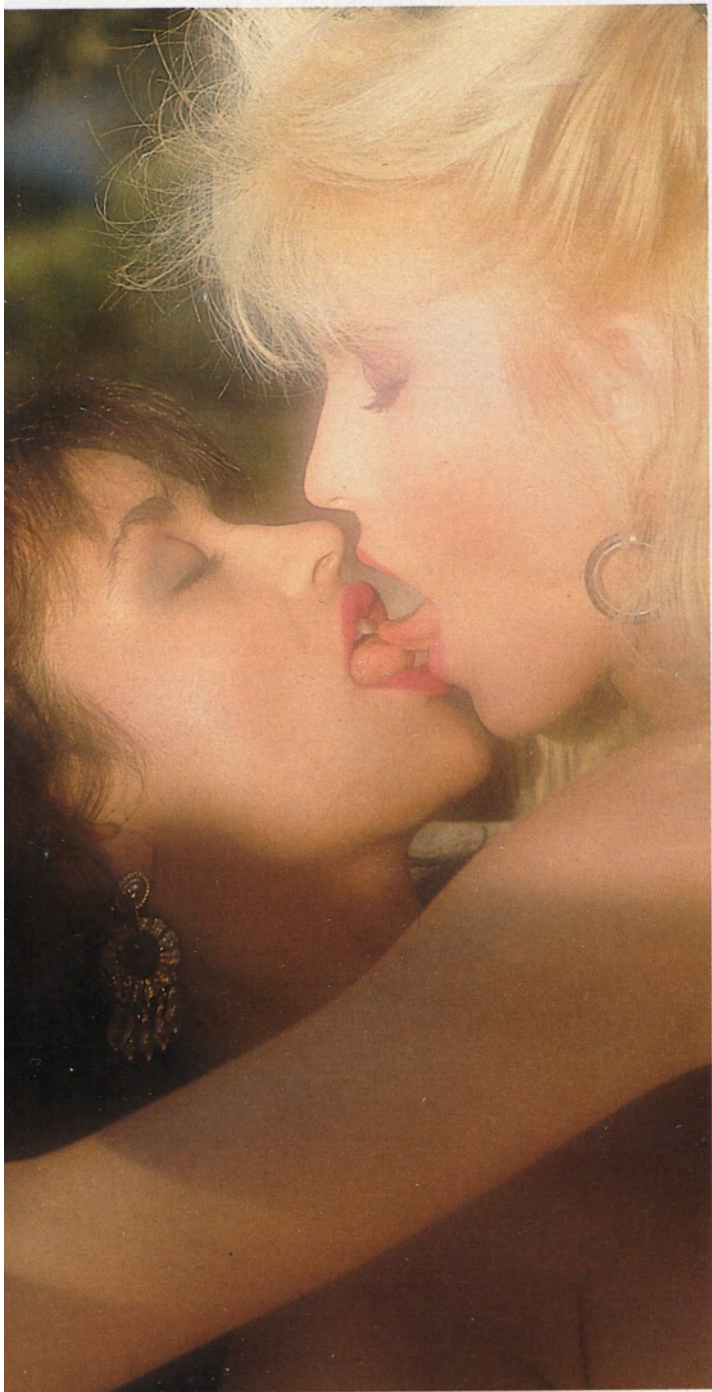
No. 

(Next month: Margo bares all—sensational pictures, plus more on baseball wives and groupies and sizzling locker room intrigue.)

JANINE
AND
KIMBERLY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



The Wild One. Easy Rider.
As teenagers, best
friends Kimberly and Janine
had devoured them
all on "The Late, Late Show."
So it came as no

surprise when, years later,
the two women
pooled their resources and
purchased one of the
hottest Harleys money
could buy.





Together, they mounted the magnificent machine and roared out toward the wild

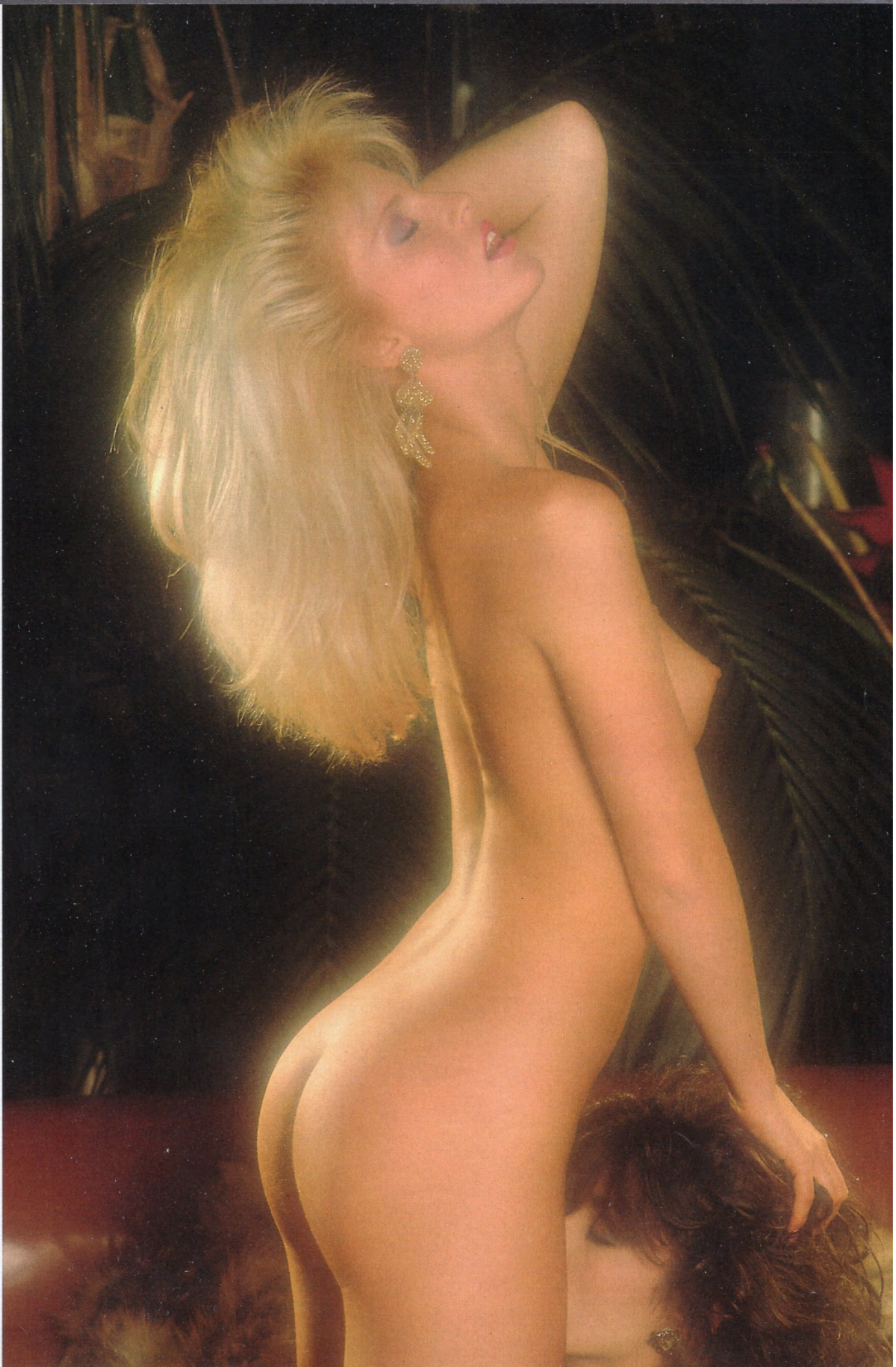
open spaces and unpeopled corners of the vast California desert.





Motorcycle and accessories courtesy of Bill Bartel's Harley-Davidson, Culver City, Calif.; wardrobe and accessories courtesy of Status, Los Angeles, Calif.

Handling the curves like a seasoned pro, Kimberly felt invincible in the driver's seat. Janine clung tightly to her waist, her platinum-blond mane whipping behind her as they rode.





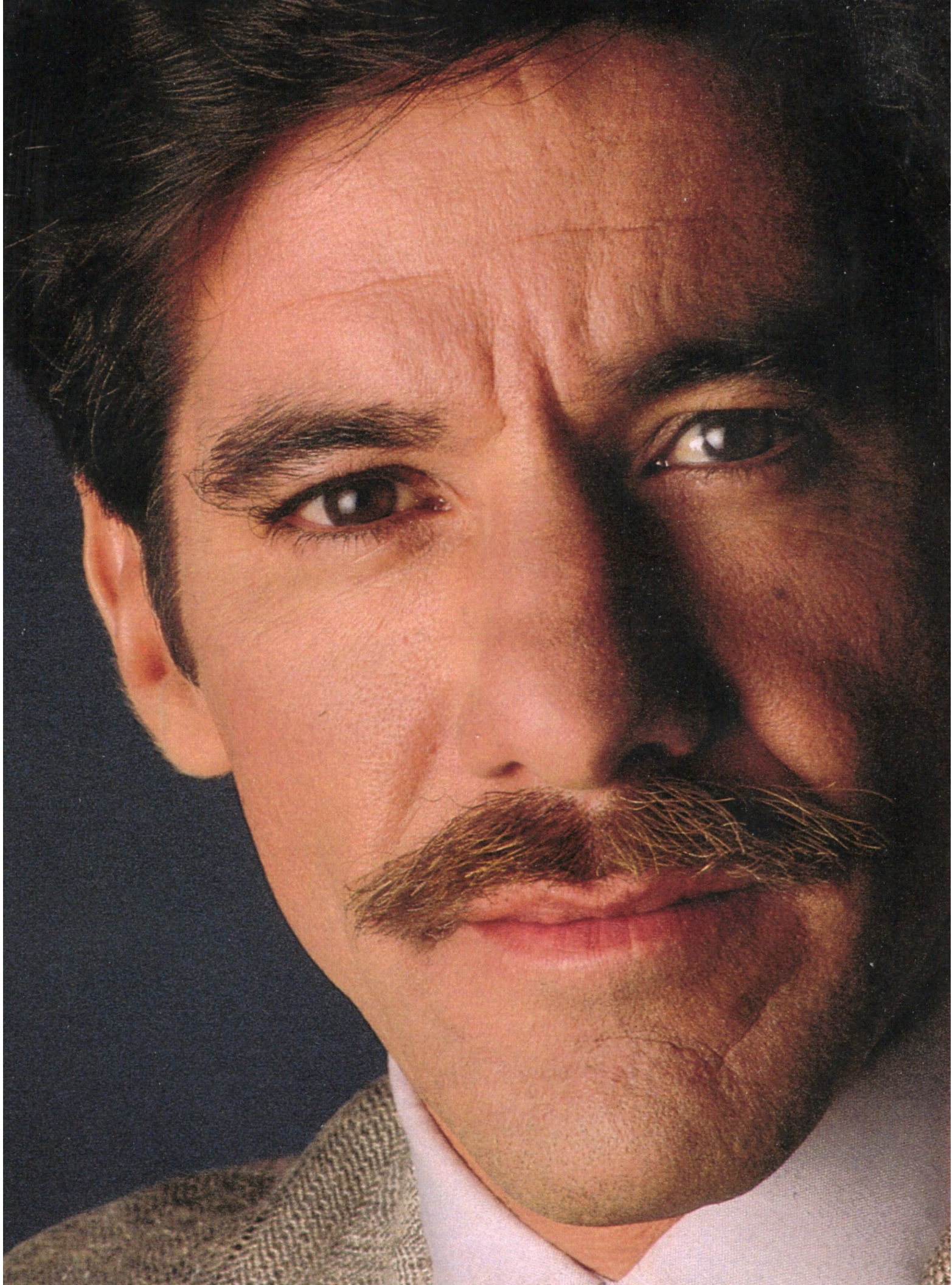
When her beautiful blond companion began gently nuzzling her sensitive throat, Kimberly knew that another fantasy was about to be fulfilled.





Striking a defiant pose, the stunning bikers left a trail of startled motorists in their wake as they sped off into the California sunset. O+





•Like most of the people who watch television, things affect me, on and off camera. Injustice makes me angry. I react compassionately to victims and underdogs. And passionately to villains and thieves. •

GERALDO RIVERA

That's funny. Geraldo's nose doesn't look Jewish . . . or even Puerto Rican. It's all healed now, and is even a bit turned up at the tip. Not Michael J. Fox, exactly, but prettier than before that indelible moment in television history when his skin-head guests reverted to their natural behavior and began throwing chairs around.

All of which just reinforces the old adage about every ill wind blowing some good—meaning a spate of worldwide publicity, a *Newsweek* cover featuring his bloodied broken nose in glowing color, and a

boost in ratings that has solidified Geraldo Rivera's position among the top-20 nationally syndicated programs. He's entered a real ratings race with his peers on the daily talk circuit—Oprah, Donahue, et al.—beating them in some cities, running neck and neck in others, depending on whether Donahue has a program on lesbian nuns or Oprah is exploring the joys of liposuction in ten easy lessons. And beginning in September, the show will be broadcast opposite both rivals in the nation's largest TV market—New York.

Geraldo Rivera is more than background noise. To

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN

reach the people and get the rating numbers he does, he has to be different. And the most obvious difference is the man himself. For openers, he's the only host with a mustache.

"I'm not smarter or better-looking than Phil, Oprah, Johnny, or David, but I'm different," he says. "I've been a newsman for the past 18 years, in war and peace, reporting from all 50 states and as many foreign countries."

Which is a lot more than the others can say. And his 45-year-old eyes have seen the full range of human experience—from the exhilaration and triumph of swimming with a whale in the Caribbean, competing in the 1984 boat race from Marion, Massachusetts, to Bermuda, and running with the bulls in Pamplona in 1985, to the pits of misery and despair exposed in his programs on the Willowbrook State School for the mentally retarded (now the Staten Island Developmental Center), the war in Lebanon, and the drug and AIDS epidemics (a junkie in a shooting gallery thrust an AIDS-infected needle at him!).

"It leaves a sense of perspective and empathy," he says softly, admitting that he wears his heart on his sleeve, unlike most reporters. "Like most of the people who watch television, things affect me, on and off camera. Injustice makes me angry. I react compassionately to victims and underdogs. And passionately to villains and thieves."

That's why the show "Geraldo" is, like its colorful host, filled with emotion. It's up close and personal. It's incendiary—sparks fly, tears flow, and the laughs come from the belly. . . .

Just as emotional are the reviews of such shows as his NBC special on devil

worship, which, between commercials, dealt with ritualistic child abuse, blood-soaked orgies, and dismembered corpses. Condemned by some critics as "dirty-minded television" and "an exercise in hysteria," it was nonetheless the highest-rated two-hour documentary ever on network TV. Can a new series called "Saturday Night Satanism" be far behind?

Rivera was born in Babylon, Long Island, to a Puerto Rican father and Jewish mother—"a wild combination!" he says—who worked in a New York cafeteria, which he credits for his lack of pretension. He affectionately remembers his bar mitzvah as "a very interesting family reunion. It was in a volunteer-fire-department hall. Eighty percent of the guests were Puerto Rican Christians who at the most solemn moment removed their yarmulkes and put them over their hearts because that was how they expressed devotion."

In keeping with this spirit of eclecticism, Geraldo was educated at the University of Arizona and Brooklyn Law School, with a course in journalism at Columbia along the way. But it was his work as a storefront lawyer on New York's Lower East Side that led to his news career as a reporter with WABC New York's Eyewitness News Team and the ABC network's late-night "Good Night America," his eight-year association with "20/20," and his celebrated firing by ABC President Rooney Ariedge over a piece on Marilyn Monroe and her involvement with the Kennedys.

That was the nadir of Geraldo's highly visible career, but his expertise in street-level journalism and gut feeling for the

kind of story that grabs the audience and shakes them up led him to create his own Investigative News Group and his current series of bristling, gritty, show-it-as-it-is, real-life TV.

He's taken us on drug busts, a tour through Al Capone's secret vaults (which were embarrassingly empty), a visit to Charles Manson, and a trip to a female prison in California. He's investigated Elvis Presley's death and the JFK assassination—as well as doing the first nationally broadcast interviews with a Florida mother convicted of causing her daughter's suicide; the parents of baby Tabitha Foster, following their daughter's five-organ transplant operation; the advisers to Tawana Brawley; slashed model Marla Hanson; and Jimmy Swaggart.

There have been four wives along the way: a college sweetheart; then Kurt Vonnegut's daughter, Edith; next, film producer Sheri Raymond, mother of his ten-year-old son Gabriel; and his current and "forever" wife, C. C. Dyer, who has produced "Geraldo" since it started in 1987. To underline her permanence, her initials have been added to a tattoo on his right arm, which he displays proudly, joking that it would be easy to change it to O. O. if he ever married someone named Olive O'Keefe.

Fred Robbins, host of the nationally syndicated radio program "Assignment Hollywood," who has interviewed Burt Reynolds and Lee Marvin, among others, for *Penthouse*, turned the tables on Geraldo in his own penthouse—his office above New York's theater district that is loaded with wall-to-wall awards, including ten Emmys, and pictures of the star with the famous as well as the infamous.

Penthouse: Was having your nose broken during the program with the white supremacists and Roy Innis, the black activist, the worst thing that ever happened to you on TV?

Rivera: It wasn't the worst thing, because most of what came out of it was good. I was hit by the chair in the first ten seconds of the melee, then I just singled out the guy who had thrown the chair and we engaged in kind of a toe-to-toe slugfest for the next 45 seconds or a minute. I didn't feel the pain at all. I was in my fighting mode—I had such an adrenaline pump that it didn't faze me. I didn't even realize I had been cut so badly until after it was all over. I hated them so much—those racist, anti-Semitic thugs—that at some elemental level I felt more comfortable dealing with them with my fists than I did in an intellectual way, because it's impossible to try to rationalize with these guys or be reasonable because they're so off.

Penthouse: Were your critics reasonable in reporting the incident?

Rivera: The heat I got afterwards from the critics—although it was probably more intense than I ever received—was not atypical. You know, I've been the crit-

ics' whipping boy for most of my 18 and a half years in the television business. Sometimes it hurts my feelings. I mean, some of the things are particularly cruel, but more often than not it rolls off my back. So I have to say that it was not the worst thing that happened to me by a long shot. **Penthouse:** When did you get used to that kind of criticism?

Rivera: There was a time when I read everything. I'm talking about following "Eyewitness News" in the early seventies, and then going into the "Good Night America" show—my first national show in the mid-seventies. I was really very curious about how people perceived me, and of course I was new to the business and I was, like most of the people in our business, an egotist. I wanted to see how people perceived me, and it did hurt me then. I'm a real sensitive person, anyway—I think most passionate people are—so I did feel that people were taking a lot of cheap shots. And then, as time went on and as my career was unaffected by all the noise outside directed at me, I started caring less—and more important than caring less, I stopped reading it. I just turned it off. I took a position of assuming it would be negative,

and while it hurt me a lot in the beginning, now it's just a bunch of dogs yapping at my heels. I don't even notice them.

Penthouse: Do they have any impact at all on you or your career?

Rivera: That's an interesting and very complicated question, but let me just say that unlike a Broadway show—where the *New York Times* critic can close it in two days—in television, because the audience is so vast, newspaper critics reach an audience that's only a fraction of the total television audience. So I'd have to say that, no, they don't have an impact. I don't think that television critics are read nearly so religiously as theater critics are, and I don't think they have any impact. Certainly my situation is a classic example of that. The more they complain and bitch about me, the more popular I seem to become. However—this is the big news, I think—for the first time in the last couple of months, I have noticed how advertisers are being affected by critics as well as by the ratings. Also, I think that if you get into a situation where advertisers start to pull their money out or put their money in, depending on programs that they choose, then you might get back to a situation like in the early days of tele-

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Lights and Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Menthol 100's:
12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

vision, where advertisers were really calling the shots. It wasn't the network censors or the network executives that were saying what would or would not go on—it was the advertisers. In the early days of television, you had advertisers actually producing their own programs, like "Hallmark Hall of Fame," that kind of stuff. The danger, in my opinion, is that we might get back to that. We might get back to where Madison Avenue has veto power over what gets on or not, and I worry about that.

Penthouse: What's the worst thing any critic ever said about you, and contrariwise, the best?

Rivera: *The New York Times*, in the editorial page, called my devil-worship show pornography masquerading as journalism. That's about as low as you can get. That's something that I just wanted to go over—you know, they're only a couple of doors down here on 43rd Street—I wanted to go there and smack the guy around a little bit, because I was sure he didn't see the show. The best thing anyone can say about me is that I'm sincere and that what you see is what you get.

Penthouse: How would you defend yourself against the *Times* comment?

Rivera: I think that *The New York Times* should change its slogan from "All the news that's fit to print" to "All the news that's nice," because *The New York Times* doesn't even cover things as distasteful

as cults and Satan worship and kids going off on murderous tangents. They don't like to get dirty. They cover a cult story only after it's being prosecuted and they have all the facts before them. They don't want to get involved in the business of investigative reporting. My comeback to them is that *The New York Times* is really out of touch. With all their writers living comfortably up in Greenwich and Westchester County, they're out of touch with what's happening on the streets. I am far more connected than most of the reporters over at *The New York Times*.

Penthouse: In other words, nothing is out of bounds, no matter how vile, how revolting, how nauseating—including the Satan show . . .

Rivera: I mean all those things . . .

Penthouse: Their implication was that this was really too much.

Rivera: It's really too much, but the fact of the matter—and I think we proved it pretty conclusively on that special—is that satanism is a growing phenomenon that is having a dramatic impact on the nation's youth. They criticized the show I did that busted into the fight. A week after the show, two or three skinheads up in the Northwest killed a black exchange student for purely racial reasons. And now I read that CBS is doing a five-parter on skinheads. This is all bullshit. It's difficult when you're the first one doing something. It's so much easier to follow the

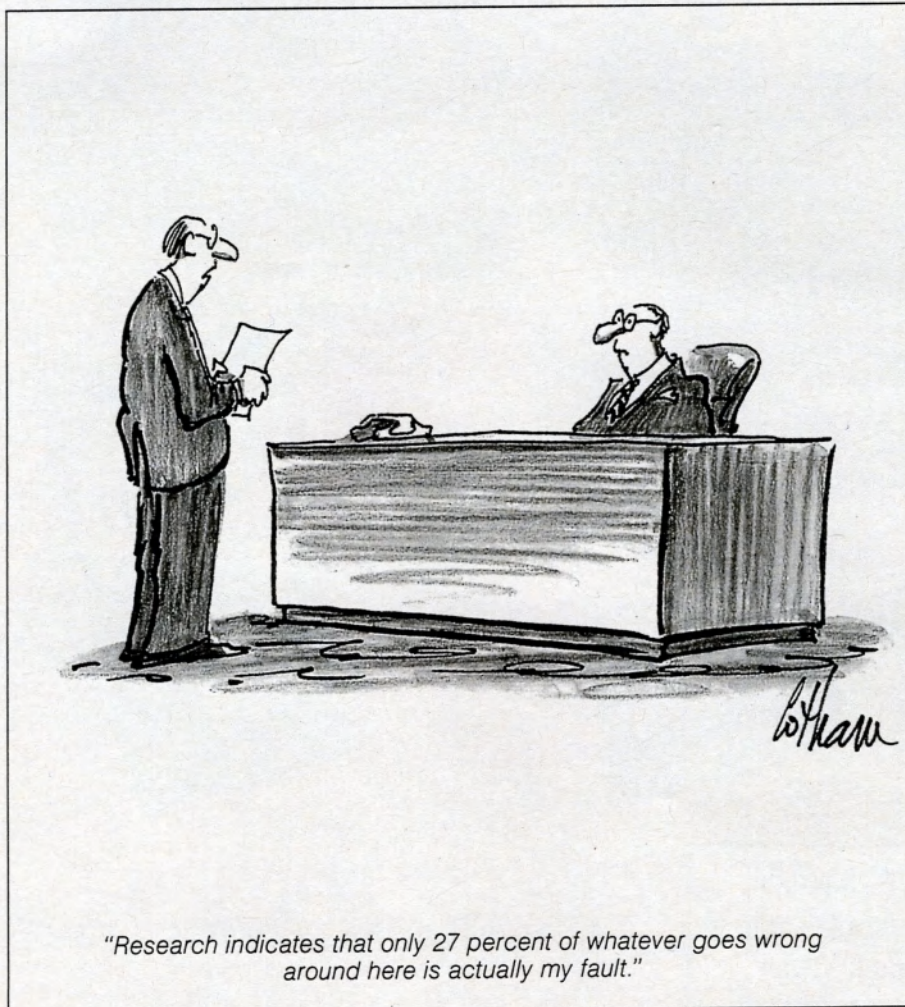
pack. When you're alone, when you're doing stuff that no one else is doing, that's when you become the lightning rod. That's when you take the heat.

Penthouse: What about the element of good taste?

Rivera: First of all, taste is extremely subjective. Let me say that if another reporter did exactly the same show, showed the same images, spoke the same words, and if that was an establishment person, they wouldn't take nearly the heat that I do. I think that they review me as much as what I do, and I think that in that sense, they are everything they criticize me for. They are subjective, they are biased. They are definitely not evenhanded. Secondly, if a story is real, then you've got to tell the story. NBC wanted me to tell the story of these ritual murders by saying something like, "This is a ritual murder." I said to the censor, "What the hell is a ritual murder?" I mean, that's why nobody knows what's going on, because everybody's so nice. They talk about these things in generalities—nobody knows what a ritual murder is. What is that? Is that like an Indian powwow? What's a ritual murder? A ritual murder is like this case I profiled in San Francisco—it's a case where they cut his fucking eyes out, they cut his balls off, they drank his blood, they carved devil's pentagrams. . . . Now you get an understanding of how horrific devil worship can be, and we have to go some distance down that descriptive road so people understand that. And if you don't—if you're nice about it—then people won't have a clue. Yes, of course there's taste involved. There wasn't a red blood splotch in that whole show. There's more gore on the local news every night than there was in my entire two-hour devil-worship show. But you have to, for God's sake, begin to describe what these people are about. Otherwise, why do the program?

Penthouse: How did television get to the point where it is so open now?

Rivera: In my opinion, the networks have consistently over-estimated the social conservatism of the American people. Look at the United Kingdom, for example, a place that's very, very socially conservative. They have frontal nudity on network TV. They have obscenity when it's appropriate, when it's relevant. Americans have shied away from things like that because of various vocal pressure groups. It's not that people don't want to watch that stuff—obviously they do. I mean, we're watching it now. Point two is that there is a tremendous explosion in the area of reality television, and there is an aspect of competition in that there is an aspect of crass commercialism. There was a time when the networks had an absolute monopoly on news and information. They were the only voices that could reach the people with anything smacking of a documentary. You just couldn't get it on TV unless you were network news. Even the entertainment divi-



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sion at the networks couldn't do it. That of course is changing, and it's changing rapidly. Starting with David Frost's interview of Richard Nixon back in the late seventies, you began to have a dramatic democratization of real life, of nonfiction, of news programming. In this tremendous explosion, you're going to have good and bad. You're going to have people who are just appealing to the prurient interest of the audience; you're going to have people who are doing a pretty respectable job of it and some who are doing as professional a job as the networks or better. So in that huge universe you're going to get some bad taste, and that's inevitable. But the thing to applaud is, for God's sake, finally we have diversity. Finally we have the monopoly of the network-news division broken. Finally we have other voices. And so I applaud the trend. I helped invent it and I applaud it.

Penthouse: Do you subconsciously or consciously try to appeal to the audience's prurient interest?

Rivera: The one thing I don't want to sound like in this interview is too pompous, because there's no doubt that there is that aspect of it. Also, there is the aspect of just pure ratings, especially in a sweeps period, and anyone in television who denies that is a hypocrite and a liar. The program I did recently was a classic kind of ratings ploy. It was not any program that really had much redeeming social value. I had Willie Nelson, and I had the guys from Kiss on. They weren't talking about their music. They weren't talking about their philosophy. They were talking about sex on the road.

Penthouse: Groupies?

Rivera: Groupies. So that's a classic kind of hot show that you do in a ratings period. Conversely, in the same week I also did two shows on the Kennedy assassination—the conspiracy thing—a very, very thoughtful kind of good reportage. And so it's a balance, it's a trade-off.

Penthouse: How many ladies did Gene Simmons tell you he had affairs with?

Rivera: He told me 3,000.

Penthouse: Do you think it's possible?

Rivera: I think it's definitely possible. I asked him what the secret of his popularity was, and he said large appendages—he didn't mean his arms.

Penthouse: Talking about macho, were you scared during that fight with the racists?

Rivera: I'm a veteran of street fights. First of all, I was a boxer for eight years. I've covered a dozen wars and been involved in street scenes almost since the beginning of my career. Before that I was a storefront lawyer on the Lower East Side, where I lived, so fear was not an aspect at all. I tell you, the only thing I was really pissed off about in the whole thing is that the camera didn't follow me when I was pummeling that racist piece of shit who had thrown the chair in my face.

Penthouse: What other fights have you been involved in?

Rivera: Oh, lots of street fights. See, I got these 37 stitches here, straight down my forehead. You know, I came up pretty rough, but I'm trying to be a pacifist now.

Penthouse: Why did you want to give those skinheads an audience at all?

Rivera: I didn't give them an audience. I put them on television to skewer them and that's what I did—I skewered them.

Penthouse: How do you feel about "trash television" or "tabloid television"?

Rivera: I've lived through almost a dozen labels. First I was the People Reporter, then I was the Advocacy Journalist. Then I was the Ambush Interviewer, then the News Punk, then the Tabloid-TV Person, and now I'm the Trash-TV Person. I'm still doing the same thing. The labels are changing, but for almost two decades I've been doing the same thing. Substantively, what I do is not that different from what any traditional newsman does. I go out and I get a story. I report a story. Where the big difference is, is stylistic.

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Those racist, anti-Semitic thugs—I felt more comfortable dealing with them with my fists than in an intellectual way.

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cally. I just do it differently, but I hope that I'm evolving as a man, as a person. I don't know nearly as much now as I used to when I started. There's a lot more grays in life than there used to be, but I'm still basically the same person.

Penthouse: Are the standards in television news different today?

Rivera: I think that in terms of pure reporting, the standards are as tough or tougher than they've ever been, for very practical reasons. I get so much bad press, it's easy for my enemies to take comfort from that. If I do a segment in San Francisco, the *San Francisco Chronicle* or some local station typically goes and re-interviews the people I interviewed: "Did he really do that right?" "Did he pay you money to do that?" "Did he stage that?" I am so careful in the essence of what I do—and it's not just because I have principles, it's for self-defense. I am so careful, we report the shit out of stories.

Penthouse: So what you do is not the *National Enquirer* come to life?

Rivera: You know what it really is? It's not the *National Enquirer*, it's really the *Daily News*—the New York *Daily News*—in that

great populist tradition. I don't lecture down to people. It's not *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal*. It's not on Mount Olympus looking down at the masses—it's a kind of buddy-buddy approach.

Penthouse: Larry Gelbart, co-producer and writer of "M*A*S*H," recently said that with the way things are going, we're going to see the live sex act on TV within ten years. . . .

Rivera: I'll tell you this about Larry or about those guys—you could have had a live sex act opposite my devil-worship show and people would have still watched my show, because it's reality, it's real life. It's not sex, it really isn't sex—it's passion. And it's that, *If I don't watch the show, I'm going to be the only person on the bus with nothing to talk about tomorrow.*

Penthouse: What do you think of "60 Minutes" and "20/20"?

Rivera: I think "60 Minutes" and "20/20" are tabloid TV, too. If we are, they are. I mean, I'm a person who is an eight-year veteran: 165 stories on "20/20." The Elvis cover-up—that was a classic tabloid kind of show. It's the highest-rated "20/20" ever—you know, all those other things. Of course I also did my Pentagon exposés when I was there and that kind of stuff. But I did plenty of the same thing that I'm doing right now, and I think if the label is tabloid TV, then you've got to watch the news magazines also.

Penthouse: What do you think about Morton Downey, Jr.?

Rivera: I think Morton Downey, Jr., is very unique as a person. I don't know how he can keep it up. I mean, you must feel down some days, and to always be shouting . . . Morton Downey does a talk show for the hockey crowd.

Penthouse: Knowing about Downey, why would anyone be a guest on his show?

Rivera: I don't know. I've been invited on and I'll never go on. I don't want to make a spectacle of myself. I mean, it's a no-win proposition. What do you do? All right, you go in and you successfully defend yourself against shouted invectives, and I'm just not into that. My show is far more responsible. It has as its goal light and heat—not just heat.

Penthouse: What about Oprah Winfrey and Phil Donahue?

Rivera: I think Oprah is really the class in the field right now, certainly ratings-wise, although we're doing great, too. She's really got something. She's got a certain charisma that definitely appeals to the young women in the audience, and they feel a sense of camaraderie with her. She's very compassionate, very huggy. Donahue also—I mean, he's a giant. He's a giant. He's been doing it for 22 years and he's still . . . we're neck and neck with him right now. We recently beat him for the first time, and I think that he still has many miles to run. A real politician, very closely identified with the women's movement, very sensitive guy—a smart man.

PROFILE

FIRST TO KNOW



BY LYNN KEARCHER

When you think of the stereotypical gossip columnist, a Louella Parsons-Cindy Adams "lady who lunches" type comes to mind. Yet Richard Johnson, editor of "Page Six" in the *New York Post*, is the antithesis of this image. A tall, clean-cut blond, Johnson has an almost passive presence, as if he should be slaloming down the slopes at Aspen, rather than working in a high-pressure New York newsroom.

Yet he has spent ten years at the *Post*, the last four editing what is perhaps the most widely read column in the metropolitan area. "Page Six" is devoted to spilling the beans on personalities in the limelight—or as Johnson tells it, "I see it as a column dedicated to deflating the balloons that celebrities are attempting to float up." He goes on to say that he views his brand of journalism as keeping the public

on its toes, and calls it "healthy skepticism." For example, Johnson is working on a few exposés of charity scams. "I am disgusted by people who claim to be philanthropists holding charity benefits to promote themselves."

Despite the good that Johnson claims gossip can do, it is nevertheless a ruthless business. "Basically, if the story is good and the facts check out, I run it." Reflecting back, he

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN NAHOUM

"My column is dedicated to deflating balloons that celebrities attempt to float. I'm disgusted by people holding charity benefits to promote themselves."

says, "There was one time I forfeited a story because I was begged not to run it." A high-ranking politician's wife was on a strict diet, and Johnson got word of it. The politician knew that if the facts hit "Page Six," going home every day would be sheer hell, so he made a deal with Johnson: "Don't run the story and I'll give you three better ones in exchange." Quips Johnson, "I dropped the item and ended up getting three stories much better than the diet one."

When the *Post* decided to run "Page Six" every issue—an unheard-of demand in the realm of newspaper columns—it put enormous stress on Johnson to track down eight or nine stories a day. One might guess that Johnson would be tempted to pay for his information, but he says he doesn't. "There is a strict policy at the *Post* to refrain from checkbook journalism." He claims that there are "people who love to gossip . . . professional gossips of sorts. They call me with stories," he pauses, chuckling, "and then they call me for favors."

Johnson arrived at his job at the *Post* in a rather circuitous manner. Born and raised in Manhattan, he went to the University of Colorado, but dropped out after a couple of years to test his hand at carpentry. He moved back to New York and began renovating loft spaces before it became chic. A knack for hearing news and a talent for writing quickly landed him a job at the *Chelsea Clinton News*. It was there that Johnson made several publishing contacts, one of whom suggested he apply for a position at the *Post*. He got the job, and has since been making news himself. He is frequently seen dining at New



York's trendy restaurants, and he maintains such an inconspicuous cool that one is compelled to trust him. "I never carry a pencil," he says. "I think it throws people off sometimes."

When asked what was the best story he ever worked on, Johnson is quick to answer, "The last one. It's hard to say," he tells us. "I have to produce at least eight stories a day. But I did have fun with the Paul Newman story I wrote a few years ago." Johnson is referring to a clip he lifted from *The New York Times* that stated the blue-eyed superstar was "a

lean five feet 11 inches." In his column, Johnson wrote, "Anyone who has met Paul face-to-face says he has never hit five feet 11, except in heels." He further spurred Newman on by offering to pay \$1,000 to his favorite charity or political candidate for every inch he clocked in over five foot eight.

Although Newman wasn't pleased, he soon dropped the issue. Others exposed in Johnson's column are not so forgiving. When a story appeared about the play *Senator Joe*—which never opened on Broadway due to lack of financing—"Page Six" stated

that the stagehands and wardrobe staff refused to work. Johnson implied that it was because of a dearth of funds. But an angry stagehand interpreted this to mean he and his colleagues stopped the play from opening, and threatened Johnson with bodily harm. Nothing actually happened, and Johnson contends that threats are not usually physical, "but legal." "My column is thoroughly gone over by lawyers," he says, "so now I shrug off the attacks and simply say, 'Sue me.'" And sue they do. As of press time, Zsa Zsa Gabor has a suit pending against Johnson for \$70 million.

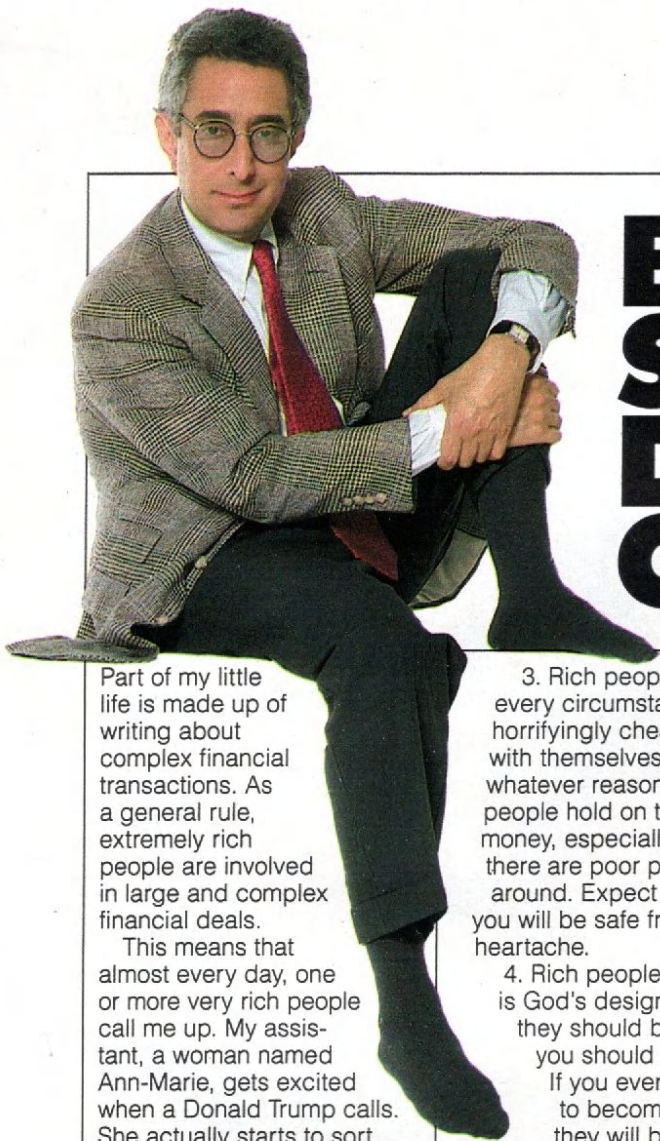
In his spare time, Johnson spends time with his ten-year-old son, skis, and "plays basketball with a group of guys from the neighborhood." For all the power Johnson holds, he has a somewhat puckish attitude toward it all, which makes one think he does his job because it's fun, not because he has any malicious motives. When asked where he would like to be five years from now, he enthusiastically says, "Right here, editing 'Page Six.'"

It is early afternoon, and Johnson is keying up to meet his deadline for the next day. We ask him what stories he's working on right now. With the excitement of a cub reporter who just cracked his first big scoop, Johnson says, "An editor at *People* magazine just tossed a computer out a window. . . . [Writer] Tama Janowitz has been seen in public with lots of dirt under her fingernails, and I'm trying to get to the bottom of that. . . . And Mary Lou Retton lost a commercial contract because, she claims, she's 'developed into a woman.' Of course, I think people have forgotten who she is, and that she's bigger!"

First page: Richard relaxes in a khaki jacket from NEW MAN; turtleneck sweater, Calvin Klein Sport; pants by Gianfranco Ruffini; socks, Laura Pearson for Tijuca; vintage watch from the Aaron Faber Gallery. This page: M. Julian's goatskin bomber jacket tops a white T-shirt from JC Penney's; shirt by Zeppelin Sportswear; jeans, Levi's; western belt and leather boots from

the Justin Boot Company. Opp. page: Oilskin coat and Akubra "Snowy River" hat from the Original Australian Outfitters, Outback Trading Co., Ltd., Oxford, PA; pants by Jhane Barnes; Gianfranco Ruffini sweater covers a shirt from Henry Lehr; tie by Cecilia Metheny; bucks, Cole-Haas; gloves by Gates; socks by Laura Pearson for Tijuca; stylist: Stephen Pappas.





BEN STEIN'S DAY OFF

Part of my little life is made up of writing about complex financial transactions. As a general rule, extremely rich people are involved in large and complex financial deals.

This means that almost every day, one or more very rich people call me up. My assistant, a woman named Ann-Marie, gets excited when a Donald Trump calls. She actually starts to sort of giggle with anticipation. I always have to explain something basic to her. "The fact that Donald Trump is a billionaire and is calling me does not in any way whatsoever impart any money at all to me. None."

She always looks disappointed. But our conversations have taught me that we ordinary poor people often are confused about our relations with rich people. In the interests of mental health and calm, I would like to offer some help. Based on a lifetime of being a poor person and knowing thousands of rich people, here are Ben Stein's rules for dealing with rich people so you don't feel lousy afterward.

1. Rich people always expect favors from poor people, but will never do favors for poor people.

2. Rich people always expect poor people to pick up the tab.

3. Rich people are, in every circumstance, horrifyingly cheap, even with themselves. For whatever reason, rich people hold on to their money, especially when there are poor people around. Expect that, and you will be safe from heartache.

4. Rich people believe it is God's design that they should be rich and you should be poor.

If you ever start to become rich, they will become hysterically upset.

5. Rich people are no better than you or me. As my pal Rich Procter said, "If you don't think that God has pity on idiots, look at who He gives money."

Wealth also has nothing to do with looks or brains or cool. Are the coolest, smartest, best-looking people you know rich? Are the richest people you know cool, smart, or good-looking? 'Nuff said.

6. Rich people are not ashamed of being rich. They love being rich. They think they are better than you because they are rich. Don't expect Lady Jane to have sex with you, the hired help, because she's feeling guilty about all of that real estate. Don't expect Little Lord Fauntleroy to give you his Rolls because he admires the brawn of the workingman. In America, in any free society, money is worshiped by everyone in the whole culture. How could rich people feel

anything but great about it? They do.

7. Rich people are not at all shy about their money, especially if they've only had it a short time. Old money talks about how many acres in western Connecticut. New money talks about slightly flashier items. I recall an actual conversation at Mr. Chow's not long ago in which a very rich couple who had just hit it big in movie distribution vied with a tax-shelter duo. The conversation went something like this:

Rich man: "Just got back from Florence. Bought some interesting art. Few Botticellis, maybe a Renoir."

Rich woman: "We took TWA first-class, took over the whole cabin. Brought our maid and two nurses. Then we had three Rolls sedans meet us at the airport."

Rich man: "Not a bad way to travel. We took a Concorde, brought over Jason's class from the Center for Early Education . . ."

You see how it goes. After a while you actually begin to feel stupefied. Are they having fun doing this? Who knows? They are like an obscure rain-forest tribe with their own rituals.

8. Rich people never have to say they're sorry. Rich people do not apologize for being late, for spilling red wine on your carpet, for crashing their Jeep into your Nissan, for looting your company, for firing you, for letting their horses trample your crops. Period.

9. When they are among their own kind, rich people often love to play dress-up and pretend to be poor.

This has something to do with rich people's ability to vibrate between the scary fantasy of being poor and the safe, warm actuality of being rich. It's sort of like you or me going to see *Aliens*. At any rate, it's pure make-believe. Don't fall for it. It has nothing to do with humility and everything to do with game playing and mockery.

10. Rich people respond well to poor people only if poor people do not respect them. A smart friend once said that rich people were like prostitutes. "They only look up to you if you hit them," he used to say. Actually, physical force is not necessary. But ignoring them, looking at them as if they were naked, treating them like losers with money—only disregarding the money—that hits them where they live.

Rich people expect to be worshiped. If you ignore the only asset they have—money—they are defenseless. If you really and truly show no respect for their money, they have been known to shape up and show some human decency. They might even buy you lunch or walk your dog when you're sick. But don't count on it.

See? Rich people are fun to deal with if you know how to treat them. But you must be strict with them or they'll walk all over you. And now you know. 



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Penthouse: He's had to become more sensational to compete with Oprah, hasn't he?

Rivera: I think that if you look at the history of it, Donahue was the first one to do transsexuals, cross dressing, and lesbian nuns, Chippendale's. It was Donahue who invented those things. It wasn't Oprah. Oprah has perfected it.

Penthouse: How do you account for the close connection you have with your audience?

Rivera: I'll tell you the thing that I really believe has kept the audience in my corner, despite the fact that I've had some very publicized hard times—you know, getting fired from ABC, being 42 years old and not knowing what the hell I was going to do next. It was a very serious blow and I think a lot of people could relate to that. But more than that, it's the attitude that I have that I'm willing to risk it all every time out. Whether it's going into the heart of a crack alley or chasing John Gotti, the Mafia chief, down the street, or confronting Charlie Manson nose to nose—whatever it is, I'm willing to risk it all. When I'm afraid to confront the neo-Nazi or to slug it out with him, or when I'm afraid to run after John Gotti, or whatever it is, then I'll get out of the business, because then I will have broken my promise.

Penthouse: Is there any story you won't touch?

Rivera: That's a tough question, because who knows? But I'll tell you one thing I would never do. I would never do a story that endangered the national security. Let me give you a classic example. Remember when we bombed Tripoli? They're six hours ahead of us and it happened right around noon, New York time. Six hours before it happened, reporters in Rome got wind of the fact that the Sixth Fleet had been mobilized and they were all going into the so-called "Gulf of Death," the Gulf of Sidra, and they were going to bomb the shit out of something. I know NBC had the story, and I think some others had it. Why not go with that story? It's a scoop, so what? So you go with the scoop—the fucking Libyans are waiting for the F-16s and blow them out of the sky. I mean, of all the things I am in life, a reporter isn't the No. 1 thing, the premier thing. I mean, I'm a man. I'm a husband and a father and a patriot.

Penthouse: How bad was your falling-out with ABC?

Rivera: It was terrible. I had always been convinced since my second year of law school that I was going to be somebody in life, and here after all these years, to finally have that absolutely cut out from under me with no real place to go. Where could I go? Certainly not to CBS or NBC—they were the enemy for all those years. They made all the noise about hating me

and how I was everything that was wrong with journalism. They weren't just going to pick me up and put me on, although they should have. NBC should have—they couldn't do a news magazine to save their lives.

Penthouse: Why did ABC News President Boone Arledge do that?

Rivera: Well, there are a lot of reasons, but mainly he did it because he's an egoist, too. It was just a clash of egos. It was me against him. Only one of us could survive, and in my naïveté I figured he would be the one to go. But look how well it's worked out for me. I never would have had the chutzpah to leave. I would have stayed there. It would have been like Barbara Walters was Mom and Hugh Downs was Dad, and all the kids—Stossel, Jarriel, and all the rest—and I was like the black sheep of the family. I was 42 years old there, and how long was I going to be the son? I was very dissatisfied, very grumpy, and I had demanded my own

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I think that *The New York Times* should change its slogan from "All the news that's fit to print" to "All the news that's nice."

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show the year before and they had turned me down. I never would have had the guts to leave—to give up that big money, the big paycheck, the security of having that network flag to wrap myself in—unless I got kicked out the door.

Penthouse: Do you believe you can have an effect on people, on society?

Rivera: I definitely do. I think that social change is the most difficult of all processes. It's also the highest calling, and I cop to it—although most of my peers would run in horror, would shudder at the thought of it. But let me give you a real example. If you examine the transcript of Walter Cronkite's news reportage during the Vietnam era, you'd see a guy who is mildly uncomfortable with what's going on, but not taking a strong stand either way. If you watched the programs, you saw him read, "Well, the Pentagon says the body count today was 3,000 Vietcong killed and we lost two of our men," and his eyebrows are dancing all over the place and it's obvious that he's saying this thing with scorn and disbelief. He had an effect on the war in Vietnam and the way we carried it out—that was social change. The difference is, I copped to it.

The establishment journalists don't. I wanted very much to change the way the nation cared for the mentally retarded when I did the Willowbrook story, and it took me 50 follow-ups before that was accomplished. But I think that television did play an important part in that process. I think that it's something that is really the most noble aspect of what I do, although it's only a part of what I do.

Penthouse: What do you think of the commercials that were made for the presidential campaign?

Rivera: What a good question. You know, it's so pathetic to me how totally incompetent the Democrats were and how long it took them to figure out what we in the business figured out in the first two days. That not only were the Republicans leagues ahead in terms of their use of the media, but that the people watching these very cleverly devised attacks would believe them, because they were ultimately un rebutted. What the hell were the Democrats thinking of? Where have they been as television has soared into ascendancy as the basic communicator to the American people? How did they miss it?

Penthouse: There were several shows last year on the killing of John F. Kennedy. Do you have a theory about it?

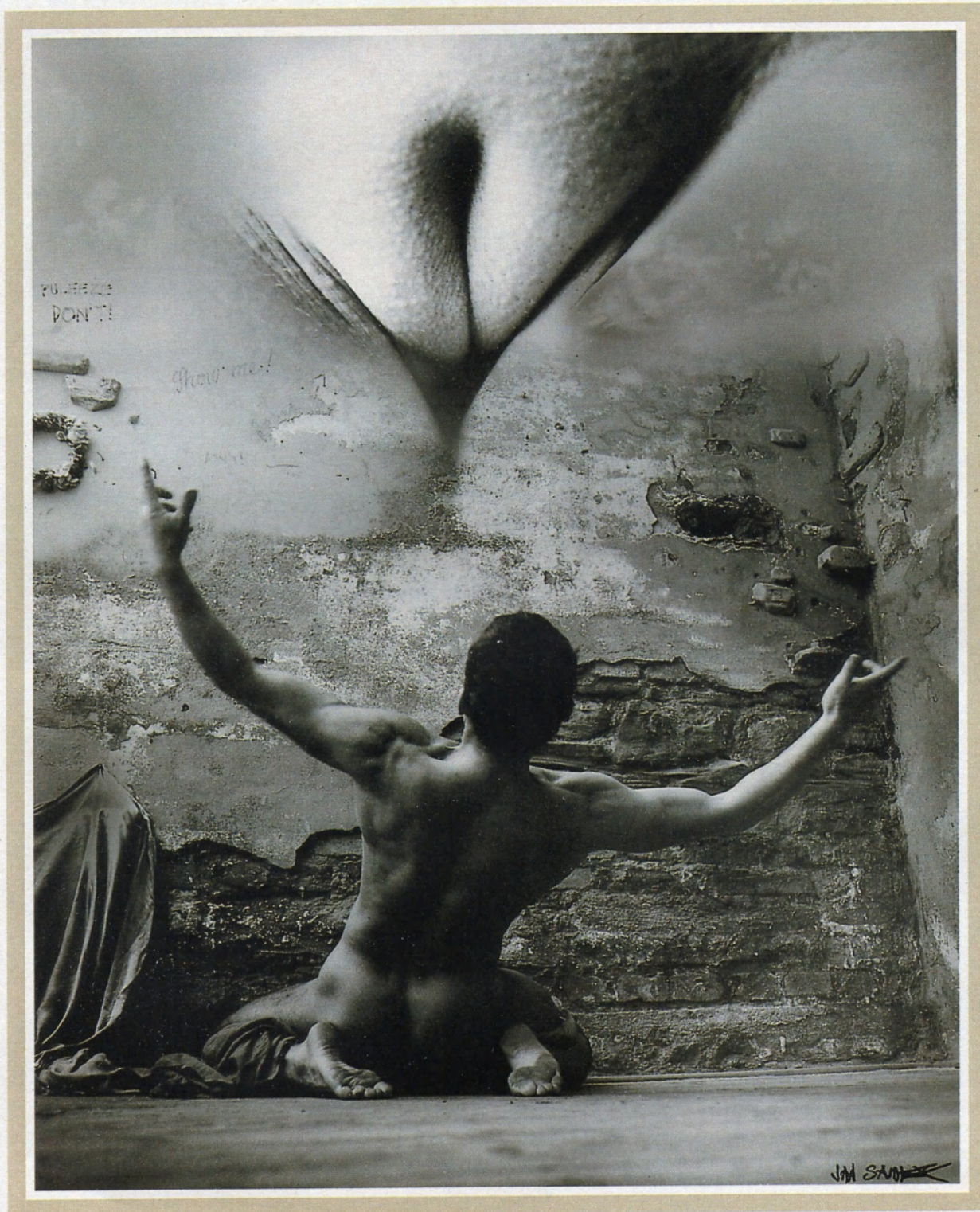
Rivera: My theory, ironically, is totally out of step. You know, I believe along with the minority of the people that the Warren Commission was probably correct. I haven't seen anything—and believe me, I didn't want to believe it, either—I mean, I couldn't believe that this fucking nerd, Lee Harvey Oswald, could kill this young and gracious president. But I really believe, when all is said and done and all the shouting and all the Mafia-isms and the—I mean, there are obviously some things in the investigation that disturb me greatly, but I think that it is as likely that it happened the way they told us it did as any other theory.

Penthouse: You had a very exciting and fascinating simulated trial of Lee Harvey Oswald on television. What do you think would have been the result of that trial?

Rivera: I think he would have been convicted. I think that the defense would have been better suited if they had tried to plead him guilty of some kind of involvement and turned him state's witness to give evidence against any of the other alleged co-conspirators. It would have been a much easier way to go, from the defense point of view. To plead him guilty to noncapital murder, say, and give him a life sentence in exchange for his testimony against [them], whether it was the Mafia or the C.I.A. or the F.B.I. or the Cubans or the Soviets, whoever else was involved, if indeed anyone else was. But to prove him innocent with the evidence they had against him—no way.

Penthouse: TV evangelists—that whole sick, horrible scene of Jim and Tammy Bakker, Swaggart, Falwell, and so forth—are they all Elmer Gantry's?

Rivera: There are a couple of them who



JAN SAUDEK

Czechoslovakian photographer Jan Saudek, born in 1935 and witness to the twentieth century's greatest atrocities, is a photographic artist of the highest order. Celebrated throughout Europe, Saudek has exhibited extensively in America. After many years of neglect, he is finally gaining recognition in his native country.



"When I received my first camera, a baby Brownie, my initial attempts were worse than bad," Saudek says. "I would say that it took me about 15 years to learn. No one explained anything to me. Perhaps everyone has the same experience. Anyhow, my isolation was complete and my experience was nil."



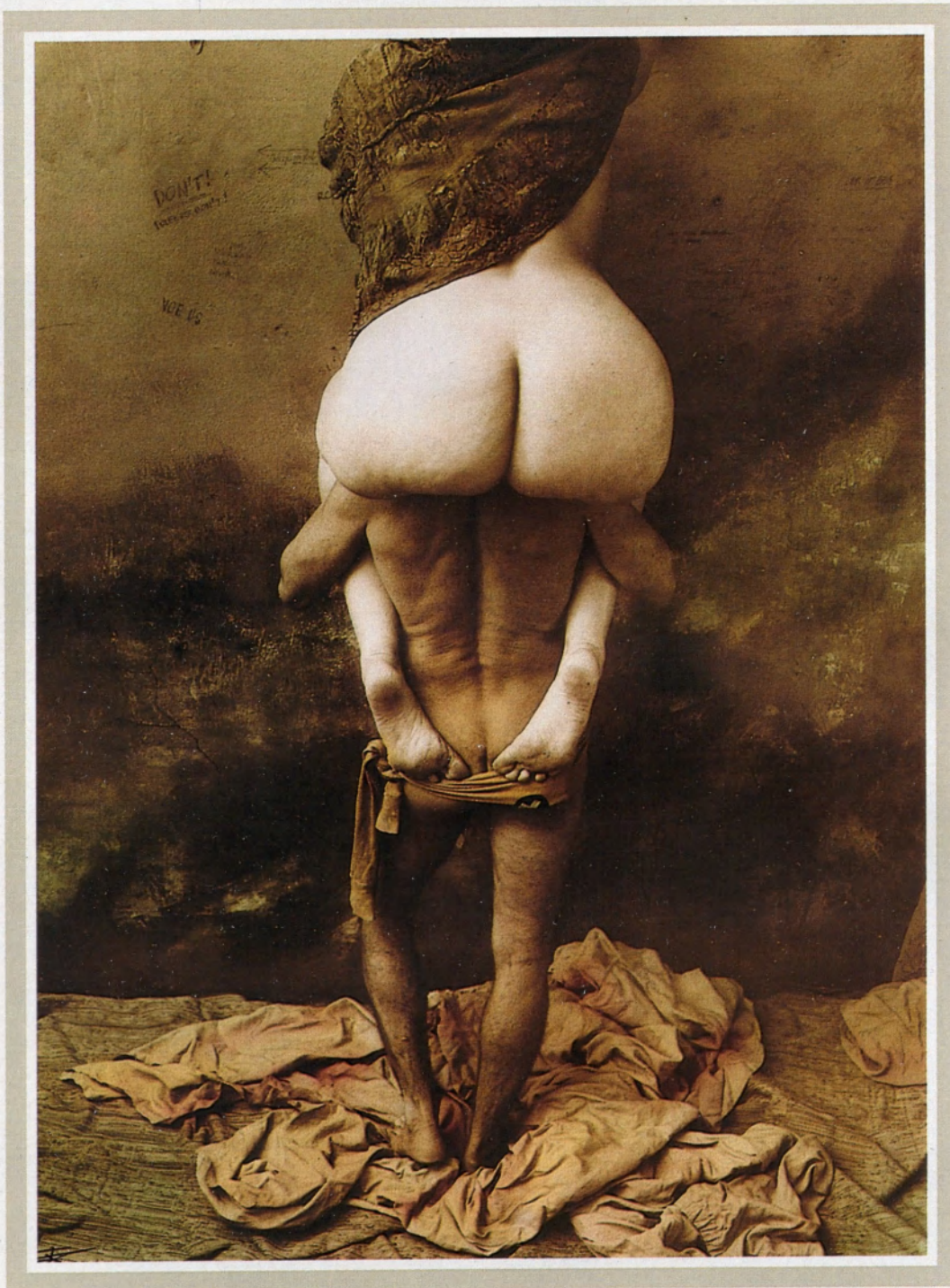


"My so-called studio, my camera, my equipment—everything is somehow pathetic. I could afford something better, but the important thing is what we want to express. The content is decisive."



"Just as the writer should be able to write a good novel with just a pen," says the artist, "so the camera, film, and even the models could be of any type."





"Oh, yes, to push aside everything temporary, unimportant—and then to seize the core of beauty. But that is impossible. So we stay with our illusions. I dreamed of paradise, as we all do. . . . I wanted wealth, success, and fame, but I found none of them. But I did see absolute beauty close enough to grasp a few times, and that is much more important to me." 〇十一

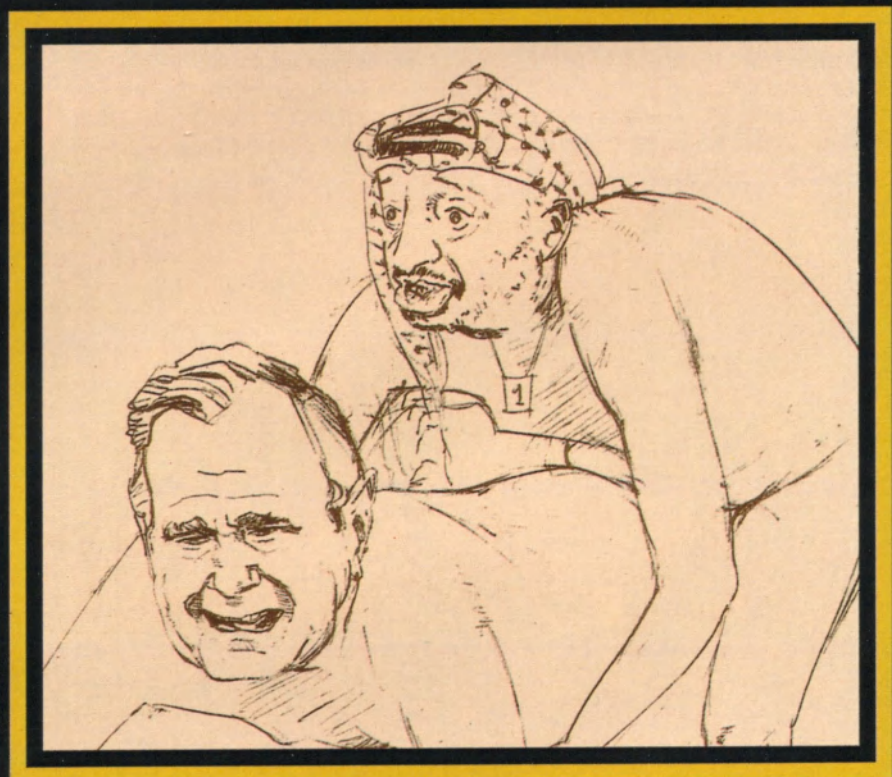
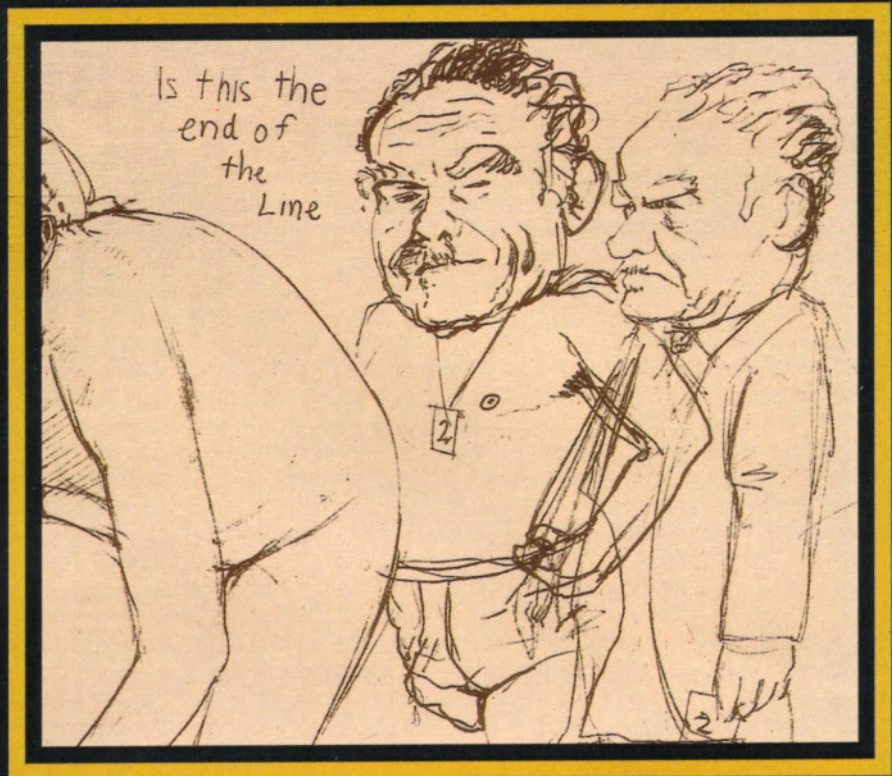




HOT TALKS



ORI HOFMEKLER 89



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 71

seem sincere and who are not in it for self-aggrandizement. But most of them seem to me to be in it as a business, and they're real actors—very charismatic, but pathetic, flawed, very human people underneath the cloaks. I think that what happened to Swaggart, Bakker, is really symptomatic of this whole class. There are exceptions, but not most of them.

Penthouse: Did Ed Meese offend your moral sense?

Rivera: Yeah, because he was a greedy pig, also. I mean, when people get into the self... I said self-aggrandizement—I don't mean that. I mean enriching themselves with playing influence and power their way—that bothers me. Oliver North doesn't seem to have been motivated by that, though. He seemed really to be a guy, a zealot, who went too far and should have been fired. But to criminally prosecute him, I'm not a big fan of that.

Penthouse: Would you like to have North on your program? What would you talk to him about?

Rivera: How far would he have gone? That's what gets me. I think that if he's willing to trade arms for hostages—you know, arms that went to the same people who blew up the Marines, his corps—how far would he go, what would he do?

Would he kill? Would he kill a third-world leader who was going to vote the wrong way in the next session of the United Nations? I mean, how far does a zealot go? How far can you go under the banner of patriotism?

Penthouse: You've done two stories on male exotic dancers. Is there an overtone of sexuality to Geraldo himself?

Rivera: Well, that's an interesting thought. I never thought about that. First of all, why do women respond? I think there's a tremendous amount of sexual frustration—they just get turned on. If you did it every day... The second time I did it, it didn't do nearly as well as the first time. So I think the bloom may be off that rose a bit, and we're not going to do it again, I promise you that. I shouldn't promise—never is a long time. When they did the surveys of me, when they were trying to figure out whether or not to do the show, I didn't come out very high as a sex symbol at all. I mean, I was sensitive and intelligent and all those kinds of things. But I hope that there's an aspect of that in my appeal. I mean, as compared to Oprah and Donahue and Morton Downey and Sally Jessy, I should hope that there's some aspect of sex appeal.

Penthouse: Where do you think your sensitivity comes from?

Rivera: My parents. Certainly my underdog instinct comes from them. You know, if there're two against one, I was always

taught to go on the side of the one. Man against woman—jump in on the side of the woman. Adult against a kid—jump in on the side of the kid. Institution, corporation, against individual—jump in on the side of the individual. And that is my instinct and that's where I start. Say a person who came from George Bush's background, the instinct is probably to jump the other way. I should hope that in both George Bush's case and my own, we're sufficiently mature that we let data and information mitigate or alleviate some of the rough edges. For example, if you jump in on the side of the woman, you'll find out she's a black belt in karate and she's beating the shit out of this poor guy, and when you find it out, get out of it. And I've done stories about individuals against the corporation, and the individual is dead wrong, you know, and I pulled out of them. I hope that training and professionalism can overcome that instinct, but it's a damn good place to start.

Penthouse: There's such a wonderful blend in your background—Puerto Rican—Jewish. How does it meld? What's more predominant?

Rivera: I come from two stereotypes. I mean, my father—God rest his soul, passed away a year now, Thanksgiving time—was a wonderfully compassionate, passionate, Latin-lover-type man. My mother, Lillian Friedman from Newark, New Jersey, a real Jewish mother in every sense. She made great chicken soup, the world's worst coffee. Always a real mother hen clucking around, and very huggy in the way Jewish people can be—as my father was in the way Puerto Rican people, Hispanic people, can be—and they're two so very different roots to have. They're so wildly different and yet in some ways so similar in terms of their respect for the family—you know, take care of the old ones, and stuff like that. My wife jokingly says that I'm Puerto Rican from the neck down and I'm Jewish from the neck up, and I go along with that.

Penthouse: Is that the better way to be, or the other way around?

Rivera: I'd rather be a Puerto Rican man down here and a Jewish man up here.

Penthouse: Is there any conflict in your responses or feelings about certain things? Does the Spanish aspect take over when you look at things a certain way, or does the Jewish aspect take over?

Rivera: Well, there's definitely an unconverted machismo to me that's very out of style these days. And I think that's probably why I rub a lot of critics wrong also, because I have that—and I don't apologize for it, which is the worst thing. And you know, being that out of step with the way modern men should act and behave, I think that causes a conflict. But not with me, within myself, because I'm perfectly at home with it. Thank God I'm a monogamous man for the first time in my life. I mean, that gives you such a sense of domestic tranquility that it gives you strength to go out there. **OT—**



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Quaylewatch!

GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN



*When the tides of life turn against you
And the waves upset your boat
Don't waste your tears on what
might have been
Just lay on your back and
float!*

—Ed Norton

Politics, like Ed Norton's sewers, attracts all sorts of strange floating objects on its murky surface. Of these, Dan Quayle has to be—in many ways—the ultimate floater. A black hole of charisma, he is a man of no particular ability, no real ambition, and less than average intelligence, with access to a small fortune. He has managed to float on the crest of life, and should anything go wrong with Bush, will then float into the position of the most powerful man on earth. This is the sort of life story that makes you want to just say "Yes!" to drugs.

Astute Americans contemplating the fate of the country in the near future know that the six most frightening words in the English language are "Dan, I'm not feeling very well."

But those of a more philosophical bent know that when it comes to Dan Quayle, the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. After all, the country not only survived eight years with a president having Alzheimer's disease, it actually thrived (if you weren't poor, homeless, black,

Mexican, gay, or under the age of 12). So if the U.S. can do well with a president who was brain-dead for the greater part of his term, it could probably wipe out its foreign debt and rule the world again with a president who carries on the Reagan tradition of know-nothingism and a vice president who, far from brain-dead, has no brain whatsoever.

In honor of the greatest non-entity to hold the vice-presidential job since George Bush, we've decided to keep Quayle under a microscope. To do this we are inaugurating our first regular "Games" feature: Quaylewatch. Why? Because he is there and it is simply too good a chance to pass up. After all, with the election of Bush and Quayle, the promise of the 1960s came to fruition. We now have a former spook and a draft dodger in the nation's highest offices. Obviously this bears watching.

The first order of business of Quaylewatch is to begin preparing the complete file of Quayle jokes. As you all know, they weren't long in coming after his nomination. The earliest Quayle joke known to us is:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To join the National Guard.

We believe that this joke was minted within four hours of Quayle's

nomination for the vice presidency and was possibly created by George himself to have a little fun at Dan's expense. But as the world now knows, it was only the tip of the iceberg, the nose of the camel, the beak of the quail. Soon Quayle jokes were being coined faster than the Franklin Mint could turn out Yasser Arafat peace medallions. Alas, the rapid drop-off in jokes following the election has only begun to pick up again now that the White House has a Bush and a Quayle in residence.

To correct this dismal trend, we are ready to offer our readers a free year's subscription for the best Quayle joke of the month, plus immortality in these pages as a comic wit. So keep your eyes open and send in those Quayle jokes, strokes, and anecdotes.

For the record, these are the current classic Quayle jokes. Variations on them will not be considered.

Did you hear there's already been an assassination attempt on George Bush?

He didn't get hurt, but the Secret Service got Quayle five times.

Chairman of George Bush's inauguration committee: "So, Mr. President Elect, after the inauguration, do you want to ride in the limousine with the bubble top?"



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6. NUMBER OF ENTRANTS. The actual number of entrants is impossible to determine.

George Bush: "No, let Dan Quayle take another car."

How will Bush handle the deficit?
Quayle bonds—no interest, no maturity.

What were Dan Quayle's three hardest years?
Second grade.

How did Dan Quayle get into law school?
The application asked "Handicapped?" and he wrote down "two strokes."

How is Dan Quayle like Millard Fillmore?
Both are vice presidents who didn't live in this century.

What do you get if you cross Dan Quayle with Richard Nixon?
A public official who doesn't know if he is a crook or not. . . .

Why wasn't Dan Quayle class president in kindergarten?
He used his uncle's influence to get out of the sandbox.

What was the name of the great Stanley Kubrick war movie about Dan Quayle's military career?
"Full Dinner Jacket."

George Bush has announced that his vice president's first official assignment will be to travel to Lebanon to get firsthand information on the hostage situation.

Dan Quayle is so dumb he thinks that Cheerios are doughnut seeds.

Vice President Quayle: the looks to get a woman pregnant and the politics to keep her that way.

What do you get when you cross a chicken with a hawk?
A Quayle.

What's the difference between Jane Fonda and Dan Quayle?
Jane went to Vietnam.

What did Marilyn Quayle say to her husband immediately after sex?
"You really are no Jack Kennedy."

"The Secret Service is under order that if Bush is shot, to shoot Quayle."—Senator John Kerry

From "Night Court" (Wednesday, November 23, 1988):

Judge Stone: [After hearing of a harrowing escape including falling from a hot-air balloon, bouncing off an awning, riding on the top of a bus, flying into a pile of fruit, and living to tell about it!] "You must be the luckiest man alive!"
Reply: "No, Dan Quayle is!"

What do you see in one of Vice President Quayle's ears when you shine a flashlight in the other?
A thousand points of light.

A New York nightclub has designated Tuesday nights "Quayle Night." You get in free if your parents call and make reservations.

It's not true that Pat Robertson and Dan Quayle passed the time on election eve swapping war stories.

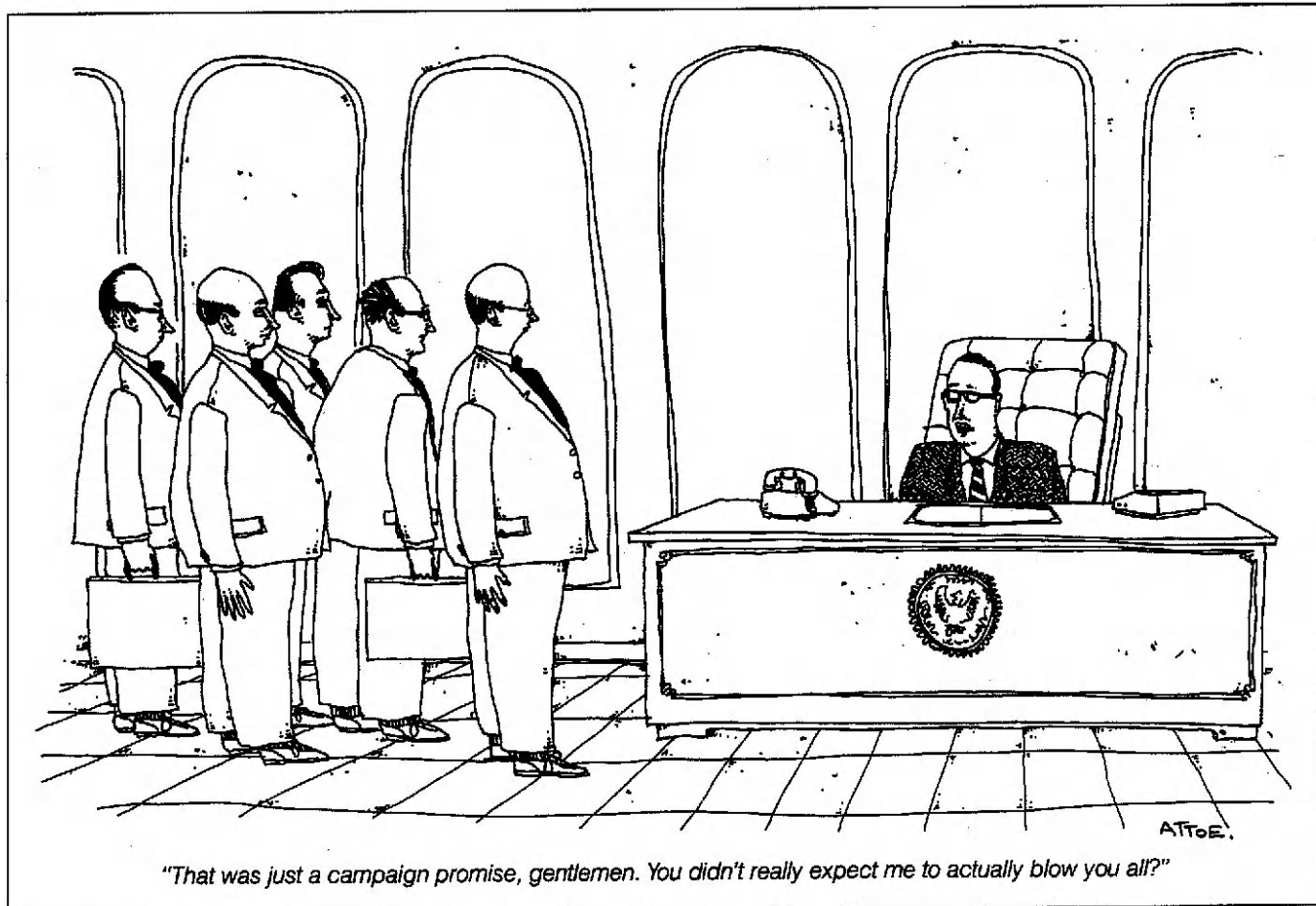
Dan Quayle: "A lot of people don't understand service in the National Guard. Basically you just spend years sort of sitting around waiting for something to happen. I think that's perfect training for the vice presidency."

Quayle: too inexperienced for a do-nothing job.

What did Dan Quayle have that Lloyd Bentsen didn't?
A blow-drier and a pulse.

The question of the 1990s: Is it better to have a Quayle in your gland or two in your Bush?

These are the front-runners to date, but as this administration takes the country deeper and deeper into greed, privilege, cynicism, corruption, and all the other wonderful things that were so nobly begun under Ronald Reagan, we're sure that Quayle will become the midget by which we measure all other politicians. So by all means, keep those cards and letters coming, folks. 



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

both Frann and I took showers. When I was done, Frann came and sat on the edge of my bed. We smoked some cigarettes and talked awhile. We said that it was really great to do each other like that. I told Frann that it was an enjoyable experience. Then we both went to sleep.

A few nights later, both Frann and I were home for the evening. As I was getting ready for bed, draped in a towel, Frann walked into my room—wearing just panties. Her nipples were really hard, and she cupped her breasts and moaned softly. Right away, I wanted to suck them, and I did. I kissed them as we stood in the middle of my room. She pulled the towel off me and caressed my bare skin. I guess we stood there for about ten minutes, just touching each other.

Frann finally moved over to the bed and motioned for me to lie down. I turned the lights out and she lay next to me. Right away we pushed against each other, rubbing our skin, causing a pleasurable friction. Frann put her hand between my legs and rubbed me up and down. It felt great! I rolled over on top of her and began to kiss her mouth. We really gave each other some deep kisses and just squirmed around. That's when Frann opened her legs and I pushed my leg between hers.

I pushed hard and Frann began to hump my leg. That really got her going, and she was kissing me frantically. In the heat of passion I rolled off her, panting wildly. I was so hot—and I knew that neither of us had ever done anything like this before. Frann reached over and began to rub my clit. It didn't take her long to get me off. I held her wrist, humping her fingers, and had a really wild climax. Neither of us bothered to get out of bed after that, and pretty soon we both fell asleep.

The next morning we took a shower together and it got pretty sexy. But because we were both late for work, we had to rush off unfulfilled. By the time we got home, Frann was willing and ready—so was I. She immediately went down on me and I blasted off quickly and noisily. I knew that Frann wanted me to do the same to her. She crawled up next to me and opened her legs, and I quickly obliged! She was very wet, and I used my tongue to tease her clit. I buried my head in her musky muff and really got off on what I was doing. Frann moaned and moaned that it was the best orgasm of her life. When I finished, she pulled me up and kissed me. I could taste myself on her lips, and my mouth and face were wet with her juices. We both really got a rush out of this.

We slept together again that night, and for some reason, we didn't make love for the next few days. When we finally got

back in bed together, we discovered sixty-nining—the best way for two women—and explored our bodies even more. Frann and I masturbated in front of each other—wow! What a totally wild experience! Xaviera, if any of your female readers have thought about making it with another woman, please tell them to give it a try. I don't think I could make it with someone other than Frann, but if you have a really close friend, it feels great!—K. V.

One of the legacies of our puritan forebears is the notion that "sex is sinful" (especially for politicians), and this has left us with a lot of half-formed do's and don'ts that are buried, like superstitions, somewhere in our subconscious. Nakedness, for instance, we find embarrassing—not only our own, but other people's as well. In the same way, we feel that sexual intercourse should only be done in private—in bed at night (it is decadent to go to bed during the day when upright people are working) with subdued lighting or in total darkness.

All well-balanced sex maniacs know that all this stuff is outdated mumbo jumbo, but it is not easy to dump the social and religious acceptances of one's ancestors all at once. Sometimes our desire to be free of stupid social taboos manifests itself as a hang-up. Exhibitionists get their kicks because they know nakedness is naughty. Some folks now

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define sexual liberation in almost these same religious terms, with a whole new set of rules and regulations. These are the kind of people who will talk about eating pussy over lunch, but are shocked if you talk about eating dog.

The materialistic age we live in has had its effect, particularly on dress codes. There are certain seduction scenes where it is apparently imperative to wear a see-through negligee, crotchless panties, suspenders, and maybe Wellington boots and mittens. Who knows? All this gear may be a turn-on for some, but it usually ends up getting in the way.

I loved your letter, probably because I find it most refreshing to hear that someone can have a wonderful time without spending a fortune or owning a lot of fancy equipment. The only luxury item in your blissful account is the car (presumably Paul's), and nowadays almost everybody has at least one of those. In fact, to use a car for a sexual rendezvous, you don't have to own it, you don't need a driver's license, and it doesn't even have to run.

Paul's antics getting out of his pants made me remember an incident last summer when my boyfriend was driving me along the seafront of a crowded holiday resort. We were on our way to the beach and there was a lot of slow-moving traffic. Maybe because he was bored or maybe just to save time, my exhibitionist lover decided to get out of his clothes and put on his bathing trunks while he was driving the car.

He first took off his shirt, and then, seizing his opportunity while we were momentarily stationary, he slipped out of his pants. Before he had worked out which of the three holes in his trunks were for his legs, the traffic started moving, and so he was compelled to carry on driving while completely naked. When the traffic once more ground to a halt, we were immediately surrounded by an enormous crowd of happy tourists on their way to the beach. Mr. Uninhibited sat there trying to look nonchalant with a towel draped over his naked crotch. No way was he going to expose himself under those conditions.

I was tempted to snatch the towel away, but there was a traffic cop standing on the sidewalk, and being stuck with this incompetent flasher made me feel like I was in a slightly ridiculous situation. On self-examination, I feel that maybe the reason I get so much fun out of life is from blatantly flouting social conventions. If it is going to happen, I want to be the prime mover.

Several times, with various degrees of success, I have tried to make love on airplanes. Once I gave the guy in the next seat a blowjob under cover of two magazines and a pillow—the game is not to get caught. I think the moral of your letter is that it is great to break as many rules of society as you can without hurting anyone, and if you do it with a real friend, it's doubly great.

IGNORANT BLISS?

I recently got married. My wife is 31 and I am 38. My wife maintains that she was a virgin on our wedding night, even though she had no hymen. After prolonged foreplay, which included going down on her, we did not consummate the marriage. I could barely get two fingers inside her vagina without causing her mild discomfort. Her inability to take me easily convinced me that she was a virgin.

Finally, during the first week of our marriage, I was able to get inside her. It was a strange feeling, like getting a cork into a bottle, and afterward we noticed a spot of blood on the sheets. What is puzzling me is this: What was the source of that blood if my wife had no hymen? Second, can a woman be a virgin and not have a hymen? Please help.—G. F.

Nowadays you need a license or a permit to do almost anything. You must have a license to drive a car, which is a good

6
She pulled the towel off me and caressed my bare skin. I guess we stood there for about ten minutes, just touching each other.

thing, for in order to get it you are required to demonstrate that you know how to drive. It is strange, however, that although you almost always had to have a license in order to get married, apparently it's never been required that you know anything about sex. The knowledge that boys and girls are different seems to be sufficient, with total ignorance on the part of the woman called "purity" or "virginity"—and horrifically, it is still regarded as desirable.

In a condescending way, you say that your wife "maintains that she was a virgin" when you married her, as if you still do not really believe such a thing is possible, when all the evidence makes it very clear that she was. With your skepticism, you obviously consider yourself a man of the world, so why would she lie to you, anyway?

What appalls me about this situation is your totally careless attitude. "I was going to ask my doctor," you say, but then you decided to write to me on the off chance that I would reply. In almost any bookstore, no matter how prudish, you can buy a book about the basic facts of life. I thought everyone knew that the hymen

can easily be broken by riding a bicycle or a horse, and that when you fuck a virgin she bleeds. So I was wrong.

Dr. Lawrence E. Lamb (in his excellent book *Dear Doctor: It's About Sex*, published by Walker & Co., New York) says, "All girls planning to be married should have a careful premarital examination. Many virgins are not physiologically equipped for the sex act and are more apt to start off a happy married life if problems are prevented in advance."

Dr. Robert Dickinson, a specialist in obstetrics and gynecology and the author of the *Atlas of Human Sex Anatomy*, points out that the vagina of a girl who has not used a douche nozzle or been examined or handled in any way is so small that the average forefinger passes with difficulty, if at all. Lamb, too, says, "If a very tight vagina is not prepared, it cannot admit an erect penis without difficulty and pain. This can lead to a lifetime of sexual maladjustment and unhappiness for both partners."

More by good luck than good judgment, despite your ignorance, you have used the right technique with your virgin bride—i.e., plenty of lubrication (saliva is excellent, but a drop of K-Y jelly might also be a good idea) and gradual, gentle penetration with your fingers—but please take it easy. The virginal vaginal entrance is very delicate, and a few drops of blood are perfectly normal even without the presence of a hymen.

Incidentally, in cases where the hymen is tough or rigid, an incision or removal of the membrane is necessary. I have known several women who reached age 26 or older before losing their virginity, and in almost every case they had subsequent sexual hang-ups, so please be sure to always treat your new wife with the greatest consideration and gentleness. Find her a good gynecologist and let her visit him (or her) if she feels she has the slightest problem. Remember that one place where ignorance is *not* bliss is in the bedroom! O—

CREDITS

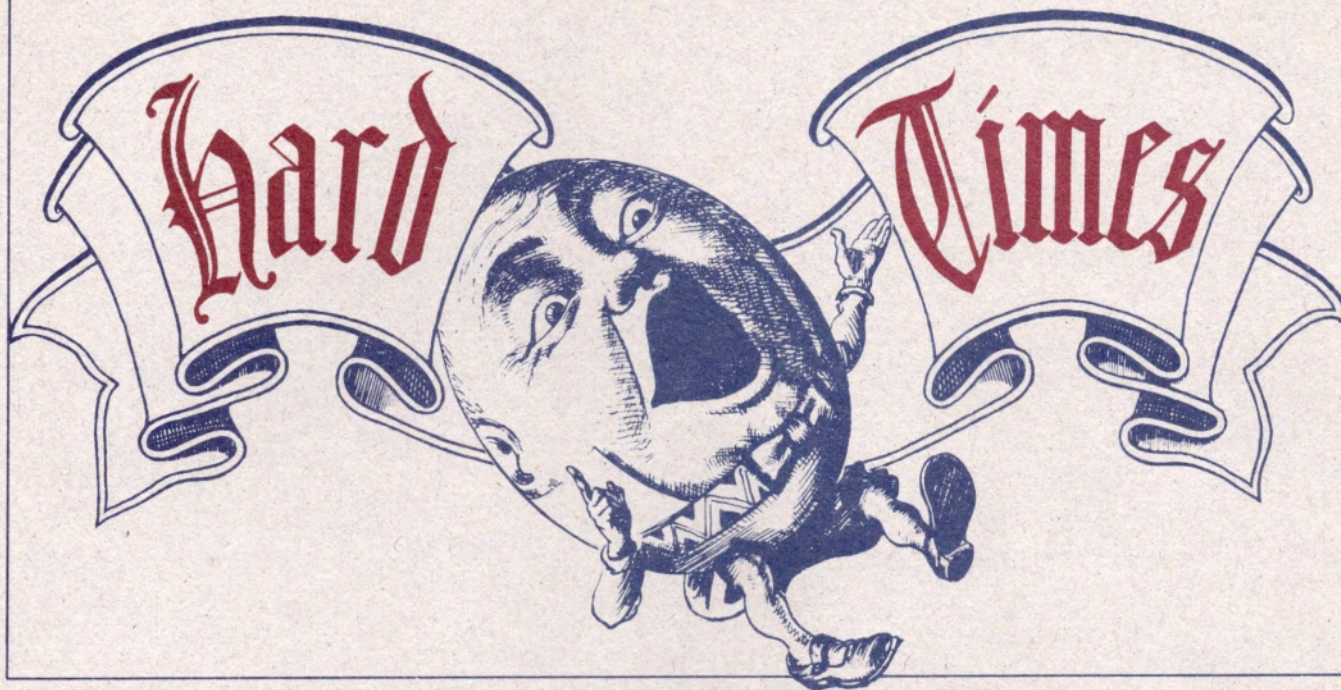
Page 4 top right, Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison; page 4 bottom right, Ken Regan/Camera 5; page 4 bottom, Paul Wunderlich; page 6, Paul Wunderlich; page 18, KeKille-Parker/Gamma-Liaison; page 19 top right, Donna Ferrato/Black Star; page 19 center left, Roland Neveu/Gamma-Liaison; page 33, Marvin Mattelson; page 35 bottom right, John Gillmore/The Stockmarket; page 43 left, Paula Wright/Animals Animals; page 43 right, The Bettman Archive; page 44 top right, Roy Morsch/The Stockmarket; page 44 left, Jon Feingersh/The Stockmarket; page 44 bottom, Steve Schapiro/Gamma-Liaison; page 45 top, John Gillmore/The Stockmarket; page 45 right, Roy Morsch/The Stockmarket; page 45 left, Mike Moscov/Gamma-Liaison; pages 108–109, Ken Regan/Camera 5; page 141, AP/Wide World Photos; page 142 top, Scott McKiernan; page 142 left, The Stockmarket; page 143 top, AP/Wide World Photos; page 143 center right, AP/Wide World Photos; page 143 bottom, Earl Miller; page 134, Bettmann Newsphotos; page 160 second from top, U.S. News and World Report; page 160 third from bottom, The Bettman Archive; page 160 second from bottom, Brad Markel/Gamma-Liaison; page 160 bottom, Stephen R. Brown/The Stockmarket.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Simone Brigitte, who appears on page 75, and our love set on page 97 were photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes.

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 8, NO. 3

STONE-AGE TRIBE WORSHIPS LBJ



A cave-dwelling tribe living in the remote Bismarck Mountains of central Papua New Guinea worships Lyndon B. Johnson as their god-king. A faded photograph of the late president, decorated with flowers, hangs in the cave of the tribe's high priest. Each week, the tribe conducts a torchlit procession in which they carry baskets of orchids and yamlike vegetables as offerings. The photo depicts Johnson playing with his pet beagles on the White House lawn, pulling at one of the animals' ears. According to the high priest, an ancient tribal legend predicted

that "a paleface god with large, protruding ears and his long-eared hounds would descend from heaven . . . to shower blessings on the simple savages and help them form a great society." When the priest first saw the picture of LBJ, he was awestruck. "Who knows how or where the lowlander came by the picture?" says one anthropologist. "It's one of the most bizarre situations I've ever encountered." (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Harlan Ray Campbell, Dallas, Tex.)

A real dog-eared legend.—Editor

WORLD'S BIGGEST VIRGINS

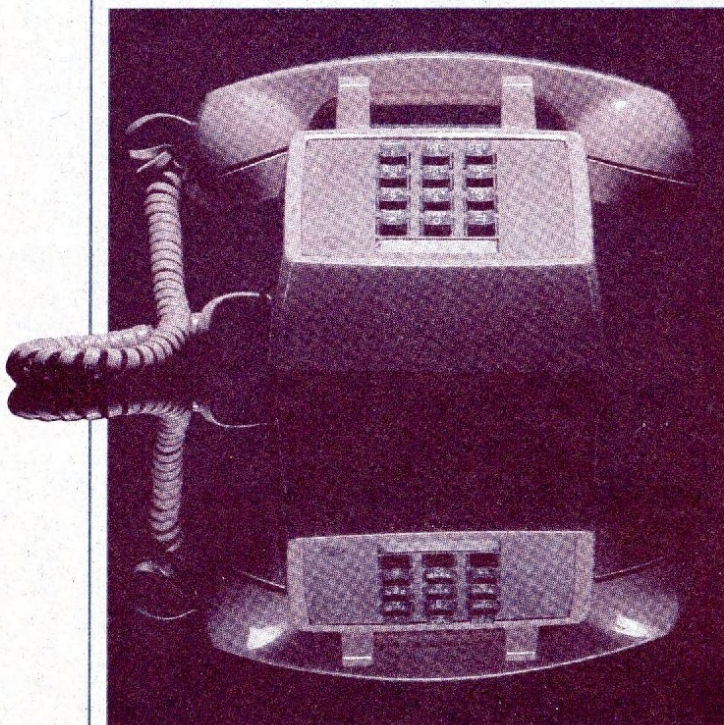


Michael Edelman, 1,008 pounds, and Brenda Burdle, 420 pounds, are most likely the world's largest virgins. "But I love Michael and I'm going to make sure that we both lose enough weight so that we can be real lovers," says 30-year-old Brenda. The two have been living at a health center in Pomona, New York, since 24-year-old Michael was hoisted from his home by 60 men and a forklift truck. When he first saw Brenda discussing her diet on television, "I knew she was the girl for me, so I called the TV station and asked for her number," he says. Soon after, she moved into a king-size hospital bed next to Michael's. "Brenda says she'll marry me even if I still look how I do now. That's true love. I'm not just a fat man, I'm a human being with a problem. . . . We wish we could do what other lovers do, but we'll have to wait until we're slim enough." Once they're thinner, "we'll manage to do more than just kiss and cuddle," claim the pair. (*National Examiner*)
Then it'll be safe sex with a trash bag.—Editor

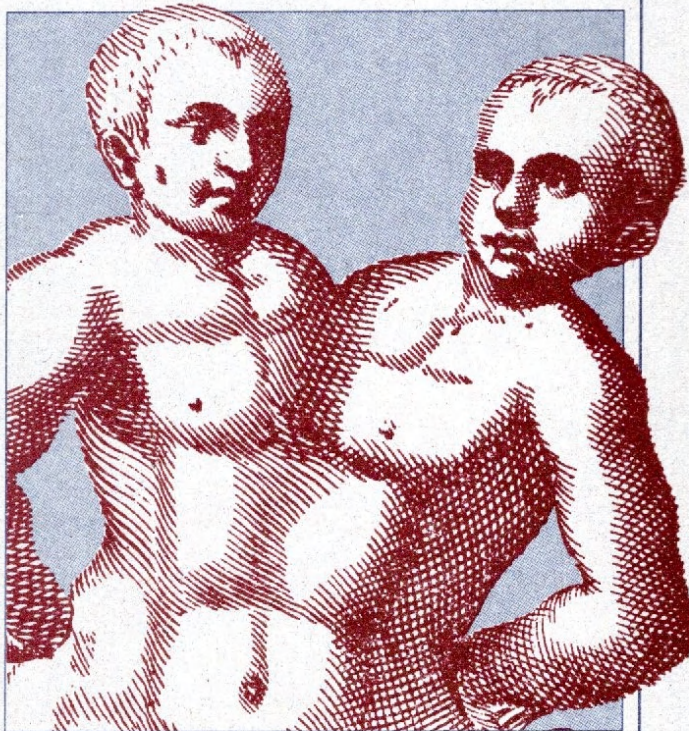
Phone Line to Heaven

Through use of a super-space-age antenna, scientists have been able to create a telephone line to the afterlife and converse with such personalities as Pope John XXIII, Winston Churchill, Rock Hudson, and John F. Kennedy. The line was discovered when a technician punched in an incorrect satellite frequency. "When we put the signal through a telephone receiver, we heard static interference," explains the project leader. "Suddenly an Italian accent came over the speaker and said . . . 'In my earthly life I was known as Pope John XXIII. Spread this message throughout the earth: Heaven awaits those who are faithful.' " Other voices followed. Churchill warned the scientists not to bear arms against one another. Said Rock Hudson, "Tell those who suffer from AIDS and other fatal diseases that their lives are eternal." Kennedy claimed that his earthly life had been terminated as the result of a government conspiracy. Top scientists from around the world are currently expanding the antenna, near Frankfurt, West Germany, so they might strengthen the transmission. Within six months you can use your own phone to "reach out and touch someone" in heaven. (*Sun*—submitted by Joe DePersia, Staten Island, N.Y.)

Ma Bell will be in heaven with this one.—Editor



Siamese Twin Gives Brother AIDS



A Lebanese Siamese twin is suing his brother for giving him AIDS. The two 27-year-olds were born sharing the same kidneys and spinal cord. "We share the same body, but we have two different heads and two different minds," said the plaintiff twin. "My brother was born with a homosexual mind and I was born with a heterosexual mind. I kept warning him to knock off his homosexual ways before he gave us both AIDS, but he wouldn't listen to me. . . . He kept dragging me along to gay nightclubs right up until the

time we found out we had AIDS." States the other twin, "I've never liked [my brother] anyway, so who cares if he's not talking to me? All my life I've been connected to a brother I hated." The two are currently isolated in a hospital. Says their doctor, "I doubt that their case will ever make the courts. . . . I only hope they make amends and become friends again before it is too late." (*National Examiner*—submitted by Randy J. Ramey, Sr., Memphis, Tenn.)
A case of bad blood all around.—Editor

RAVENOUS RABBITS RAMPAGE



Millions of starving rabbits munched a path across the Australian outback last November, stripping it bare of all vegetation. After suffering through a week-long drought, the rabbits were said to be so hungry for food and water that they were eating off plates left by campers. Dead and dying rabbits piled up in empty riverbeds and water holes, and Sydney's Quinyambie cattle station claimed it was rampaged by 24 million languishing lagomorphs. "The drought has left rabbits high and dry," explained the senior research officer. "They've eaten the place out. Millions of them are

dropping dead. . . . Without successful regeneration, these areas will become increasingly treeless, with no feed and shelter for stock and wildlife." Two dozen commercial shooters on the Quinyambie ranch were killing 400 rabbits a night for skins and use in pet food. But since the animals produce six to seven litters a year, each containing five to six offspring, "even if they shot one million rabbits each, it would have virtually no impact," the officer concluded. (Fort Worth Star Telegram—submitted by R. Mercer, Fort Worth, Tex.)

A harey situation.—Editor

WOMAN'S BREAST EXPLODES



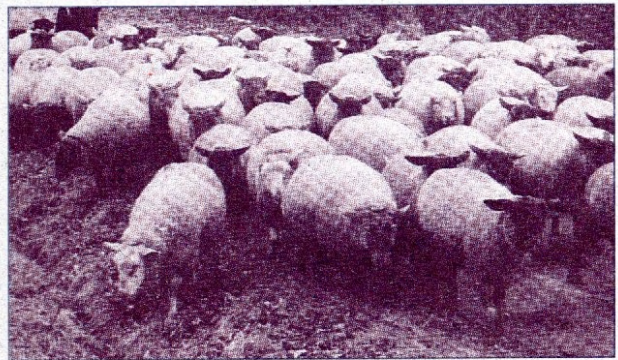
After receiving silicone implants to increase the size of her breasts, a gorgeous 26-year-old model had one of them explode! "I was in bed asleep when my right breast just burst open," she recalls. "I woke up screaming in horror. There was blood and fluid everywhere. The mattress was soaking with it. . . . I guess there's some truth in the old saying that you can have too much of a good thing." The New Brighton, England, woman was rushed to the hospital, where a doctor informed her that her silicone implant was "tearing its way out" of her. Surgeons removed it, causing her chest to appear lopsided. After a few weeks she received a fresh implant. "And now that they've done it, my breasts are still lopsided," she complains. She'd taken out a \$2,500 bank loan for the original implant surgery, intended to increase her 36-inch breast size. (Weekly World News—submitted by Mike Müller, Champaign, Ill.)

That's a real bust!—Editor

Sheep Shit's Chic

Roger Foster, a 35-year-old Georgia woodworker, is making a fortune off his packaged sheep manure—Baa Baa Doo. More popular than the stronger-smelling cow manure with Atlanta's organic farmers, the sheep-feces fertilizer is available in one-pound bags and 30-pound buckets. The latter bear the names of the animals who've produced their contents, including a 330-pound ram named Ben Franklin. "We're selling it as fast as [Foster] can bring it," claims Sharon Bagby, the owner of Highland Hardware, Baa Baa Doo's exclusive distributor. While many buy the substance for its practical-joke appeal, its success seems to stem just as much from its attractiveness to Highland's large yuppie clientele. "This neighborhood is full of hippies who grew older and more conservative," explains Bagby's husband Chris. "People identifying with this organic product is sort of a manifestation of that latent back-to-the-earth thing people feel." (New York Daily News)

That's pulling the wool over their eyes.—Editor



He Owns Mars

An Arizona writer has staked first claim to development on Mars. He claims his project, "Mars: A Planned Community," will be the largest land development of the next century and says he has legal paperwork—signed and numbered—proving his title to the planet. "The land will be developed in the year 2024," he says, "and it will be a posh resort with an \$80 million hockey arena and greyhound-race park." He claims a constitution governing the laws of the planet will be drawn up, and that there will be a planning convention in the next few years. "No earth person will be permitted to own more

than one parcel of land on Mars," he explains. "There are no restrictions to race, creed, or religion, but television evangelists will not be permitted to purchase even a single parcel." No earth government can possess land, as well, and due to the planet's high winds, no mobile homes will be allowed. Although he is selling deeds at a "small fee," there is one catch: "If the deed is disputed, there will be no refunds." (Sun—submitted by Phil Marino, Hoboken, N.J.)

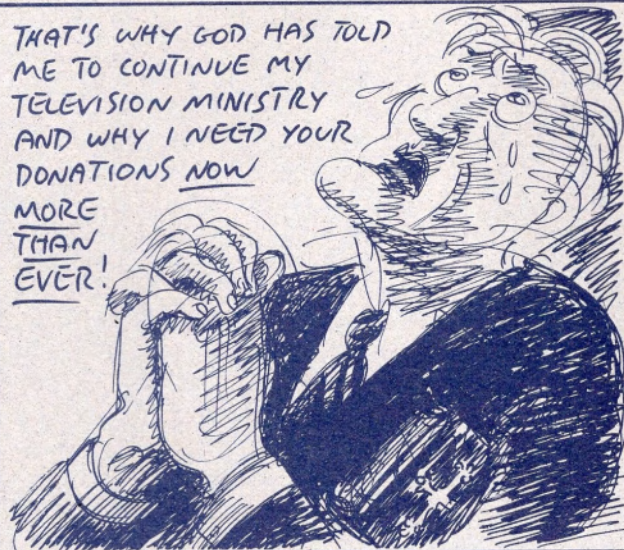
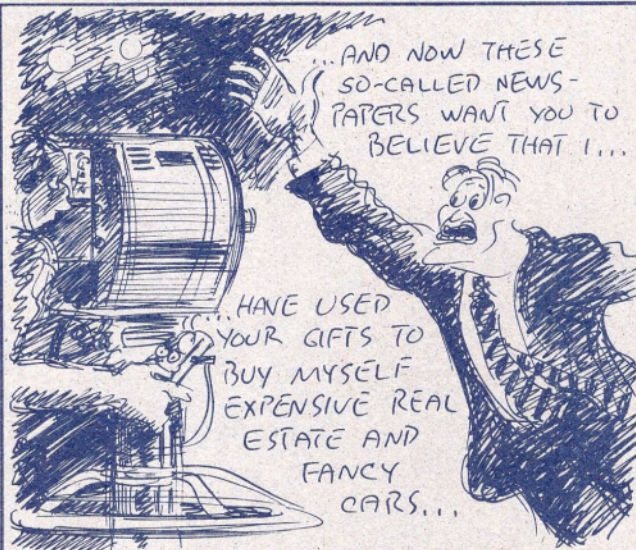
If you can't afford Mars, he'll be happy to give you a discount on the Brooklyn Bridge. . . . —Editor

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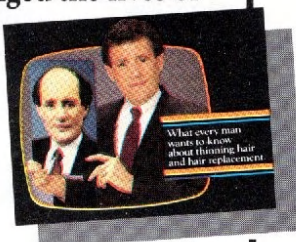
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OPAQUE
WHEN
OFF

CLEAR
WHEN
ON

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LEAF SHADING	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT									
LIGHT	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY									
NUTRIENTS	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM									
	GUARANTEES FEMALE SEX									
	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS									
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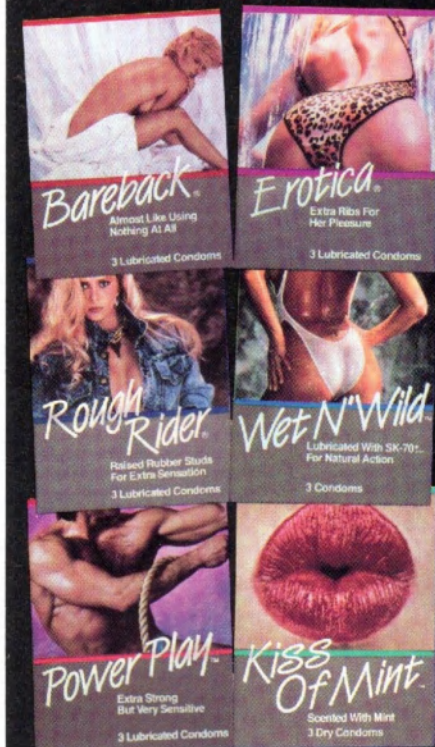
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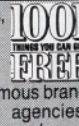


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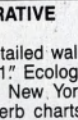
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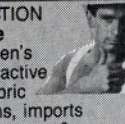


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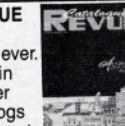
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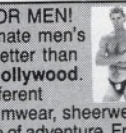
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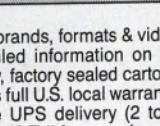
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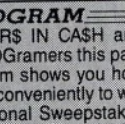
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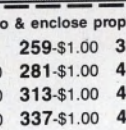
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HEALTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

was administered in a pulse fashion for three consecutive days every four weeks. Twenty-three of the patients went into complete remission, 35 went into partial remission, and ten of the patients' conditions stabilized. The cancer continued to progress in only 16 of the 84 patients.

Medenica's success with cancer can be attributed to his unique interpretation of conventional cancer therapies and the highly individualized treatment he administers to each patient. "Each patient develops tumors from their own cells," he explains. "We do not have only 15 types of colon cancer as described morphologically [as seen under a microscope]. According to the biological behavior of a tumor, we have as many different kinds of tumors as we have patients. The future of cancer treatment is to treat each patient according to biological behavior.

"I developed the three R's: right patient, right dosage, and right time. There is a big difference in biological behavior in each patient at different times of the day." This is due to the body's circadian rhythms—how it assimilates foods and medications differently in the morning and afternoon.

Medenica's use of interferon, a treatment that has been widely discredited,

is unique. By taking live tumor cells and white-blood cells from each patient, he is able to produce a supply of interferon for that patient's specific tumor. Much like a blood bank, this supply can be frozen and used for years.

Medenica uses interferon in conjunction with traditional chemotherapy and treats his patients in the afternoon, when he believes the body best assimilates food and medication. Patients experience less nausea and swelling of the brain (both of which are common side effects of chemotherapy), and 50 percent of his cases have no hair loss.

Nationally, there isn't a success rate longer than five years for patients with serious cancers such as astrocytoma of the brain, oat cell cancer of the lungs, and pancreatic cancer. Medenica treats astrocytoma of the brain with a combination of radiation, chemotherapy, and interferon. Of the 150 patients with this condition that he has treated, 78 percent have responded and 30 percent are in complete remission after five years. He has treated 400 patients with oat cell cancer of the lungs. Though this cancer relapses very rapidly, 92 percent responded to the treatment. After five years, 37 percent are in complete remission. In the case of pancreatic cancer, he uses a combination of chemotherapy, hormonal therapy, and interferon. Of the 80 patients he has treated, 35 percent are in

complete remission after five years.

But Medenica's brilliant record has a cloud hanging over it. During the 16 years that he lived in Switzerland before coming to the United States, he successfully treated senior Yugoslav government officials, including President Tito and members of his family. In 1973 Medenica was appointed head of a new clinic at the University of Geneva Hospital following a request by Tito. Fees for the care of Yugoslav patients were covered by that country's social-security system.

After Tito's death, the new Yugoslav government determined that the clinic's charges were getting out of hand. In order to continue providing the same level of care to its Yugoslav patients, an already unorthodox, though commonly acknowledged, billing system was further manipulated to reflect cost-efficiency measures.

Shortly thereafter, a new Swiss minister of health exposed the billing system for his own political purposes, and in October 1982, Medenica was detained while investigations were carried out. In February 1984 he was released on bail and came to the United States with the consent of Swiss authorities. The Yugoslav government convicted Medenica of fraud in absentia and sentenced him to 20 years in prison.

With changing politics in Yugoslavia, Medenica, an outspoken critic of the country's state-run health-care system, became a scapegoat. He had also refused to join the Communist party. His opinions were tolerated during Tito's lifetime because of his outstanding success with cancer patients.

Before his death in 1979, Tito awarded Medenica the Order of the Yugoslav Flag With Golden Star, Yugoslavia's highest award for scientific achievement. Medenica performed seminal work on the relationship of metabolism to the destruction of bone in diabetes. He developed a life-saving procedure by which cancer patients received transfusions of white-blood cells during chemotherapy. (Machines have since been developed for this function.) Medenica also pioneered the development of a special sterile room to protect patients undergoing bone-marrow transplants. These rooms are now manufactured in the U.S. In Switzerland, Medenica was the first to cure one of the most fatal types of leukemia by using interferon with chemotherapy.

In the few years that Medenica has been in this country, quietly practicing medicine in South Carolina, he has produced results that are significantly better than those of both traditional and alternative-medicine doctors. He is, in fact, a bridge between the two. Such a link between traditional and alternative treatments for all diseases is badly needed in the United States. It is time for both camps to sit up and take notice if we are ever to make real and consistent advances in medical research. 

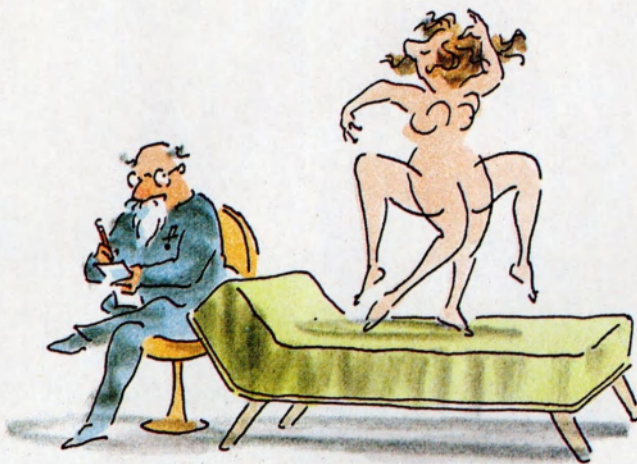
WOMAN

An in-depth study of her
origin, body, behavior, and purpose

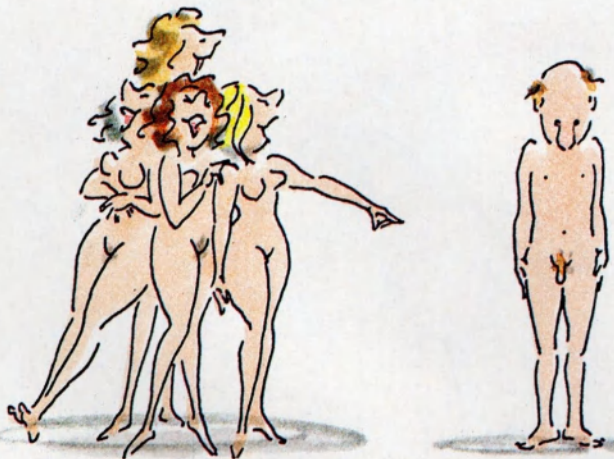


Words, diagrams, and drawings by art cumings

HER BEHAVIOR



Think of it as a test



She can become vicious in a group



Boggling minds
is her forte

NOTE



To ease coping distress



To stop coping distress



Cardinal rule:
Beware the angelic look



ONE
MORE
TIME-OK?

Her quest for
perfection is unrelenting

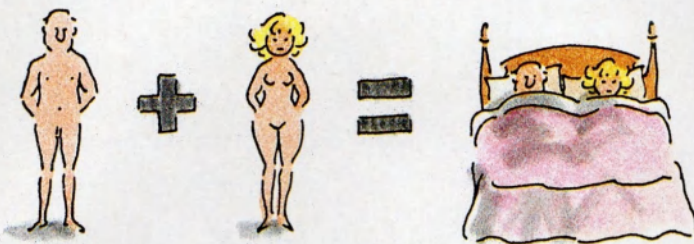
HER PURPOSE



To protect us

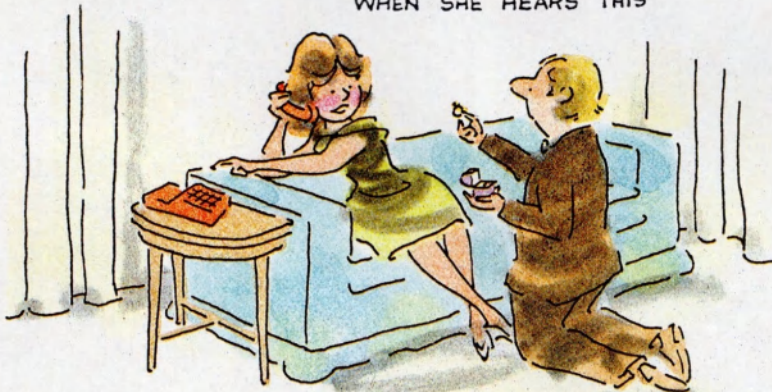


To teach us how to live in peace

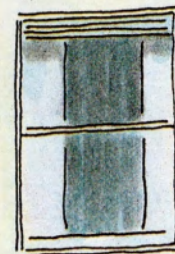
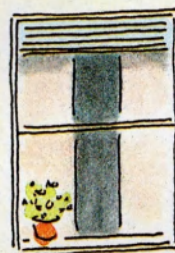
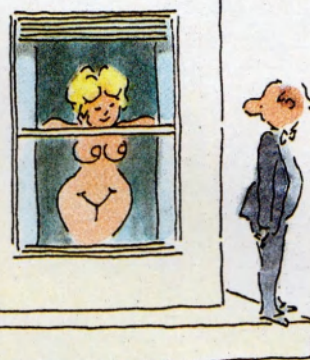


Simplify our life

HOLD IT - RACHEL IS GOING TO FAINT
WHEN SHE HEARS THIS



To make our importance clear to us . . .

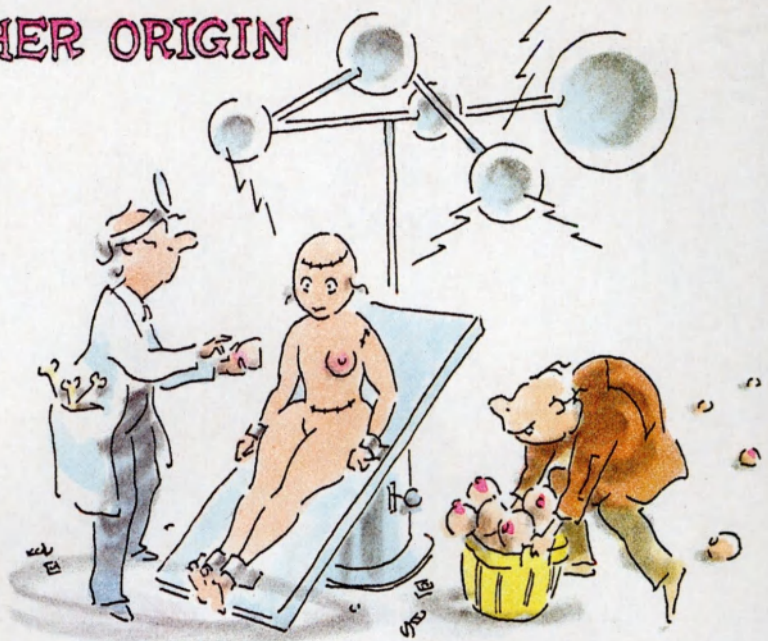


and our life worth living!

HER ORIGIN



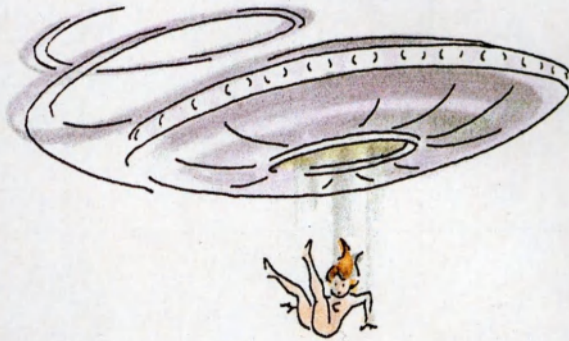
If you believe her



If you believe the movies



If you believe the Bible



If you believe in chance



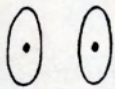
If you believe science



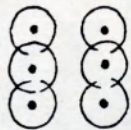
If you believe me

HER BODY

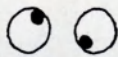
EYES (What they say)



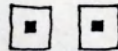
YOU'RE NOT
PUTTING THAT
THING IN ME



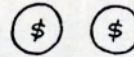
DON'T STOP



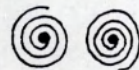
YOU MAKE
GREAT
MARTINIS



I LOVE
PAT BOONE



YOU'RE A DENTIST
HOW EXCITING



AND HOW WAS
IT FOR YOU?

HEAD



Three most common

IMPORTANT



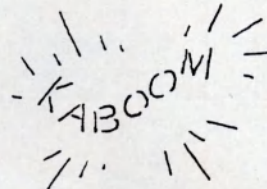
Breasts Herthing

ARMS • LEGS



No difference
(Unless sexually engaged)

History proves her softness to be superficial

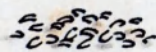


OVER
AND
OVER
AND
OVER
AND
OVER
AND
OVER

UNIMPORTANT



Feet



Fingernails



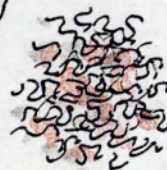
Teeth



Intestines



Brain



Hair



Bellybutton

FIGURE



Front



Side



Rear

(If breasts are visible
from rear, marry her)

MOUTH



Open



Closed
(Take picture)

NOTE

The tears of any 110lb woman
can drown a 210lb man in
less than seven seconds

COMING IN THE MAY **PENTHOUSE**



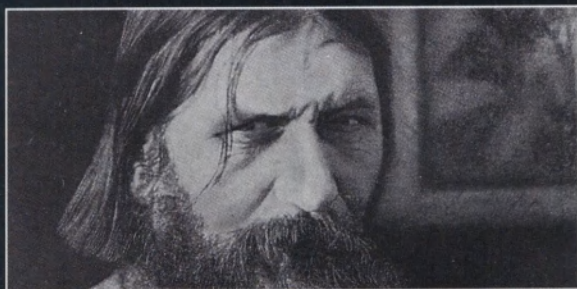
MARGO ADAMS BARES ALL

You've already seen the sensational revelations about the Boston Red Sox, major-league baseball, and Wade Boggs in this issue, and next month you won't want to miss part two of the most interesting article about professional sports you'll ever read. You'll hear more about how baseball players *really* live and what they talk about, and you'll feast your eyes on a tantalizing *Penthouse* pictorial in which the beautiful woman who started it all, Margo Adams, proves *she's* got nothing to hide!



CAPTURING A TERRORIST

The war on terrorists has finally begun. After eight years of failure by the C.I.A., the Pentagon, and the State Department, the F.B.I. has become the preeminent government agency in the battle against this worldwide scourge. Next month, Steven Emerson, an award-winning investigative reporter and author of *Secret Warriors: Inside the Covert Military Operations of the Reagan Era*, reveals the day-by-day details of the most successful counter-terrorism operation ever conducted, which concluded by bringing—for the first time—an international terrorist to the United States to stand trial.



RASPUTIN IN THE WHITE HOUSE?

What would happen if a Rasputin-like mad monk gained a foothold in the White House, manipulating the nation's First Family for his own nefarious ends? That's precisely the intriguing possibility explored by novelist Lawrence Sanders—author of the best-sellers *The Anderson Tapes* and *The Fourth Deadly Sin*, and many others—in his newest mystery, *Capital Crimes* (to be published in June by Putnam). In an exclusive preview next month, *Penthouse* readers will be the first to see how this master of modern fiction lays the groundwork for what is surely one of the most macabre tales of our time.



ZAPPA'S CHIMES OF FREEDOM

Ever since his first recordings in the 1960s, Frank Zappa—probably rock's most daring social satirist—has never shied away from saying or singing what's on his mind. But the highlight of his long career just might have been his testimony before Congress against the censorship of rock records urged by Tipper Gore and the Parents' Music Resource Center. "Fundamentalism is not a state religion," said Zappa. Next month, from his forthcoming autobiography, *The Real Frank Zappa Book* (to be published in May by Simon & Schuster), he tells why and how he took on Senator Joe McCarthy's heirs by defending even rock singers' First Amendment rights.



DO ANIMALS HAVE RIGHTS?

"What we do to animals today constitutes the greatest torture the world has ever known," writes Lise Giraud in next month's "Advise & Dissent" column. "It is institutionalized and astronomical, and almost all of it takes place behind the scenes." In a passionate argument for animal rights, Giraud, the president of the Humane Society of Palo Alto, California, draws a brutal portrait of what many people see as atrocities committed by America's largest universities, research institutions, and corporations. It's a powerful contribution to a debate that is already beginning to tear our country apart.

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